

September

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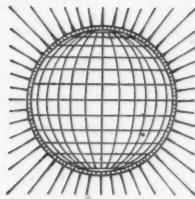
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Cosmopolitan

Vol. IV September, 1913 No. 4



Here is more good news: **Booth Tarkington** has joined the family of *Cosmopolitan* "top-notchers." As a starter he has written a series of six short stories—we think the best work he has done since "Monsieur Beaucaire"—and the first of them will appear in *Cosmopolitan* next month—October. It is just one more example of the policy—"the best and only the best—at any price"—which will continue to make *Cosmopolitan* far and away

America's Greatest Magazine

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THE GAMBLER



The curse of gambling does not fall on the gambler alone. Suffering falls upon

By Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by
Charles A. Winter

THE amateur gambler is not necessarily a bad man—primarily his intents are honest. He plays first simply for recreation; then, to add interest, the game transforms itself into penny-ante.

From this, to betting all the money he has, is a very easy evolution when the fever is on.

He wins.

But to quit when you have won, and not give your opponents a chance to win their money back, is more or less of a disgrace.

He plays again—and loses.

Then he wants a chance to get his money back.

Of the morality of gambling, nothing need be said—all I affirm is that it is simply absurd to enter on a habit where success is defeat and to win is a calamity.

The successful amateur gambler graduates into a professional—he has to, for business men shun him. No man who plays cards for money can keep his position long. The fact is, none of us has a surplus of brains, and if you are going to succeed in business, all the power you have to your credit is demanded. The man who can play cards at night and do business in the daytime hasn't yet been born.

Life is a bank account, with so much divine energy at your disposal. What are you going to do with it? If you draw your checks for this, you cannot for that—take your choice. And, above all, do not draw on the Bank of Futurity by breathing bad air, keeping bad hours and bad company.

The man who succeeds in business is the one who is in bed by ten o'clock at night; and only one thing he is jealous of, and that is outdoor exercise.

Gambling robs a man of rest; and the keen edge of his life is lost in shuffling the pasteboards.

All he gives to his employer or the world is the discard.

Outside of his play he is a weak, inefficient person, and his weakness is very apt to manifest itself in burdening his friends.

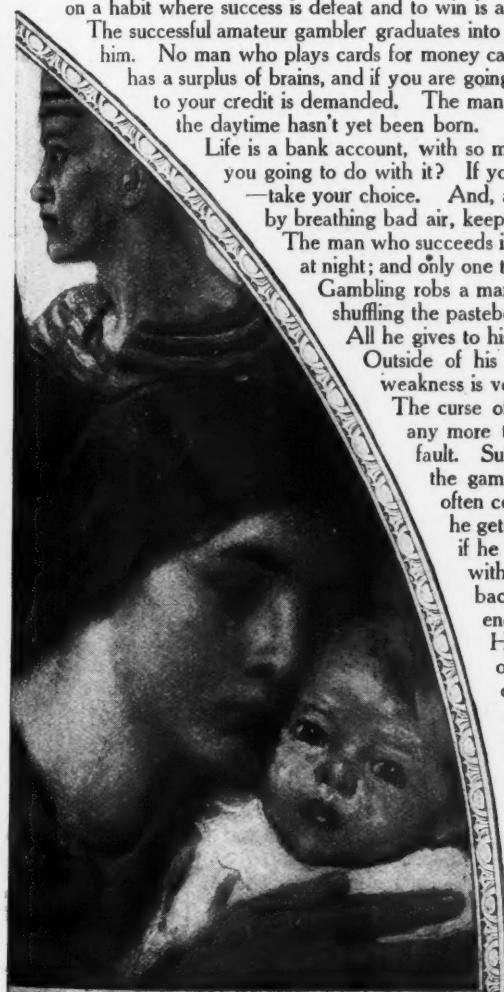
The curse of gambling does not fall on the gambler alone, any more than the drunkard is the only sufferer from his fault. Suffering falls upon everyone within the radius of the gambler. If your gambler is on a salary, he very often comes around for his wages before pay-day; then he gets to discounting his salary to a money-shark; then, if he can, he will borrow his pay before he earns it, without first consulting you. He intends to pay it back—oh, yes! He wins and pays it back. This encourages him to borrow more the next time. He takes more in order to win more. He is now obliged to play heavily because his debts are accumulating.

It is an old story, and dozens of men in Sing Sing can tell you all about it.

One bad feature of the poker game is the poker face—the impassive, white face with its cold smile. It reveals nothing—nothing but untruth. In time the habit of the gambler becomes fixed—he is a living lie.

In strict scientific economics the gambler is a parasite and a thief. He consumes but does not produce.

Gambling means blurred vision, weak muscles, shaky nerves. Loss of sleep, lack of physical exercise, bad air, excitement, form a devil's monopoly of bad things.



everyone within the radius of the gambler

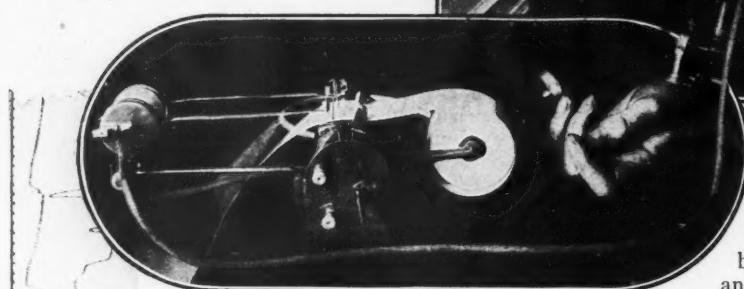
ADDING YEARS TO YOUR

EDITOR'S NOTE: Do you know that the secret of keeping young has been discovered—that one of the greatest longings of the race can now be, in a considerable measure, fulfilled? You can find out very easily whether you are ageing too fast; you may ameliorate conditions that have brought on premature old age, and you may prolong your youth to a really remarkable extent. This article is of the greatest importance as showing how really simple it is to add a few years to your life-span.

DO you know how old you are? The question sounds absurd, but it is not. Of course, you know when you were born; but are you sure you know how fast you have lived? Age is not measured solely by birthdays. It is far more surely measured by the state of your arteries. You may in reality be thirty-five or forty years *old*, while your neighbor is properly to be spoken of as seventy or seventy-five years *young*. The difference is that your neighbor has learned the secret of right living, whereas you, if old at forty,



Dr. Bishop using the state of resiliency



The sphygmograph, instrument for testing the relaxation and reaction of the heart. It is applied to the wrist and gives a record, as here shown, of the heart-beats tested by the pulse

are probably poisoning yourself daily with the food that you eat.

Perhaps you are not even aware that common foods may become poisonous to you under certain conditions. If you eat too much nitrogenous food, the bad effects will make themselves felt on your arteries, and you will age in reality by two or three years with each successive birthday.

head. Hundreds of thousands of people are thus menaced, as the death-rolls from apoplexy, heart-failure, paralysis, and sundry diseases of liver and kidneys prove day by day. Do you know whether you are thus menaced? If not, it is worth your while to find out.

The alarming prevalence of this condition of arterial degeneration gives peculiar importance to a report read at a meeting of the Paris Academy of Medicine, last May, by Professor Letulle. The report concerns the remarkable work done there in recent months by Dr. Moutier in the way of

Proteid (meat) poisoning makes

brittle arteries; and a man with brittle arteries has the sword of Damocles hanging perpetually over his

LIFE

By Stoddard Goodhue



sphygmograph to ascertain the quality of the heart-beats, from which of the arteries can be determined. Their hardening means old age

treatment of diseases of the arterial system with the high-frequency electric current. It was reported that Dr. Moutier has succeeded, in a large number of cases, in restoring diseased arteries to a normal condition, thus giving a normal blood supply to the tissues.

It is highly interesting to add that almost simultaneously the report comes from Berlin that Dr. Saubermann has accomplished similar results by treating diseased arteries with radium. These discoveries deal with a subject of profound importance. In 1910, more than 100,000 persons died in the United States from diseases of the circulatory apparatus—almost twice as many deaths as were due to an entire coterie of much-dreaded contagious diseases. Tuberculosis causes the death of only 160 persons per 100,000 of the population, and cancer and other malignant tumors claim only 76, as against 185 who fall victims to diseases of the circulatory system.

Moreover, there are many degenerative

maladies affecting other vital organs that are inaugurated by, or dependent upon, disturbances of the blood supply; and these degenerative diseases affecting the heart, blood-vessels, kidneys,

Dr. L. F. Bishop, whose laboratory work and clinical experience show that excess of protein foods terminates many lives prematurely

and other vital organs are very actively on the increase. It is computed that the death-rate from this class of diseases per 100,000 of the population was 190 in 1880, that it advanced to 243 in 1890,

to 314 in 1900, and to 387 in 1908; thus more than doubling in the course of a single generation.

And the alarming change is closely connected with errors of diet which lead to degenerative changes of the arteries; changes which have hitherto been considered incurable, but which, according to the reports from Paris and Berlin, may now be brought within the scope of remedial treatment.

But while great interest and importance thus attach to the possible restoration to the normal of arteries that have become diseased, it should go without saying, in this age of preventive medicine, that a still greater importance attaches to the question: How can we prevent the arteries from becoming diseased? Here, as elsewhere, prevention is far better than cure. And it fortunately happens that these maladies are preeminently preventable. In the main, they are brought on by habits of life that might readily be changed.

INJURIOUS HABITS OF EATING

One of the most striking conclusions to which recent investigators have come is that a very large proportion of people who have reached middle life have acquired habits of eating that are directly injurious, and that subject their systems to a slow poisoning that, in effect, hastens old age and ultimately brings death itself.

There is nothing new in the statement that most people eat too much. But the new investigators go beyond this and point out the precise kinds of food that produce particular types of injury. They tell us that a great number of persons who have passed middle life have accustomed themselves to a diet that includes an excess of proteids—that is to say, of foods that contain nitrogen, of which prominent examples are eggs and all kinds of meats.

"Protein," says Dr. L. F. Bishop of New York, "is very important in building up the tissues, strengthening the muscles, and stimulating the activity of the brain and the emotions. It is the food that produces great leaders and brain-workers, but it is also a food that, in the present day, is terminating prematurely some of the best lives in the nation."

The specific explanation given by Dr. Bishop of this rather alarming statement is based on a long series of observations in

which laboratory work has joined hands with clinical experience. This work has to do with a condition of the organism which the specialist terms "anaphylaxis." Stated untechnically, this means a curious susceptibility to a particular food or medicine. Such so-called idiosyncrasies have been known in a general way from the earliest times. It is traditional that "what is one man's food is another's poison." But the scientific investigation of the matter is altogether modern.

An individual may become susceptible to the poisonous properties of the proteid of eggs or of fish, or of beef or mutton. The individual in whose system this undue sensitiveness has developed may be quite unconscious of his infirmity. Indeed, the food that particularly poisons him may be one of which he is especially fond. So he continues to take it in large quantities, and is steadily and persistently poisoned. The effects are not immediately obvious in a marked degree, but the cumulative result is finally apparent in the degeneration of many tissues, leading ultimately to a marked disturbance of function of such all-essential organs as the heart and vascular system, the liver, and the kidneys. Dr. Bishop believes that the typical malady of middle life known as arterio-sclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, is due to systematic poisoning from the habitual ingestion of foods to which the particular individual has become unduly sensitized.

These facts should be known to and pondered by every individual who has reached middle life. But how, practically speaking, may you and I know whether we are poisoning ourselves?

FOOD AS FUEL

It is obviously essential for the proper working of such a wonderful heat engine as is the animal machine, that the blood-vessels should be elastic and resilient, responsive to the mandates of the nervous mechanism. Nor can we expect ideal conditions if the body is constantly called upon to consume a needless supply of fuel and to generate an undue quantity of heat. Under such circumstances, the excretory channels become clogged with waste products, just as the carbonator and cylinder of a gasoline motor become clogged if too much gas is supplied or an improper admixture of gas and air.



Measuring the blood pressure. The variation of air pressure in the rubber tube due to the heart-beat is communicated to mercury in the U-tube, and the oscillations of the fluid metal indicate the degree of blood pressure

Let us ask, then, a little more specifically, just how it may be known whether you, individually, are supplying your bodily machine with the right kind and right quantities of fuel.

Foods are either proteids or fats or carbohydrates. Fats and carbohydrates consist of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; protein contains the same elements with the addition of nitrogen. The familiar carbohydrates are starches and sugars in their various combinations. The proteids are supplied by meats of all kinds, and by milk, cheese, and eggs. There is also protein in bread, and a relatively high percentage in leguminous vegetables such as beans and peas.

All three classes of food products supply fuel to be oxidized, or burned, in the system. But there is a very radical additional function subserved by the proteids or nitrogenous foods. These supply nitrogen to take the place of that which is constantly set free in the action of muscular tissue and eliminated from the body. The bodily machine immediately begins to run down if the nitrogen-bearing proteids are withheld or the supply is insufficient in quantity.

But, on the other hand, as we have seen, the same proteids, if supplied in excess or in improper quality, may be the undoing of the



Water-tube for determining blood pressure. The expert examiner judges by the height of the water column necessary to shut off the pulse, what are the blood pressure and the condition of the arteries

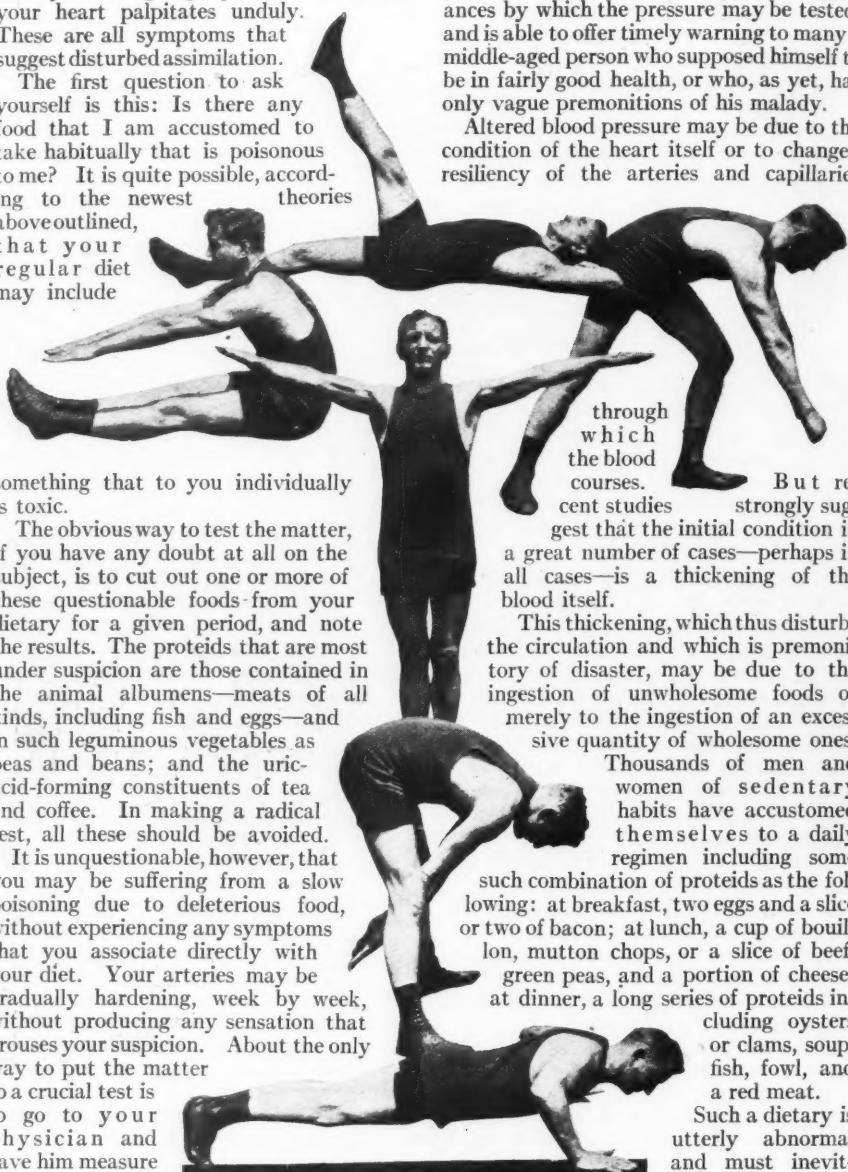
bodily mechanism. So here we are placed between the devil of too little nitrogen and the deep sea of too much. We can't live without the nitrogen, and if we are not careful we shall find that we can't live with it. Obviously, the situation demands a compromise.

You perhaps suffer, now and again, from headaches or neuralgias. You may be rheumatic or gouty. You are subject to attacks of biliousness, are easily fatigued, lack energy and initiation of mind and body,

Adding Years to Your Life

find yourself short of breath on walking briskly or on going up-stairs. At times your heart palpitates unduly. These are all symptoms that suggest disturbed assimilation.

The first question to ask yourself is this: Is there any food that I am accustomed to take habitually that is poisonous to me? It is quite possible, according to the newest theories above outlined, that your regular diet may include



A series of simple but highly effective gymnastics aimed at all-around development of the abdominal muscles and the prevention of fat accumulation in the region of the waist. These exercises are practised by George Bothner, who, at the age of forty-six, is world-champion wrestler

earliest symptoms of proteid poisoning. The physician is provided with several appliances by which the pressure may be tested, and is able to offer timely warning to many a middle-aged person who supposed himself to be in fairly good health, or who, as yet, has only vague premonitions of his malady.

Altered blood pressure may be due to the condition of the heart itself or to changed resiliency of the arteries and capillaries

through which the blood courses. But recent studies strongly suggest that the initial condition in a great number of cases—perhaps in all cases—is a thickening of the blood itself.

This thickening, which thus disturbs the circulation and which is premonitory of disaster, may be due to the ingestion of unwholesome foods or merely to the ingestion of an excessive quantity of wholesome ones.

Thousands of men and women of sedentary habits have accustomed themselves to a daily regimen including some

such combination of proteids as the following: at breakfast, two eggs and a slice or two of bacon; at lunch, a cup of bouillon, mutton chops, or a slice of beef, green peas, and a portion of cheese; at dinner, a long series of proteids including oysters or clams, soup, fish, fowl, and a red meat.

Such a dietary is utterly abnormal and must inevitably lead to disaster.

No one but a laboring man or an athlete in full



training could with impunity eat regularly even small portions of such a variety of proteids. And no wisely trained athlete would think of undertaking such a feat. The most powerful athletes that I have personally examined eat meat only once a day, and a good many of them habitually take but two meals, breakfast comprising a roll and one egg, or at most two, and dinner having for its chief protein never more than a single kind of meat, and a moderate portion of that.

consideration the protein contained in the bread, potatoes, rice, beans, peas, pudding, and soup that have rounded out your meals for that day. Obviously you are a very moderate eater, indeed, if you do not ingest an excessive quantity of protein.

As to the total food supply, it is estimated that a man doing light work requires daily less than one and a quarter pounds of digestible matter. But, of course, there is an unavailable residue in most foods, so the actual quantity ingested would be considerably larger. An average day's supply of food for a man of one hundred and seventy pounds might be apportioned as follows: to supply proteids, one egg, one pint of milk, one ounce of cheese, six ounces of meat (weighed before cooking); to supply fats, two ounces of butter (plus a certain amount of fats in the other articles of diet); to supply carbohydrates, eight ounces of bread or



Rope skipping, hockey, and fencing are among the pleasureable occupations which preserve the resiliency, slimness, and strength of youth. They are easily practised by women

If your habits are sedentary, you obviously require less food than the athlete in training. So it is more than likely that you eat not merely more protein but a great deal more food of every kind than is good for you. Not unlikely you consume daily twice as much food as your bodily machine can advantageously manage.

If you were to take two eggs for breakfast, a glass of milk or a cup of bouillon at lunch, and a moderate helping of beef (say a piece of steak three inches long and one inch thick) at dinner, you have consumed a quantity of protein adequate for the day's needs. And this without at all taking into

equivalent bread-stuffs, four ounces each of potatoes, spinach, and tapioca, and two ounces of sugar. This represents an adequate fuel supply for a good-sized man of fairly active physical habits.

By experimenting a little with a pair of scales, you may quickly satisfy yourself as to whether or not your own dietary represents a reasonable fuel supply, or whether, as is probable, you are accustomed to take an

(C. G. G. BAIN)

amount of food a good deal in excess of your requirements.

You must squarely face the question whether you will live to eat, pampering your appetite and risking the consequences, or whether you will eat to live, making a rational selection of food and exercising a wise restraint as to the quantity ingested.

But, however abstemious your diet, you cannot hope to keep your bodily machine in good working order unless you give some attention to the obverse side of the question of digestion and nutrition; that is to say, to the matter of bodily exercise. No discussion of longevity would be in any sense complete that left this out of consideration.

An athlete who retains the re-

burning of fuel. The contracting muscles directly promote the flow of the blood stream in the veins and in the capillaries, thus tending to lower the arterial pressure. With bettered circulation, the respiratory glands become active, and some of the products of combustion are eliminated by way of the skin. If your kidneys are not able to handle the waste products of the body with facility, this is highly important.

Of course, games and sports that develop an interest are in every way better than mere perfunctory exercises. Tennis, golf, baseball, hockey, and basket-ball are excellent, each in its own way. So are rowing, swimming,



silien cy and stren gth of youth at fifty or sixty years of age may have an organism which, judged by the condition of its vital tissues, is no nearer the final breakdown—no older, to use the conventional phrasing—that the system of the average gourmand of sedentary habits who by count of birthdays is twenty years young er.

Action of the muscles results in a more rapid metabolism of the tissues, accompanied by an increased

No single form of gymnasium sport combines so many advantages for persons past middle age as handball.

Bag punching and wrestling are also excellent

and rid ing. In de fault of anything better, brisk walking will serve a useful purpose; while mountain climbing, for those whose hearts are in good order, has many advantages.

The indoor games that afford the best all-round exercise are handball and court tennis. Wrestling, boxing, fencing, and bowling are all-round developers of

muscle that partake also of the element of recreation, and in a less degree the same

thing is true of "punching the bag" and throwing the medicine-ball. Perhaps no single form of gymnasium sport combines so many advantages for persons past middle age as the game of handball. This gives vigorous exercise without inducing undue strain, and it brings into play every muscle in the body. For persons in good condition, wrestling is an almost incomparable exercise; but it should only be undertaken as the sequel of a course of lighter training.

Whatever the form of exercise, it should be pursued with sufficient vigor to stimulate the heart's action, ensure deep breathing, and so increase the heat-producing activities of the tissues that the blood will be brought to the surface, the skin made to glow, and the perspiratory glands stimulated to free action. The latter effect may be further facilitated by a few minutes in a hot room or its equivalent, the "Turkish-bath cabinet"; this to be followed with a shower-bath, warm at first but toned gradually to the coldest degree from which the body will react. The cold shower is doubly important, because it not only closes the pores of the skin and obviates the danger of taking cold, but also acts as a general systematic tonic which has lasting benefit.

If you have access to a gymnasium and will take a half-hour daily for such a routine of exercises, you may overcome the effects of improper diet and prevent the deterioration of your heart and arteries with a fair degree of certainty. But, accepting condi-

tions as they are, it is true that a large proportion of people have no opportunity to visit a gymnasium and must secure exercise in their own homes or not at all. Fortunately it is possible to secure all the exercise that health requires without leaving one's own bedroom, and without the use of any paraphernalia whatever.

All that is necessary is to select a few intelligently devised exercises and to follow them up persistently for fifteen or twenty minutes every morning on first rising. If you will put yourself through a routine of ten or a dozen simple movements, aimed to bring into action the muscles which your ordinary occupation leaves undeveloped, you may secure many of the direct physical benefits of outdoor games or gymnasium exercises, without further encroachment on your time or business activities.

The muscles in question, in the case of ninety-nine persons in a hundred of sedentary habits, are those of the abdominal wall. As you sit at your desk these muscles are relaxed, and they are brought but slightly into action by ordinary walking or by even a fairly vigorous action of the arms. So the muscles that should give strong support to the abdominal wall become a mere film of relaxed and ineffective tissues, padded with useless layers of fat. The all-important abdominal viscera

Sports that develop an interest are in every way better than mere perfunctory exercises. Basket-ball and swimming are among those that tend to lower the arterial pressure



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not only lack normal support, but they are encroached upon and crowded out of place by masses of adipose tissue that subserve no useful function.

The person of distended waist-line suffers from shortness of breath, not necessarily because his lungs or heart are affected, but because the adipose tissue crowds the liver and other viscera into the thorax, thus restricting the breathing-space. But the deposit of excessive quantities of fat is in itself evidence of defective circulation of the blood; and unless the condition is corrected there is a tendency to weaken the heart, further interfering with the circulation and facilitating thus the degenerative changes which lead to arterio-sclerosis with all its attendant evils.

But you need not suffer from such degenerated abdominal muscles or from such accumulation of fat in the region of the waist, if you have the strength of mind to follow a systematic line of exercises aimed to keep the abdominal wall in a state of healthful efficiency, assuming always that at the same time you will practice reasonable self-restraint in eating.

Unless you have a definite programme you are likely to exercise in so desultory and haphazard a manner as to fail to get the best results. It is essential to outline a definite series of exercises and follow them up systematically. A series of simple but highly effective gymnastics, aimed at all-round development of the abdominal muscles, is presented graphically in the illustrations on page 438. They are practised by the world-champion wrestler, George Bothner, whose wonderful symmetry of development attests the excellence of his methods of training.

HOME EXERCISES

Such a series of home exercises, combined with a rational dietary, will do wonders toward keeping you in health. If you will persevere, you will come presently, as your muscles gain tone, to find actual pleasure in the work. But the great difficulty is to get a really good start. If your system has been allowed to get very greatly out of repair, you may not have the will power to carry out a really effective course of gymnastics at home. You will need the stimulus of gymnasium associates, and the dominating influence of a trainer. If you are corpulent, it will stimulate and encourage you to see men reduced, by a simple system of

gymnastics and gymnasium games regularly carried out, from say two hundred and forty pounds in weight to a normal weight of one hundred and sixty. When you see that such a transformation is not only possible but a moral certainty under proper training, you will be encouraged to go ahead with vigor on the same road to health.

PROLONGING YOUR LIFE

You are too busy to follow such advice, you say. The excuse is a common one. But the time will come when you will cease to indulge that particular sophistry. As you feel your powers failing, you will realize that your work is not fully accomplished; that it is good to go on a few years more in this wonderful world. Then you will seek advice about means to prolong your life. You will wonder if exercise would not be "good for you." But if you delay too long you may then be answered as was an American millionaire well known in the world of high finance, who, at the age of about sixty sought a medical specialist to ask the same question. After examining him the specialist said something like this:

"You say, Mr. X., that some one has advised you to exercise. That would have been admirable advice ten or twenty years ago. But you have lived so long without exercise, have permitted your tissues to get into such a state of disrepair and degeneration, that it is now too late to hope to restore them to activity. You can only conserve the small measure of physical strength that you retain. Do *not* exercise. Take a taxi even if you have to go only a few blocks. Save all your strength and keep the machine going at low speed as long as you can."

To a friend the doctor said afterward that if Mr. X. had begun to exercise at the right age and had taken proper care of his originally good constitution, he might very well have hoped to live to be eighty instead of dying, as he did, at sixty-five.

The great difficulty is that most people cannot be induced to shut the barn door until after the horse is stolen. If this was true of a man of business acumen and foresight, like the financier whose case was just cited, what can be expected of the ordinary mortal? At any rate, if you have read this article, you are forewarned; and if you elect to live a short and inactive life rather than to make a bid for a long and active one, you, at least, make the choice knowingly.

Mrs. Edgerton's Education

It gives us pleasure to tell you that more stories by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow will appear in *Cosmopolitan* in the near future. In our opinion she is one of the few "best" among American fiction writers to-day. This story deals with some of the eternal verities of human nature. It shows what happened to one vain woman who imagined she could play with fire and not be burned. The pity of it is that many of her sex seem to hold the same belief.

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Author of "The New Missioner," "Sally Salt," etc.

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

SLOWLY I began to gather from Hart Cresson's talk something that I had not fully realized before, that my financial affairs were in an awful muddle and that when they were straightened out my income would be infinitesimal compared to what I had been used to spending. It frightened me and gave me a dreadful sinking feeling at the heart, as if a cold hand had clutched me—that cold hand that had taken Jap from me and made me a widow. All the dreariness and heartbreak of these last few months seemed to roll over me like a great, icy wave and submerge me. I felt as if I were drowning.

"Won't I, won't I—be able to keep this house?" I spoke in a sort of terror, and half rose. I felt like stretching my arms protectingly about it—this lovely home to which I had come as a bride.

"Of course you will," he smiled reassuringly, and I suddenly became conscious of the first warm, human thrill I had known since Jap died—John Warren Edgerton, but Jap to me because of the dear little Japanesey slant to his eyes.

"I don't see what Warren did with his money," he went on, frowning a bit as if puzzled; "he inherited a nice little fortune."

"He was always unlucky about investments, and then I suppose we spent money like water, but we had such a good time," I smiled up at him.

He smiled back, and his whole expression changed; it was gay, warm, almost tender, protectingly tender, and I realized all at once what a very good-looking person Hart Cresson was, with his keen, rather hard blue-gray eyes, and hair just beginning to

show touches of gray. He had a nice, clear, healthy-looking skin, and he wore good clothes easily and well, without a touch of foppishness. His was a full-blooded, vigorous personality, and I couldn't be in his society two minutes and not feel my spirits go up.

"Nothing to fret about, Mrs. Edgerton," he said cheerfully. "Warren did well when he named Dan Malcolm executor of his estate. He's just the safe and sane person to get things in some kind of order as quickly as possible, and I'll help the good work along all I can. Malcolm consulted me because he knew that I, as president of the insurance company, could settle this matter of Warren's insurance. But—you are all upset," with a quick change of tone. "Why, you're trembling and pale—a little pale, but a little is too much. You should be out more in the open air."

His possessive tone warmed and comforted me. It was so exactly like Jap. I tried to remind myself that it wasn't Jap and that I ought to be dignified and displeased, but there is no denying that it was music in my ears.

"Black is unbecoming to me." I tried to make my tone as matter of fact as possible, although my breath was coming a little quickly.

"You don't for a minute think that," he said with a short laugh, "not with that white skin and that wonderful hair of yours. What color is it anyway, Mrs. Edgerton? When I look at it I can't think of anything but chestnuts with the sun on them, a sort of shiny gold and red and brown all mixed together."

"People who have hair like mine always speak of it as auburn, but their friends call it red."

"I'm a friend who doesn't," he said. "You don't think I'm claiming too much—your friendship—do you? I think I'm very moderate." His eyes, those bold eyes, looked deep into mine, and I felt the color rise in my cheeks.

Again I reminded myself that I should not allow this for a moment, but oh, it was good to be back in the atmosphere of the world again, and talking to a man who showed as plainly as Hart Cresson did that he admired me.

"But let us get this matter that I came to see you about settled and over"—he had resumed his more formal tone and manner—"and then I can talk to you about all the other things I want to say."

There was something in his voice as he said those last words that suggested danger, and that very hint stirred a tingle in my blood. Even the most commonplace conversation with him was like a fencing match, the eternal duel of sex.

"Now, I've thought out a plan"—he was brisk and impersonal again. "Malcolm tells me that he has gone far enough in gathering up Edgerton's loose ends to make it pretty sure that, with careful investments, you can depend upon having an income of about three thousand dollars."

"Three thousand dollars!" I cried in dismay. "I can't live on that and keep up this house. Mother has five thousand a year, and she was telling me only yesterday that it would be impossible for her to contribute more than two thousand to our living expenses, for the other three is barely sufficient to pay for Doris—my younger sister's—schooling and meet all the hundred and one demands."

He nodded, a faintly cynical smile on his lips. "I thought you'd say that, and therefore—"

But I scarcely noticed his words. I was still following the trend of thought his news had aroused. "Why, I shall have to close this house and give up my electric runabout and never have any decent clothes—or—or anything," I wailed. "I never have been poor, and I don't know how to begin."

"Wait a moment before you begin to cut down expenses," he said, half laughingly, "and listen to me. A man in my position has many opportunities for turning over

a little money, even doubling it, and such an opportunity, a very exceptional one, is at hand now. Certain stocks at present quoted around forty-two will soon go up and will reach one hundred and fifty. Can't help it, for the deal has already gone through. Of course it has been kept very quiet, necessarily, and therefore I ask you not to mention it to Malcolm or anyone. Now I am not advising you to put your money into this. Malcolm's plan of securing you a sure, if small, income is best."

"But you seem to be suggesting that I fly without wings," I returned, bewildered, "if I have no money to invest. How—"

He laughed again. "That is very simple; I propose to stake us both."

"I couldn't profit by your earnings," I said indignantly.

"Winnings, Mrs. Edgerton, winnings," he said, with mock seriousness. "You don't understand. This is not speculation; it is a sure thing. I merely put up so much money, let it do a few sums in multiplication, and reap the winnings. Now a part of this money I put in, I set aside for you, charge you with, and since you are so scrupulous and still wear that haughty frown, you may pay me back, out of the profits, the amount set aside and charged to you."

"Oh," I said, relaxing a little, "that seems fairer, but still—oh, I couldn't, you see, I couldn't."

"But I don't see anything of the kind"—his tone was again almost laughing. "It's a commonplace brokerage transaction. You can't owe me one red cent, for it's bound to win."

"It looks like a beautiful idea"—I was beginning to waver—"but—but—I don't feel as if I knew you quite well enough—"

"Not when I've dined with you and Edgerton on an average of twice a year? Maybe I'm not *l'ami de la maison* like Dan Malcolm, but surely I'm an old friend; and look here, Mrs. Edgerton"—there was a hint of impatience in his voice—"you're not a schoolgirl. If I'd told you that this was a gamble and not a dead-sure thing, you wouldn't hesitate. You're not a woman to shy at taking chances, or I miss my guess."

The challenge was too much for my pride. "Say no more," I cried. "On the chance of its losing then, I'll go in, and say thank you for putting such an opportunity before me."

"Give me another cup of that delicious tea, and I'll feel fully repaid," he said.



He threw back his head and laughed, splendid room-filling laughter. It was the first time I had heard such a heart-warming sound in months, and I laughed in unison

"But you're going to be repaid in a more substantial way, out of the winnings," I declared.

He looked at me with a half-amused, unreadable expression. "Oh, yes, yes, that of course. Dear me, I've always thought that I had pretty nice rooms at the club, but beside this they are as dreary as a morgue."

"What is the difference?" I asked.

"The difference! Oh, I couldn't define it. This is filled with you. There's an adorable femininity about it."

"That's just why I hate it!" I exclaimed vehemently. "Oh for goodness' sake, do smoke! When Jap was—was here the whole house reeked of tobacco, and now it smells of nothing but furniture polish and flowers. I'm thinking of taking up smoking myself, only mother would die of shame and the servants would probably leave. I'm so tired of women. Jap always had a lot of men around, and now they seem afraid to come near me. They've all made perfunctory calls on Sunday afternoons, two or three of them together to give each

other courage, and they were so—so constrained and different that I hardly knew them. I could positively feel their relief when they got up to go."

He threw back his head and laughed, splendid, room-filling laughter. It was the first time I had heard such a heart-warming sound in months, and I laughed in unison.

And just then mother came in. I could see her start and her lips tighten. She came forward and spoke to Mr. Cresson, and the before-the-funeral, repressed, hushed atmosphere was thick over the place again. Presently she excused herself to go and lay aside her furs, and he immediately got up to go. I didn't blame him.

"Well, I have enjoyed this," and he spoke sincerely. "May I come soon again? And," emphasizing each word with a light touch on my shoulder, a touch so light that I felt that it would be missish to resent it, "don't—bother—your—head—about—anything."

He took both my hands in his, pressed them cordially, and was gone.

As soon as he was fairly out of the house mother came in again. "Nina, my darling girl," she said pleadingly, "do, do try to be more dignified. Remember that you are a very recent widow. I should have stayed at home this afternoon."

This everlasting chaperonage, which mother, who had only recently come to live with me, thought proper in my new state of widowhood, was getting terribly on my nerves. That choking, smothering feeling came over me. I wanted to jump to my feet and cry out against these deadly conventions which seemed to be burying me—Nina Edgerton, full of life and youth—as surely as the earth had buried dear old Jap. And then all at once I couldn't keep it to myself any longer; I had to talk it out.

"Why should I have to do penance because Jap is dead?" I cried. "Shall I ever in my life need change and diversion and cheerful surroundings, yes, and even laughter and gaiety, as I need them now? I might as well be an Oriental woman and perform suttee."

Mother looked frozen, turned to stone. "If you had ever loved your husband," she said in a muffled sort of a voice, "you wouldn't, you couldn't, talk so."

"I did love Jap, I did!" I cried, the tears starting to my eyes, "and we got along better than any married people I know. But when he was alive I wasn't thinking of

him all the time. Jap would be unhappy enough if he saw me living like this." I was sobbing wildly now. "And this awful sinking of the heart all the time; I can't bear it, I can't. Oh, I welcome anything, anything, no matter what, that takes me out of myself."

Mother shook her head and sighed heavily. "I'm afraid you are very rebellious, my child."

"But, mother, weren't you?" I ran over and knelt down beside her. I lifted my face to hers without even stopping to wipe the fast-running tears away. I was so eager for her sympathy and understanding. I longed so for an intimate heart-to-heart talk with her. "Father died eight or nine years ago, and you're still far from being an old woman. You were pretty and attractive and are still. Didn't you ever rebel? Didn't you get tired even now of narrowing all your interests down to church work and women, eternal, infernal women? Why, you don't even play bridge."

"We won't go into my affairs." Mother spoke with that cold reserve she always showed if the real, vital things of life were ever touched on. "When a woman's husband dies," she continued, "life is practically over for her."

"Why should it be?" I cried. "A man's life isn't over when his wife dies, not by any means. Everybody is trying to divert him, and nothing that he does in the way of letting himself go—sport, hard drinking, or anything else—is considered very reprehensible."

"That is very different," returned mother. "And, Nina, since you force me to speak plainly to you, you might as well accept the fact that there is no place in society for a widow without quantities of money, and not a very definite place then. You and Warren were a very popular young couple, but, dear Nina, it was he who really counted in the social scheme, not you."

I had never thought of that before. "If that is true," I said, "my background's gone, and I—I—am out of the picture."

Mother nodded. "As long as he lived you were a family. Whatever he stood for in you, society accepted. But no matter how discreet she may be, a young and pretty widow is always an object of suspicion to society and a continual source of anxiety to her friends."

"But, mother," I cried, "how cruel and

unjust and unfair that is, and I don't believe it. It may have been true of your era, but it's not of mine, and even if it is, I won't endure it. To repress and repress and repress yourself until you haven't any life left in you, but just simmer along in a dreary stagnation—ugh!" I bit my handkerchief and shuddered.

She shook her head and sighed again. Women who passively accept things always sigh and sigh.

But even this conversation couldn't keep down my spirits that evening. The sense of exhilaration which Hart Cresson's visit aroused in me remained. How could anything go very far wrong when he was looking out for my interests—a man of recognized business ability and initiative, whose very presence radiated capability and power?

Dan Malcolm came in after dinner. In looking back I fail to understand how he ever nerved himself up to those bi-weekly visits. He had a little way of always bringing something with him, I suspect, to create a diversion and fortify himself against those first few mournful moments with mother and me. Sometimes it was a book, again it would be some fool mechanical toy, and frequently it was a box of candy laid impersonally upon the table.

I spoke of Mr. Cresson's visit, and he asked interestedly and rather eagerly what arrangements had been made. I tried to tell him, but what I remembered of the interview had so little to do with the matter of Jap's insurance that I got hopelessly mixed up.

He looked disappointed; his face fell. "Nina," he said, gazing at me very earnestly, a worried expression in his kind, brown eyes, "I know it is hard for you, but you'll have to take more interest in these business matters. It's important that you should, more important than you seem to realize."

"You expect me to know by instinct something that everyone has to learn," I said. "I never heard business matters discussed when I was a girl." My father had been a lawyer with a large practice in this up-to-date city of moderate size in the Middle West, where mother and I had always lived, and he never talked business to either of us. "And Jap always said that he heard enough of it during the day and that he wanted to forget it when he was with me."

"Well," he said, with his kind smile, "all I am asking of you, Nina, is to try to understand the situation. You've no idea of the value of money, and, you see, there won't be nearly as much as there used to be, and you'll have to learn how to manage."

"It's coming out all right, Dan." I was conscious myself of an entirely new note in my tone. "Don't worry."

He suddenly looked at me keenly. I think that the very buoyancy that had crept into my voice, perhaps a brightness of my eyes, had caught his attention and he suspected the cause. He hesitated a moment and looked about, but mother had left the room for something, and he came closer.

"Look here, Nina," he said, with the first touch of roughness that I had ever heard in his voice, "you'll probably have to talk business with a number of men before we get these matters straightened out, and it's a good plan to forget that you have ever met them on a social footing. Keep strictly to business."

I felt a little flame of anger run all over me. "Dan!" I cried indignantly, "I—"

He interrupted me with a gesture. "Oh, I know you mean all right, Nina, but you're only twenty-seven years old and wilful and headstrong and—awfully attractive; yes, you are, and what is worse, you know it. It isn't only your good looks, but you've got all kinds of little ways that men find taking. But in a purely business conversation always remember to cut out the drawing-room atmosphere."

I don't remember what angry retort I made to him, but I suppose it was to the effect that I could take care of myself and manage my affairs without his interference.

But he refused to be drawn into a quarrel, just stood looking down at me with a conciliatory, good-humored, rather wistful smile. "Come, Nina," he said. "You and I mustn't squabble. I only want to help you, and you know that there isn't anything that I wouldn't do for you, my dear."

It seemed absurd to get into a temper with him. He had never hesitated to speak his mind to me on any subject when Jap was alive, for he had been Jap's constant friend since childhood and was always about the house. So I smiled and said I was sure of it; but I couldn't help comparing him unfavorably with Hart Cresson. It seemed to me that one man was trying to throw a lot

of burdensome responsibilities on my shoulders, while the other was doing his best to relieve me of them.

A few days passed before I heard from Mr. Cresson again, and I had almost sunk to the usual level of dreariness and depression which seemed my portion at this time, when I received a note from him saying that he wanted very much to see me, and might he call that afternoon at five o'clock? If so, please telephone to his office.

He came, bringing, as before, the breath of the outside world with him, and seemed more breezy, more vividly alive, than ever, and somehow as if a certain restraint had been thrown off.

Nor was this the last of his visits; he seemed to find an excuse, a perfectly plausible, reasonable excuse, for calling at the house two or three times a week after that. Mother made no comment, for which I was grateful, but I could see that she was doing a good deal of thinking.

It was a few weeks after these frequent calls had been established as a matter of course that I went down-town to do some shopping. I think it was the first time since Jap's death that I had been out absolutely alone, and it gave me a delightful sense of freedom and adventure. So much so that when I had finished my errands I decided to walk home.

It was a lovely walk out from the business part of the city; level, parked, cement pavements on either side of the asphalt street, with handsome residences and beautiful lawns beyond, and presently my steps, which had seemed so languid and dragging for the last few months, became full of spring and life.

I threw back my crape veil to get more of the fresh, delicious air, and drew in great drafts of it. There is a horrid smell about mourning that calls up all kinds of depressing memories, and now, for the first time, I seemed to escape from it. Soon I found myself humming as I walked. I wanted to sing aloud. The joy of life arose in me, a strong demand of nature to live and love and be happy.

The sun had gone down by this time, and the world all seemed lovelier than ever with the lights of the street-lamps glowing against the soft, hazy, autumn dusk. But my mood changed. I grew pensive first, and then sad. How could I ever live and love and be happy when I was so utterly alone in the world, so utterly lonely?

I heard quick steps behind me and then, "Mrs. Edgerton! I thought it was you," said Hart Cresson's voice in my ear.

I was so glad to see him that a little sob rose in my throat, my voice trembled when I spoke his name. I longed to slip my hand into his and rub my cheek against his sleeve, just from the joy of seeing some one—some one I liked as much as I did him.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," he said, breathing hard as if he had been almost running to overtake me. "I knew there wasn't another woman here who walked like that."

"So slowly?" I said, with pretended ignorance. "Mother was telling me to-day that I am getting stout."

"She's a woman," he laughed. "I've heard them. 'Do you really admire Mrs. Edgerton, Mr. Cresson?'" he mimicked. "'I do, but my husband thinks her ears spoil her, they are so large, and her nose is such a bad shape, and she wears that red hair in such a mop.'"

"And is it true?" I asked, clapping my hands to my ears. "Are they so large, and is my nose such a bad shape, and my hair red and a mop?"

"Stop looking at me that way!" I heard him catch his breath, and it sent a little thrill over me. "Or I'll—I'll—yes, I will kiss you right here in the street!"

It was I who caught my breath now. He was going faster and further than I had anticipated. I drew back. "If you want to walk the rest of the way home with me, Mr. Cresson, we'll confine our conversation to business topics," I said primly and decidedly.

"It will be safer." His eyes, full of dancing, meaning lights, looked deep into mine, and again my heart gave two or three quick throbs. "But remember that I've warned you."

"How are our stocks going, Mr. Cresson?"

"The stocks? Oh, they've begun to soar, just as I told you they would."

"Have they?" I asked interestedly. "And won't they soon earn enough to let me spend a little?" I had never known what it was to be poor, and it irked and fretted me more than I can say. I had been used for years to a free and even lavish expenditure, and since Jap's death only enough money had come in for bare living expenses.

"You foolish creature! You must let me send you a check to-morrow. You've certainly made enough to spend a little, as you say, but it's going higher still and still higher. You can buy diamonds soon, if you want to."

But the thought of accepting a check from him jarred on me. I felt uncomfortable and dissatisfied. "Oh, you mustn't send me a check," I protested. "It—it doesn't seem just right."

"Those silly scruples! Are they cropping up again?" he said resignedly. Then, with a touch of impatience in his voice: "If I send you a check, it's merely a part of the routine of business. You are merely opening an account with me. You have accounts with your grocer and butcher and the dry-goods houses and so on, haven't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And you pay them in due time. Then what is the difference? If you don't object to opening accounts with them, why should you with me, when there is no doubt whatever of your being able to pay me?"

We had reached home by this time, and I said good-by to him at the door.

With the feeling of success and self-confidence that this secret understanding with Hart Cresson gave me, I resented more than ever what I considered Dan Malcolm's censorship over me. Therefore I felt particularly annoyed when I received this note from him a fortnight after my walk with Hart Cresson:

DEAR NINA: I must see you as soon as possible on a really important matter. If I do not hear from you to the contrary, I will call late this afternoon.

"Oh, Lord! What is it now?" I groaned, as I arranged my hair before the glass. "Dan would never be so peremptory as

this unless it were a matter of real importance."

For the rest of the day I could not rid myself of a miserable, frightened, anxious sort of feeling, and this was not dispelled by Dan's appearance. In all the years that I had known him I had never seen him with just that expression, more serious than ever, and with a certain tenseness as if he himself were on a strain.

"Nina," he said, with scarcely a preliminary how-do-you-do, "I'm afraid that you haven't realized a good deal of what I have been trying to tell you about your financial affairs. I have in the last few days received bills from several tradesmen about town—"

"Y ou!" I gasped. "Why—why—"

"I suppose they were sent to me as the executor of your husband's estate; but the purchases are all recent, within the last month, and for amounts that are, under the circumstances—well, to say the least, quite large; so large, in fact, that I believe there must be some mistake about it all. I'll get you to run over them and see if they are correct."

He held out a sheaf of bills to me. Loathsome things! I took them with icy fingers and burning cheeks. Those idiotic shopkeepers! If they had been there I could have screamed imprecations at them like any fishwife. Mechanically I unfolded them and looked them over, and the sight of the figures frightened me more than ever.

"I—I—don't understand," I stammered at last.

There was silence for a moment, and then he said very gently and with a sigh: "I see



"Oh Lord! What is it now?" I groaned, as I arranged my hair before the glass

that I didn't make you understand the necessity for a sweeping retrenchment in all of your expenditures. I didn't take into account the absolute ignorance of all practical business matters that Warren imposed on you."

I couldn't stand that. Oh, I couldn't, but I saw no way out of it, no possible explanation rose to my mind. I was furious at myself, and in my nervous, overwrought state, I felt a great wave of anger toward him.

"I wish you would let my bills alone," I cried. "You are not asked to pay them. I have—have resources that you do not know of," I blundered on. "I can raise money."

He wheeled on me. "Resources! What resources?" he said sharply. "And how can you raise money?"

I had a helpless sense of being caught like a rat in a trap. I must retrieve myself some way—I must—but how? "I have friends who—who would advance—"

"No, you haven't, either. I know all your friends and all your resources." His voice was harsh. I thought I knew Dan in all his moods, but this was a Dan that I had never seen. Suddenly a new thought seemed to strike him. He caught me by the wrist, and his eyes burned into mine.

"You don't—you can't—mean that you would borrow money of Hart Cresson? Good Lord, Nina—"

"Let go of my arm. How dare you touch me?" I pulled myself away and drew back from him.

"But you haven't borrowed money from Hart Cresson? You haven't?" insistently.

"The idea of your interfering in my affairs and talking to me as you have done!" the words came fast enough now in my indignation. "Just because Jap named you his executor, you think you can hector me and order me about as you please. You are like some interfering old granny, and I hate you."

There was a moment's silence and then, "In that case, I'd better go," he said stiffly. His face was white, and his eyes were gleaming, but he had his temper under control now.

I had turned my back to him and stood nervously fingering some magazines on the table. I made no answer.

There was another silence, an interminable one, it seemed to me, and then he took an impulsive step toward me.

"Nina, forgive me," his voice was broken, pleading. "I had no right to talk to you so, I know it, but—I couldn't bear the thought of your not coming to me with any bothers that you might have, and—and—your insinuations about other friends, it—it—well, it roused the devil in me. I know that what I asked you—about Hart Cresson, isn't true, but the very thought of it—I—I'm jealous, Nina, that's the plain truth. Oh, Nina, I can't keep it to myself any longer. I love you. I've always loved you—even before you married Warren, and I couldn't tell you. I was poor—struggling—"

I felt dazed, stunned. Was this Dan—the Dan I had always known, talking to me so? I had never dreamed of such a thing as that he cared for me, never, and yet, in some way, I felt as if I had always known it. My anger melted away. Some faint sense of his unfailing kindness and consideration for me came to me, and for the moment it seemed more than I could bear.

"Oh, go," I begged. "Go. That's all I ask, Dan—please." And then the moment the door closed behind him, I sank down on the couch and cried and cried; but this state did not last long. I felt the necessity for action. Something in the way Dan had spoken had brought back all my scruples about going into this speculation with Hart Cresson.

Somehow when he talked to me about it my objections seemed absurd and school-girlish, and yet I knew instinctively that Dan would look at it in a very different way. That had just been brought home to me, and I realized that Dan's friendship and confidence meant more to me than I thought. And yet, Hart Cresson had convinced me that it was an ordinary business transaction. He would not be out of pocket one red cent, as he had said, and I was so deep in now—I groaned when I thought of those awful bills—that I couldn't draw out. It would seem capricious to the last degree, even ridiculous for me to do so now.

At dinner-time I received a note from Hart Cresson saying that he would call that evening. Even under the influence of his cheering companionship, I did not recover my spirits. I could not tell him of my conversation with Dan. Every feeling of delicacy and reticence I had rebelled at that; but I was more disturbed than I would have cared to show, and the miserable sense of dissatisfaction with myself seemed to

increase rather than abate as the evening wore on. My efforts to appear bright and natural were evidently dismal failures, for Mr. Cresson noticed at once that I was out of sorts and finally urged me to tell him what was on my mind.

"Oh, I've been criticized," I cried at last, "and I don't like it. I always did what I pleased when Jap was alive, and if anyone objected neither of us cared. Mother preaches what she calls discretion from morning to night, and it's a new tongue to me and one I don't care for. It seems to me that there are a million and one conventions of widowhood, and I'm so hedged about with them that I often feel as if I couldn't breathe. I hate it! Sometimes when I look at that white ruche in my hat, and think of what it stands for, I feel like tossing it into the lake out there."

"Of course you do, you beauty!" he cried. "Of course you do, so full of life as you are! You and I were never meant to be discreet." He caught my hands and held them tightly against his chest, cover-

ing them with both of his, and now he was kissing them ardently in spite of my protests.

I'm afraid that my efforts to stop him and draw my hands away were rather futile, for I did like it, I did. I had been married ten years to Jap, and although we loved each other dearly, he rarely took the trouble to woo me. I was there. I was his. Why get frantic over something one has long possessed? But to find, after all those placid, happy, humdrum years, that there were thrilling, intoxicating joys in life that were still in my grasp—nay, were already mine, and that I was still lovely, still desirable in the eyes of a man—oh, it was sweeter, far sweeter to me now than it had ever been ten years before in my undeveloped girlhood.

"Oh, Nina,"—the little spark of flame which had flickered in his eyes when he was kissing my hands was a blaze now—"don't you know how adorable you are, and don't you think we've been good and discreet long enough? When are you going to give me a kiss?"



He wheeled on me. "Resources! What resources?" he said sharply. "And how can you raise money?"

A great surge of recklessness rose in my heart; his arms were already about me, and his touch thrilled me.

"You must not—you must not," I faltered, leaning away from him. But even as I said the words, I lifted my eyes and gave him one long look.

In a moment I was stifled with kisses; they rained upon my hair, my eyes, my cheeks, my mouth. The world slipped away from us, the world of discretion and convention. In that moment of ardor and passion we remembered nothing, nothing but each other.

"Oh, oh, you mustn't!" I cried at last and leaned back against the circle of his arms, pushing him from me with one hand and endeavoring to smooth my dishevelled hair with the other.

"Mustn't I?" he said in that rapid, husky whisper which thrilled my very heart-strings. "Not for a moment, if you don't like it, but you do, you do!" in exultant triumph. "You like it well enough! You can't conceal it!"

He spoke the truth. His attraction for me was strong, almost overpowering. I loved to be held tight against his breast as he was holding me now, I loved the nice, soapy, tobacco-y smell of him, and most of all, I loved his kisses.

But at last I resolutely freed myself from him and walking over, stood leaning against the mantelpiece. My cheeks were on fire, and I was trembling in every limb from excitement.

"I—I—want to think." My voice was almost inaudible. "I must have time to think."

"But why?" He had followed and was again trying to draw me into his arms. "Ah, Nina," his eyes, at once pleading and compelling, held mine, "let us mourn no joy untasted, let us envy no bliss gone by; to-day is for love and laughter! Nina! Don't push me away like that. Where are you going?"

"I am going to sit down here, and you are going to take that chair over there—yes, quite that far away. I want to think; I must think." My voice was trembling.

"Think! Think!" laughing incredulously. "You can think any old time. To-morrow will do for that. But to-night," he bent over me again, his eyes and his smile more caressing, compelling than ever, "to-night is for love and laughter."

"But you must listen to me," I pleaded, shrinking away from him a little. My mood had changed, a reaction had set in; I was almost on the verge of tears. "Please listen to me. I—I don't want to be engaged just yet. I haven't got over—there are days when I think of nothing but Jap—it's only four months since—" I put my hands up to my face in a sort of unbelieving horror. Only four months since Jap died, and not ten minutes ago I had allowed myself to be swept off my feet, completely carried away by the attraction this man possessed for me. "I wouldn't be married under a year and a half; that's due to Jap," I went on.

"Married!" Something in his tone struck me, and I looked up at him. It seemed to me that his eyes were hard. "We weren't discussing that. I'll stand for it though, if you want it; I'm crazy enough about you even for that." He laughed cynically. "But let me tell you something, sweetness. You haven't begun to realize the joys of freedom or you wouldn't suggest such a thing. For a confirmed old bachelor like me and a young, fascinating widow like you to consider such a step is taking long chances on happiness."

I sat stunned for a moment, and then I jumped to my feet. "I make such a suggestion!" I cried. "I would have died first! But that was the only possible interpretation I could put upon your words and actions."

"And I've said that I would stand for it." His temper was as high or higher than mine, and my hot words had evidently stung him. "But, dear Nina, for goodness' sake, don't overplay the part. Why under heaven should a man and a woman of the world deny the happiness that is for them now? Of course we've got to observe the conventionalities; it would be a serious blunder for both of us not to. But—why are you looking at me that way? You've shown that you know how to play the game. The way that you've managed your business affairs is proof that you have a shrewd head under that childlike appearance."

"My business affairs! Why, Dan Malcolm arranged them, all but the stock speculation, and you saw to that."

"And you accepted it." The glance that he gave me was infinitely coarse. "Which was a tacit agreement to pay."



I saw him start back, saw the blood trickle down, and seized that moment to escape from the room

"Pay," I cried passionately. "I—I will, every cent; every cent that you invested for me, every cent of the profits that I have drawn, if it beggars me, if—"

He frowned and threw out his hands. "Oh, what do I care about the money! I didn't mean that, and you know it." He came nearer. He was smiling—that deep, vivid spark was, I could see, back in his eyes again.

"It's you, Nina, you—you, I want. You're no mourner, sweetheart; you're a beautiful, warm woman, full of life and love. Your whole nature demands it, just as mine does."

I saw him coming, his face flushed, his arms outstretched, his eyes alight, and the whole horrible meaning of the scene flashed

over me. It seemed centuries that I stood there before him, realizing to the full such shame and humiliation as I had never dreamed of.

This was what he had meant from the first, and I, vain fool that I was, had thought that I could play with fire and not be burned!

I shrank back, but he caught me to him again. I threw out my arm to ward him off and struck him across the face with the back of my hand. A sapphire and diamond *marquise* ring—bought with his money—cut his cheek near the mouth. I saw him start back, saw the blood trickle down, and seized that moment to twist myself from his arms and escape from the room, slamming the heavy door behind me.



DRAWN BY WALTER DEAN GOLDBECK

"My darling," she said, "all the world to me and heaven beyond, I can't, I won't, because I think it
would hurt him"

(Legay Pelham's Protégée)

Legay Pelham's Protégée

In our opinion there is no greater master of short-story writing in America to-day than Gouverneur Morris. Do you remember the "Claws of the Tiger"—one of the most effective moral lessons against white slavery we have seen in print? And the "Man Who Played God"? And "Legay Pelham's Headache"? And, in fact, all the stories of this present series? You will look a long while before finding their equals. And now comes another Legay Pelham story. Mr. Morris imagines a situation where a young woman—uneducated, but a real human being—is given a chance in the world. He says she "made good." What do you think? Do you think it is possible? Read the story and see.

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Penalty," "Radium," "The Frame-Up," etc.

Illustrated by Walter Dean Goldbeck

TO Mr. Legay Pelham the great city of New York was very empty. It was not because Miss Allard dyce had left it; but because she had intimated that in Newport, where she was going, he would be neither more nor less welcome to her than other young men of his engaging class.

"I am not *hard*," she said, "but you and your friends are drifting. I like you very much indeed, Legay, but you shouldn't ask me to take you seriously; especially as I have work to do."

"You mean," he answered, "that until you fall in love with somebody, you are more interested in abstract principles than in men. Well, I'm sure I don't blame you. But it's very disappointing. Believe me. Very."

"Even if I should fall in love," she said, in that decided way so disturbing to inexperienced lovers, "I should never, until some of the main principles of life have been settled, feel that I had time to attend to the details."

"I am afraid," he said, "that when you get your vote, you will find that you will have to give up all the privileges which you now enjoy. That would be only fair."

"Privileges?" Her eyebrows went up.

"Why, yes—the right after being disgracefully divorced to receive alimony from a man poorer than yourself."

"What else?"

"Well, if a man is attacked by six ruffians, other men stand around until he has had his

licking. I know this by experience. But if violence or even rudeness is offered to a woman, a dozen champions spring to her defense, not even stopping to ask if she is in the right or in the wrong. Take it from me: the girls have the best of it. Everybody tries to give them a good time. But wait till you get mixed up in politics, where there is neither honor, nor decency, nor love of country—only treachery and greed. Wait until somebody tricks you into taking a bribe and the newspapers get hold of it. You just wait till you're President and see what a mess you won't be able to help making of everything. Believe me, once change the tea-gown for the toga and it's all up with a woman!"

Her answer was as feminine as it was crushing. "If you were to change any one of the hundred suits in which I see you disporting yourself for a toga, it would be a good thing. And I daresay I shall cast a vote before you do."

"Oh," he said, "I vote, invariably if not hopefully. Sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, and much good it does me or the country. And so you commit yourself to the main principles of politics, and are never going to find time for the mere details of love, courtship, and marriage. What a pity!"

"It isn't a pity."

"It is. Because you are beautiful, and if the notion took you you could be everything that a girl ought to be. If you talk very cool and proud it's not because you are

different from other women; it's just because, not being in love, you can't imagine being in love. I wish you would fall in love with me. But you don't. Well, I hope you'll fall in love with somebody else. Anything to—to make a woman of you."

So she went away, and because he thought he loved her the city seemed empty to him; and to his friends who still lingered into the early summer, *he* seemed empty. "Gay's up against it," said one. "Yes, up against that d. f. of an Allardyce girl. Never knew him so hard hit before. Read about the suffragettes tearing up all the golf-links in Great Britain and throwin' acid on the puttin'-greens? Kind of impresses one with their latent powers for improvin' legislation, doesn't it? Thanks. I've just had one."

"Somewhere in this world," thought Legay Pelham, "there must be the right girl for me."

This proves that his feeling for Miss Allardyce was rather part of a general inclination to marry and be cared for than of a hopeless passion for Miss Allardyce herself.

"Yes," he said to himself, "you may take it from me: somewhere there's the right girl. And if she doesn't actually exist ready to hand—"

He broke short off, and for the first time in three days smiled. Then he went on.

"Wonder I never thought of *her* before. Could have her educated, taught how to dress, taught how to talk, given good times. Believe *me*! Then if she didn't reach the blue-ribbon class, she'd take a red or a yellow, anyhow. And—and leaving me out of the running—me and all question of me—it wouldn't be a bad sort of experiment to try—"

His thoughts were interrupted by Johnny Tombs. "Gay," said Johnny, "what's the matter with the women, anyhow?"

"Matter? They aren't brought up right. And most of 'em aren't dressed right. I'm thinking of starting a girl's school. I mean a school for a girl."

"Tell me more. First, the girl's name."

Legay Pelham shuddered. "She will first," he said, "be untaught the name which she cannot now be said to enjoy. Then she will be taught a new name, and a new voice with which to say it."

"What are you driving at, anyhow?"

"Something that I don't want talked

about. Something that I wouldn't have mentioned to anyone but you. I've looked a lot of young women over critically, young women of our class, and I find 'em wanting. I'm going to pick one from a very different class and bring her up."

"Personally?"

"Good God, no! Impersonally. I know a man who went through the South buyin' up likely street-car and dray horses. Three months later he took enough blue ribbons at the Garden to fill a waste-paper basket."

"And a very proper receptacle for blue ribbons."

"Everything's in the schoolin'."

"Tell me more."

"I will when I know more."

"There'll have to be a duenna."

"Yes."

"Got one?"

"Yes. And if there was any part of this country where I wasn't known by sight, I'd be duenna and teacher and everything myself. It's a respectable proposition. The Lord knows that; but I don't suppose he'll make it his business so to inform my friends or even the police, and so there will have to be a duenna."

"How young is she?"

"About sixteen."

"Pretty?"

"I tell you I'm picking her to be schooled for the blue-ribbon class. She's the prettiest girl I ever saw. She is also the most ungrammared, and her voice will have to be taken apart and put together again."

An hour later, Mr. Pelham, very tall, very dignified, spoke across a glove counter to a young girl of whom he had once bought a pair of gloves. He smiled as upon a child, which she was, and she recognized in him not a masher, not a mere man even, but a certain demi-god whom she had seen but once, and whom she would always remember. It had been her instinct in the first place, was now, and always would be—to please him.

"If I ask you some very impudent questions, will you answer them?"

"Sure," she said, "I don't mind."

He shuddered a little in his esthetic nerves. "Are your parents living?"

"No, sir."

"Have you a guardian?"

"I live with two other girls, if that's what you mean."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Do you want to vote?"

"I don't mind."

"I mean is that the *one* thing you want?"

"Gawd!" she said.

Again Legay Pelham suffered. "Would you like to get married sometime when you grow up, and have a house, and people to take care of you, and automobiles, and things?"

"Would I? You bet! Got anybody in mind?"

"Well, not exactly—not just yet. I think you'd



An hour later, Mr. Pelham, very tall, very dignified, spoke across a glove counter to a young girl of whom he had once bought a pair of gloves

have to be older before one thought very seriously about anybody for you. If I told you that I had only your best interests in mind, and wanted to try being a sort of older brother to you, would you believe me?"

She looked him straight in the eyes for a little while and said, "Yes."

"You'd trust me?"

She nodded and said, "What's the idea?"

"The idea? I don't want to start by making you conceited, but I see great possibility in you—great possibility of looks and heart. I think they are being wasted. I'd like to give you a chance to show the world what you could be like if you had that chance. My dear child, I'm not making up to you. As you are now I'm a little sorry for you. I want to be glad for you, and of you. That's all."

"That's quite some order!"

"Oh, no. To-day is Saturday. When the store closes tell your employer that you are not coming back. And tell your friends that you live with that you are going to live with a Mrs. Shepley."

"Look here," she said, "if I spring that on them, they'll give me the grand haw-haw."

"I think not," he said, "because Mrs. Shepley will come for you in a taxi-cab, and after she has spoken two words they will know that you are to be in kind hands, and in good hands. Everybody knows a gentlewoman, when they have the infinitely rare privilege of seeing one. But you'll come?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"But why? You don't know me? You have only my word for myself."

She laid a little hand, white and well-shaped, if a little boyish, on her breast, and she said, "In this here

trust company your word's as good as E. T. Gerry's bond."

Legay Pelham was deeply touched. "But why?" he said.

"Oh," she said, "it's easy when you've looked hundreds of men in the face. But I don't know *why* you're doing this. And it don't matter. If you say so it's all right. Any more questions?"

"Why, no—not just now."

"Isn't that just the image of you!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you ask me if I have the right to be taken up out of the near-gutter and given a chance?"

Legay Pelham flushed pink to the roots of his smooth, blond hair.

"It's all right," she said; "I'm straight."

The young man was very much embarrassed. "Mrs. Shepley will call for you to-night," he said, "at a quarter to nine. Will you be ready then?"

"Sure. I haven't but twenty trunks to pack."

"Unless you're particularly fond of some of your things," he said, "don't bring them. You see, you're starting a new life, and what is charming behind a glove counter may be out of place in a limousine."

"I guess there's nothing much that I've got that I'm fond of. I come as I am? Is that the hunch?"

"Please."

"Will you be there?"

"Often."

He smiled and went, and either the shades of night were closing down, or with his going the shop actually grew darker.

She had often dreamed of a sort of Fairy Prince. Then she had seen Legay Pelham—once. After that she had often dreamed about him. Now he had gone away. And the store was dark. She thought she had been dreaming again.

"Say," she called to a friend at another counter, "what was that gent's name that just went out?"

And she trembled. She feared that the answer might be: "What gent? I didn't see none." But the answer was reassuring: "That was Mr. Legay Pelham. He's the biggest swell in the bunch. Gee, but I'd be ashamed not to know *him* by sight."

"But I do—now."

"My dear Gay," said Mrs. Shepley, "she is the most wondrous and precocious child. I think she has forgotten all the evil and

hardship she ever knew." She looked him gaily in the face. "And so, my dear boy, have I. You have reincarnated us both. But she's in a blue funk at the thought of seeing you. She realizes what a tough little thing she used to be, and she's terribly afraid you won't think she's improved fast enough, that you'll be disappointed."

But Legay Pelham was not disappointed. On the contrary he was bewitched. She came. Mrs. Shepley went. Mr. Pelham took a step forward.

"Oh," she said, "you promised to come often. And you did at first, and now it's six whole months. And I think you have no use for me any more."

He thought he had never listened to a prettier voice. He knew that he had never seen so pretty a girl. And for once in his life he felt ill at ease.

"Please say I've improved," she said. "I chose this dress myself. Is it all right?"

"You know it is."

Then he pulled himself together, and asked her many questions, some of them very subtle. And all the while she looked him in the eyes with a complete and troubling worship, and gave answers that pleased him to the soul.

"And we are going to Santa Barbara for the winter," she said. "And I've gotten to be a distant cousin of Mrs. Shepley's, and next summer she's to take me to Newport, and I'm to come out. And I'm frightened and happy. But you—what ought I say to you? You made it all so possible and so easy out of your great heart. I'd like to tell you that, no matter what happens, I'd die for you any time you said the word. That's that. I wanted you to know. Now we needn't talk about it, because it makes me want to cry."

"A blue-ribbon winner. You may take it from me. Nothing less. I know what I'm talking about."

It was thus that Mr. Pelham invariably spoke when deeply moved.

"I've got all my things spread out in rows in the next room," she said. "Cousin Barbara says that they're all right, but I won't be satisfied till you've said so, too."

Of what was exquisite or of what was fitting there had been no better judge than Mr. Pelham since the days of Petronius. He reviewed her "things" in silence. Then he said, pointing, "That lavender is raw."

"Yes. What else?"



"Please say I've improved," she said. "I chose this dress myself. Is it all right?"

He smiled. "Nothing else."

"Oh," she said, "Mrs. Shepley chose the lavender. And everything else I chose myself."

"Pride," said Mr. Pelham, "cometh before a fall. If Mrs. Shepley chose that color to go with your eyes, it must have been in an ill-lighted shop on a dark day."

They returned to the little sitting-room.

"The thing that worries me," she said, "is the awful expense I must have been to you."

"Do you mind taking money from me?"

"If I make good I sha'n't mind. Because that was the idea, wasn't it?"

"You have made good. That is—are you a suffragette?"

"If a girl with money and friends and health and nothing much on her conscience is discontented because she isn't allowed to vote, she's a—oh, there's something I haven't learned!"

"What's that?"

"I don't know what I ought to say, when I want to say what I was going to say."

"And what was that?"

"I was going to say that such a girl is a fool."

Mr. Pelham didn't smile. He grinned. "If," he said, "you had studied English

under Addison, Stevenson, and Dr. Browne for a thousand years you couldn't have hit upon a more excellent qualification of the species you describe. There are," he went on, "thousands and thousands of sensible women in this world. There are hundreds that are just as efficient as men. None of them want to vote. And all the others do. Directly a woman wants to be like a man, she loses that certain something which has made her man's better angel since time immemorial. The movement for suffrage amuses men, and saddens them. They will grant the suffrage. But equality? No. Believe me. Man will never grant them that. He will always give them a little the best of everything. When he marries and she won't have children because she is 'too useful in other spheres,' he will forgive her, and be gentle as he always has been, and live out his life childless. When, in spite of the vote he gives her, she continues to ruin him with her extravagances, he will, as usual, and silently, work himself to death a little sooner. And when she runs off with the other man, he will allow himself to be put in an evil light, so that she may get her divorce and her alimony and the sympathy of the newspapers. Man will never treat her as his

equal. Believe *me*. He will always give her a little the best of it. But if I am wrong—if man ever does treat her as his equal, if he ever drags her down from the high pedestal on which he has placed her, do you know what would happen?" He smiled a little grimly for him.

"No. What would happen?"

"It would be a sound," he said, "it would sound as if something wonderful had taken place, and as if half the inhabitants of the world were clapping their hands in applause, and the other half were crying bloody murder."

He was still a little sore at Miss Allardyce.

The next day he took Johnny Tombs to call upon his protégée, and this one came away professing to be in love with her, and at the same time demanding to have explained to him why she was more attractive than other girls of his acquaintance. After reflection Mr. Pelham said:

"It's because she knows that she is having a good time, at the time she is having it. She takes you off your feet with her power of applied and concentrated joyousness. Most girls of her class—her present class—take the pleasant things of life too much for granted, and are actually or affect to be bored by them. There is no disease so contagious as boredom. Look at Miss Allardyce." He spoke very calmly. "Nothing was ever quite good enough for her. And she doesn't even get any fun out of her politics. Now my protégée—*she* knows what's what! She's got the things and the opportunities that ought to make girls happy, and she just surrenders with a big smile and lets 'em make her happy. If I am any judge she will take Newport by storm."

"Suppose," suggested Mr. Tombs, "that some man wanted to marry her. Wouldn't there have to be a good many explanations?"

"Not explanations. Just one statement of fact. Her origin is all in her favor. To have risen to what she is from what she was, is her one proof positive of extraordinary character and ability. And, besides, I am very fond of her, and she won't be penniless by any means."

Tombs expressed his admiration of a man who could give large sums of money to an unrelated girl without starting a scandal. But Mr. Pelham only smiled shyly. In all his life he had never intended harm to anyone, and this was so patent in his face of a young Roman emperor that not even a total

stranger had ever been known to question his motives. He had yet to start a scandal; he had stopped a thousand.

"Shall you run out to California to see how she is getting on?"

"I was going to invite you to come, too."

They went. And they taught her to swim in sight of the snow-topped mountains and to look comfortable on a quiet pony, and to play tennis a little, and, with Mrs. Shepley, for a fourth at bridge. And the party drifted up to Monterey in the spring, and regretted that they and all their friends hadn't been born and brought up there, so that they might now go on living there forever. And Mrs. Shepley grew younger, and the lines between her eyebrows vanished.

And if Mr. Pelham thought of Miss Allardyce, it was naturalistically, as a botanist thinks of a cactus. And they saw the rough along the fair greens of the golf-course burst into millions and trillions of flowers, and the roses in the Del Monte gardens. And Mr. Pelham brought people from San Mateo and Burlingame and San Francisco to meet his protégée. And she became so joyous and sweet that sometimes Mr. Pelham couldn't sleep at night for wondering what he ought to do about it.

To the most casual observer it was obvious that she worshiped Mr. Pelham. Most people dislike their benefactors, secretly, but she was made of tenderer and more grateful clay. And sometimes it troubled him to be looked at the way she looked at him. For she couldn't look at him even across a bridge-table when he had laid down a poor dummy for her to play, without telling him, plain as words, that he had but to ask her and she would die for him. He grew fonder and fonder of her, and prouder and prouder; so fond finally, and so proud, that he packed up his things and returned with Johnny Tombs to New York. And though absent she was continually in his mind for seven days. And this was his best record.

Mrs. Shepley rented a little cottage in old Newport, and early in the season launched her adopted cousin upon the gaieties of the place. The older people were delighted to see Mrs. Shepley back in Newport, for she had cut several swathes there in her day, one as a penniless girl of great charm and beauty, one as the most enterprising hostess in America, and a third as a most pitied widow of a suicide and failure.



Presently Mr. Pelham's observant eyes caused him to say, "She thinks Blythe is funny, and she likes Gresham *quite* a good deal."

Mr. Pelham kept away till the middle of August. He wished his protégée to meet other men upon a basis unhampered by her gratitude to him. He thought he was in love with her. He had thought so ever since California. Another record. And like a good sportsman, he intended to give up the inside track which he had enjoyed so long, and to draw lots for places with the others.

She was on the beach at Bailey's, passing a tennis ball with young Mr. Blythe, of Boston, and the Earl of Gresham. Mr. Pelham seated himself on the sands beside Mrs. Shepley and said quietly, "It's the smartest bathing-dress on the beach; did you choose it?"

"No," said Mrs. Shepley; "she did."

And they laughed and shook hands, for they had not seen each other for many weeks. Presently Mr. Pelham's observant eyes caused him to say,

"She thinks Blythe is funny, and she likes Gresham *quite* a good deal."

Mrs. Shepley looked vaguely out over the blue, tumbling Atlantic and murmured, "Nonsense."

And then there arose in Mr. Pelham's breast a feeling for which that spacious, tender, honest place had never had room before. He was so ashamed, so mortified, that he could have cried. It was horrible, a catastrophe, that a heart to whose sound-

Legay Pelham's Protégée

ness and cleanliness he had all his life given closer attention than the most fastidious woman to her teeth, should now, without warning, fill to the brim with jealousy, ugly and bitter.

His face of a young Roman emperor became very white. He strained the power of a will to the breaking-point; he brought up his reserves at the gallop, generosity and belief in himself. And it was as if he had taken his heart in his hands, turned it upside down, and spilled the bile into the sand of oblivion.

"I love Gresham," he said; "always did. He's the best young Englishman they've produced in fifty years. Ever tell you how he and I traveled through southwest France with a circus van, and prevented Viscount Fife from marrying the snake-charmer? He's a V. C., you know, and could write half the alphabet after his name. And he's good as gold and full of mischief."

As he praised the man of whom he had been jealous, Mr. Pelham felt better, and when she came up from the beach and suddenly saw him and gave him that "always ready to die for you" look, sweetness returned to him in full measure, and he smiled like an angel.

She went in to dress, and either the sun went behind a cloud or it actually became darker out of doors.

"Do they ask questions?" said Mr. Pelham.

"They meet her," said Mrs. Shepley, "and that is their answer to every possible question. She has made a great hit."

"Why?"

"Because she knows that she is having a good time when she is having it. Other girls are always looking forward or backward."

Mr. Pelham chuckled. He was sufficiently human to enjoy the proving of his theories.

One day he called, but she was out, and so was Mrs. Shepley. So he went into their little parlor to wait, and he picked up the morning paper and took it to a sunny corner and began to read. The first and last item to catch his attention was thus captioned:

"Miss Allardyce quietly married to Congressman U. P. Upshaw."

And then the article explained not without humor how Cupid had brought together a young woman foremost in the ranks of female suffrage, and a man, no longer young,

who had been foremost, both as a humorist, serious orator, and politician, in the ranks of its opponents. "Miss Allardyce when questioned by our special representative intimated that politics was an excellent vocation for idle women with nothing better to give their minds to. As for her, she conceived it to be woman's highest duty to make a home for the man she loved—"

Mr. Pelham was so staggered at first that he couldn't laugh. Tears of laughter came before the laugh itself. And that never did come.

It seemed to him not as if he suddenly heard voices in the hall, but as if he had heard them for some time. And then before he could disclose himself, he had heard too much. He had to sit still and listen. It was her voice, very sorrowful and beautiful: that voice which he had had taken apart and put together again.

"My darling," she said, "all the world to me and heaven beyond, I can't, I won't, because I think it would hurt *him*. Whatever I am he made me; whatever I have he gave me; whatever he wants of mine, or me, has just got to be his, or there's no justice in the world. I will break your heart if I must, and mine, but that's nothing. That heart, his heart, God help me, I won't break."

"But," it was the Earl of Gresham's voice, "perhaps he doesn't care that way. Has he said so?"

"Oh, no, if he had I should be engaged to him by now, or married to him. He didn't care, but he does now. It's in his eyes when he looks at me. Oh, please, please forgive me for doing what's right, and—and now go away, please; because there's hard times before you and me, and I've got to go up-stairs and cry before I can face them."

Silence.

Then the Earl of Gresham's feet going out into the street, hers going up-stairs, and then from the room above—heartbroken sobbing. Three minutes later Mr. Pelham made his escape.

The next day he called upon her by appointment, and found her alone. And she was prepared to face death for him—or heartbreak, and it was written in her eyes.

As for Mr. Pelham, a solid, perhaps a little too solid, flesh-and-blood young man, he looked for once in his life as if he did not quite belong to this earth. He looked less the young Roman emperor than a noble and militant churchman to whom, in

moments of wrestling with the flesh, have been vouchsafed visions.

"Will you marry me, dear," he said, "and come to live in my house?"

It was not in vain that Miss Nobody of Nowhere had been taken from behind a glove counter and schooled in Mr. Pelham's school. Had he felt it his duty to marry a girl who loved him, but whom he did not love, he would not have gone about the matter in a long-faced and half-hearted way. He would have play-acted. He would have made love to that girl with all his might and main. And so likewise she.

"Oh, yes," she said valiantly, "because I love you with all my heart and soul."

And she put her arms about him and buried her face against his shoulder. Then a strange thing happened. Mr. Pelham laughed softly, and said, though his voice broke a little:

"You little goat! You *are* grateful, aren't you?" Then he got excited and said, "What did I tell you?—not a bit of a skate; a blue-ribbon winner: you may take it from me!"

She drew back from him, filled with wonder.

"Now," said he, "you stay put. Understand? You stay here. I'll make a dash for the reading-room and send Gresham round. Poor fellow, he's eating his heart out. So were you—but you're not now! Are you? Say you're *not*—you little darling!"

There was only humor in his face now, and goodness. For in some way known to great gentlemen with strong wills, he had managed to draw a veil between his soul and his eyes which were always its windows.

But for answer she put her arms around him again and hid her face again, and cried so sweetly and happily that it was a pleasure to hear. And Mr. Pelham's soul began to look out of its windows, until suddenly it saw itself in a looking-glass, and was

frightened, and once more hid itself behind a veil. And he said:

"A blue ribbon or not? Yes. What? Take it from me."

And presently he walked out into the street with his stick swinging and his head of a Roman emperor carried very high, and, if I may say so, that great cup his heart held upside down so that on the off chance of anything bitter leaking into it it would at once spill out.

Across her wedding dress she wore from waist to shoulder a broad blue ribbon held in place by diamond stars. And when she came close to where the Earl of Gresham and his best man stood, she gave the latter a look which said:

"Even now if you say the word, I will stop getting married, and die for you. But please, please, Dear Heart, I'm having such a happy time."

Her bridal bouquet of blue cornflowers (to match her eyes and her ribbons) and lilies of the valley (to match her white and fragrant soul) shook in her hands as if it had the palsy. But Mr. Pelham only smiled with good humor and goodness, and when the groom dropped the ring on the floor and it rolled solemnly away under the Bishop of Rhode Island's petticoats, *there* was Mr. Pelham with a spare ring coming out of his waistcoat pocket (and oh, how that waistcoat did fit!), and later at the breakfast there was Mr. Pelham to make everybody laugh, and to see that all the old ladies had a good time, and later when the rice began to fall on the roof and windows of the beribboned and beslipped automobile in which the happy pair were to slip inconspicuously away, *there* was Mr. Pelham with a most wonderful smile on his face.

For he had turned his heart right side up again by way of experiment, and so far nothing bitter had seeped into it, and better, the radiance of the bride's lovely face seemed now to assure him that nothing ever, ever would.





DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

The farmer crossed the plowed strip to Saxon, and joined her on the rail. "He's plowed before, a little mite, ain't he?" Saxon shook her head. "Never in his life. But he knows how to drive horses"

The Valley of the Moon

THE STORY OF A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS FOR LOVE AND A HOME

By Jack London

Author of "Martin Eden," "Burning Daylight," "Smoke Bellew," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS—Is this the man? So Saxon questioned of herself when she had met "Big Bill" Roberts, one-time prize-fighter, on the dancing-floor at Weasel Park, whither she and Mary, ironers of fancy starch, had gone for a Sunday outing. Never had she come so near to losing her heart as Billy, blue eyed, boyish, gentlemanly, had come to winning it after a few hours' acquaintance. Planned by Mary and Bert Wanhope, the meeting had taken a happy turn, for both Saxon and Billy had seized the future in the present and grasped at its chance for happiness. Billy was a teamster and knew what hard work meant, so they went home early. Saxon, glorying in his refusal to "make a time of it," as Bert suggested. He kissed her good-night at the gate with Wednesday night's dance as their next meeting. Friday's dance was next arranged for, but on Thursday night Charley Long, a rebuffed suitor, met her outside the laundry and warned her that if she did not go with him "somebody'll get hurt." But Saxon bore the notion that Billy, at least, could take care of himself.

Billy did, and Saxon experienced the delightful sensation of knowing that this big boy cared enough for her to risk a fight—which wasn't needed. Finally there came Billy's frank proposal, and Saxon, countering only with the objection that she was the elder—an objection overruled by Billy's statement that "Love's what counts"—accepted him.

Saxon married Billy at the promised time, in spite of all family objections. They and Mary and Bert ate the wedding supper at Barnum's, and then Saxon and Billy went to their Pine Street cottage. Later Mary and Bert married and became their neighbors. The winter passed without an event to mar their happiness, though Billy's wages were cut. But in the spring came a strike in the railroad shops, and it threw a pall over the whole neighborhood. To Saxon, approaching motherhood, the passing days bore a menace.

The strike proved to be very serious. The neighborhood was full of rioting. In one encounter Bert was killed, and several of Billy's friends and at length responsible for the death of scabs. In the midst of the excitement, Saxon's baby—a girl—is born and dies. Billy was compelled to go on strike, and this brought much hardship to the Pine Street cottage; funds and provisions gave out. Harmon, a railroad fireman, was taken as a lodger. Saxon stood stoutly by her husband and refused to let him take any job that would "throw the other fellows down." Billy began to drink. One night he came home terribly bruised, after a boxing bout with the "Chicago Terror." But he brought twenty dollars, the loser's end.

Much disengaged, Billy continues his intemperate habits. One day, in a fit of absolutely unwarranted jealousy, he attacks Harmon, the lodger, for which he receives a thirty-day jail sentence. During this time Saxon struggles along as best she can, and in her loneliness has much time for reflection. She realizes that out of their present condition and mode of life no happiness can come. She is shocked one day to discover that Mary, her old friend, and Bert's widow, has been driven upon the streets. She must get away from it all. Billy's release is celebrated by a theater treat, for which his precious amateur athletic medals are pawned. At the moving pictures they see a film depicting farm life. This determines them. They will seek a home in the country. Their plans are interrupted by an accident to Billy. He is mistaken for a scab and terribly beaten. Both arms are broken; but he is soon on the mend.

BETWEEN feeding and caring for Billy, doing the housework, making plans, and selling her store of pretty needlework, the days flew happily for Saxon. Billy's consent to sell her pretties had been hard to get, but at last she succeeded in coaxing it out of him.

"It's only the ones I haven't used," she urged; "and I can always make more when we get settled somewhere."

What she did not sell, along with the household linen and her and Billy's spare clothing, she arranged to store with Tom.

"Go ahead," Billy said. "This is your picnic. What you say goes. You're Robinson Crusoe, an' I'm your man Friday. Made up your mind yet which way you're goin' to travel?"

Saxon shook her head.

"Or how?"

"The way our people came into the West," she said proudly, and held up one foot and then the other, encased in stout walking-shoes which she had begun that morning to break in about the house.

After a few days, Billy was able to be up and about. He was still quite helpless, however, with both his arms in splints.

Doctor Hentley not only agreed, but himself suggested, that his bill should wait against better times for settlement. Of government land, in response to Saxon's eager questioning, he knew nothing, except that he had a hazy idea that the days of government land were over.

Tom, on the contrary, was confident that there was plenty of government land. He talked of Honey Lake, of Shasta County, and of Humboldt. "But you can't tackle it at this time of year, with winter comin' on," he advised Saxon. "The thing for

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you two to do is to head south for warmer weather—say along the coast. It don't snow down there. I tell you what you do. Go down by San José and Salinas an' come out on the coast at Monterey. South of that you'll find government land mixed up with forest reserves and Mexican rancheros. It's pretty wild, without any roads to speak of. All they do is handle cattle. But there's some fine redwood canyons, with good patches of farming ground, that run right down to the ocean. I was talkin' last year with a fellow that's been all through there. An' I'd 'a' gone, like you an' Billy, only Sarah wouldn't hear of it. There's gold down there, too. Quite a bunch is in there prospectin', an' two or three good mines have opened. But that's farther along and in a ways from the coast. You might take a look."

Saxon shook her head. "We're not looking for gold, but for chickens and a place to grow vegetables. Our folks had all the chance for gold in the early days, and what have they got to show for it?"

"I guess you're right," Tom conceded. "They always played too big a game, an' missed the thousand little chances right under their nose."

Not until Doctor Hentley gave the word did the splints come off Billy's arms, and Saxon insisted upon an additional two weeks' delay so that no risk would be run. These two weeks would complete another month's rent, and the landlord had agreed to wait payment for the last two months until Billy was on his feet again.

Salinger's awaited the day set by Saxon for taking back their furniture. Also, they had returned to Billy seventy-five dollars.

"The rest you've paid will be rent," the collector told Saxon. "And the furniture's second hand now, too. The deal will be a loss to Salinger's, and they didn't have to do it, either; you know that. So just remember they've been pretty square with you, and if you start over again, don't forget them."

Out of this sum, and out of what was realized from Saxon's pretties, they were able to pay all their small bills and yet have a few dollars remaining in pocket.

"I hate ownin' things worse 'n poison," Billy said to Saxon. "An' now we don't owe a soul in this world except the landlord an' Doc Hentley."

"And neither of them can afford to wait longer than they have to," she said.

"And they won't," Billy answered quietly.

Salinger's wagon was at the house, taking out the furniture, the morning they left. The landlord, standing at the gate, received the keys, shook hands with them, and wished them luck.

"You're goin' at it right," he congratulated them. "Sure an' wasn't it under me roll of blankets I tramped into Oakland myself, forty year ago? Buy land, like me, when it's cheap. It'll keep you from the poorhouse in your old age. There's plenty of new towns springin' up. Get in on the ground floor. The work of your hands'll keep you in food an' under a roof, an' the land'll make you well-to-do. An' you know me address. When you can spare it send along that small bit of rent. An' good luck. An' don't mind what people think. 'Tis them that looks that finds."

Curious neighbors peeped from behind the blinds as Billy and Saxon strode up the street, while the children gazed at them in gaping astonishment. On Billy's back, inside a painted canvas tarpaulin, was slung the roll of bedding. Inside the roll were changes of underclothing and odds and ends of necessities. Outside, from the lashings, depended a frying-pan and cooking-pail. In his hand he carried the coffee-pot. Saxon carried a small telescope basket protected by black oilcloth.

"We must look like holy frights," Billy grumbled, shrinking from every gaze that was bent upon him.

"It'd be all right, if we were going camping," Saxon consoled.

"Only we're not."

"But they don't know that," she continued. "It's only you know that, and what you think they're thinking isn't what they're thinking at all. Most probably they think we're going camping. And the best of it is, we are going camping. We are! We are!"

At this Billy cheered up, though he muttered his firm intention to knock the block off of any guy that got fresh. He stole a glance at Saxon. Her cheeks were red, her eyes glowing.

"It's a sporting proposition all right, all right," he considered. "But just the same, let's turn off an' go around the block."

There's some fellows I know, standin' up there on the next corner, an' I don't want to knock *their* blocks off."

XXX

The electric car ran as far as Haywards, but at Saxon's suggestion they got off at San Leandro. "It doesn't matter where we start walking," she said, "for start to walk somewhere we must. And as we're looking for land and finding out about land, the quicker we begin to investigate the better. Besides, we want to know all about all kinds of land, close to the big cities as well as back in the mountains."

"Gee! This must be the Porchugeeze headquarters," was Billy's reiterated comment, as they walked through San Leandro.

"It looks as though they'd crowded our kind out," Saxon adjudged.

"Some tall crowdin', I guess," Billy grumbled. "It looks like the free-born American ain't got no room left in his own land."

"Then it's his own fault," Saxon said, with vague asperity, resenting conditions she was just beginning to grasp.

"Oh, I don't know about that. I reckon the American could do what the Porchugeeze do if he wanted to. Only he don't want to, thank God. He ain't much given to livin' like a pig offen leavin's."

"Not in the country, maybe," Saxon controvorted. "But I've seen an awful lot of Americans living like pigs in the cities."

Billy grunted unwilling assent. "I guess they quit the farms an' go to the city for something better, an' get it in the neck."

"Look at all the children!" Saxon cried. "School's letting out. And nearly all are Portuguese, Billy."

"They never wore glad rags like them in the old country," Billy sneered. "They had to come over here to get decent clothes and decent grub. They're as fat as butter-balls."

Saxon nodded affirmation, and a great light seemed suddenly to kindle in her understanding. "That's the very point, Billy. They're doing it—doing it farming, too. Strikes don't bother *them*."

"You don't call that dinky gardenin' farming," he objected, pointing to a piece of land barely the size of an acre, which they were passing.

"Oh, your ideas are still big," she laughed. "You're like Uncle Will, who

owned thousands of acres and wanted to own a million, and who wound up as night watchman. That's what was the trouble with all us Americans. Everything large scale. Anything less than one hundred and sixty acres was small scale."

"Just the same," Billy held stubbornly, "large scale's a whole lot better'n small scale, like all these dinky gardeners."

Saxon sighed. "I don't know which is the dinkier," she observed finally, "owning a few little acres and the team you're drivin', or not owning any acres and driving for wages a team somebody else owns."

Billy winced. "Go on, Robinson Crusoe," he growled good-naturedly. "Rub it in good an' plenty. An' the worst of it is, it's correct. A hell of a free-born American I've been, a-drivin' other folkses' teams for a livin', a-strikin' and a-sluggin' scabs, an' not bein' able to keep up with the instalments for a few sticks of furniture. Just the same I was sorry for one thing. I hated worse'n Sam Hill to see that Morris chair go back—you liked it so. We did a lot of honeymoonin' in that chair."

They were well out of San Leandro, walking through a region of tiny holdings.

"Now, Billy, remember we're not going to take up with the first piece of land we see," cautioned Saxon, the new home uppermost in her mind. "We've got to go into this with our eyes open."

"An' they ain't open yet," he agreed.

"And we've got to get them open. 'Tis them that looks that finds.' There's lots of time to learn things. We don't care if it takes months and months. We're foot-loose. A good start is better than a dozen bad ones. We've got to talk and find out. We'll talk with everybody we meet. Ask questions. Ask everybody. It's the only way to find out."

"I ain't much of a hand at askin' questions," Billy demurred.

"Then I'll ask," she cried. "We've got to win out at this game, and the way is to know. Look at all these Portuguese. Where are all the Americans? They owned the land first, after the Mexicans. What made the Americans clear out? How do the Portuguese make it go? Don't you see? We've got to ask millions of questions."

Beside the road they came upon a line-man eating his lunch.

"Stop and talk," Saxon whispered.

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"Aw, what's the good? He's a lineman. What'd he know about farmin'?"

"You can never tell. He's our kind. Go ahead, Billy. You just speak to him. He isn't working now, anyway, and he'll be more likely to talk. See that tree in there, just inside the gate, an' the way the branches are grown together. It's a curiosity. Ask him about it. That's a good way to get started."

Billy stopped, when they were alongside.

"How do you do?" he said gruffly. The lineman, a young fellow, paused in the cracking of a hard-boiled egg to stare up at the couple. "How do you do?" he said.

Billy swung his pack from his shoulders to the ground, and Saxon rested her telescope basket.

"Peddlin'?" the young man asked, too discreet to put his question directly to Saxon, yet dividing it between her and Billy, and cocking his eye at the covered basket.

"No," she spoke up quickly. "We're looking for land. Do you know of any around here?"

Again he desisted from the egg, studying them with sharp eyes as if to fathom their financial status. "Do you know what land sells for around here?" he asked.

"No," Saxon answered. "Do you?"

"I guess I ought to. I was born here. And land like this all around you runs at from two to three hundred to four an' five hundred dollars an acre."

"Whew!" Billy whistled. "I guess we don't want none of it."

"But what makes it that high?—town lots?" Saxon wanted to know.

"Nope. The Porchugeeze make it that high, I guess."

"I thought it was pretty good land that fetched a hundred an acre," Billy said.

"Oh, them times is past. They used to give away land once, an' if you was good, throw in all the cattle runnin' on it."

"How about government land around here?" was Billy's next query.

"Ain't none, an' never was. This was old Mexican grants. My grandfather bought sixteen hundred of the best acres around here for fifteen hundred dollars—five hundred down an' the balance in five years without interest. But that was in the early days. He come West in '48, tryin' to find a country without chills an' fever."

"He found it all right," said Billy.

"You bet he did. An' if him an' father'd held onto the land it'd been better than a gold mine, an' I wouldn't be workin' for a livin'. What's your business?"

"Teamster."

"Been in the strike in Oakland?"

"Sure thing. I've teamed there most of my life."

Here the two men wandered off into a discussion of union affairs and the strike situation; but Saxon refused to be balked, and brought back the talk to the land.

"How was it that the Portuguese ran up the price of land?" she asked.

The young fellow broke away from union matters with an effort, and for a moment regarded her with lack-luster eyes, until the question sank into his consciousness.

"Because they worked the land overtime. Because they worked mornin', noon, an' night, all hands, women an' kids. Because they could get more out of twenty acres than we could out of a hundred an' sixty. Look at old Silva—Antonio Silva. I've known him ever since I was a shaver. He didn't have the price of a square meal when he hit this section and begun leasin' land from my folks. Look at him now—worth two hundred an' fifty thousan' cold, an' I bet he's got credit for a million, an' there's no tellin' what the rest of his family owns."

"And he made all that out of your folks' land?" Saxon demanded.

The young lineman nodded his head with evident reluctance.

"Then why didn't your folks do it?" she pursued.

The lineman shrugged his shoulders. "Search me," he said.

"But the money was in the land," she persisted.

"Blamed if it was," came the retort, tinged slightly with cholera. "We never saw it stickin' out so as you could notice it. The money was in the heads of the Porchugeeze, I guess. They knew a few more'n we did, that's all."

Saxon showed such dissatisfaction with his explanation that he was stung to action. He got up wrathfully.

"Come on, an' I'll show you," he said. "I'll show you why I'm workin' for wages when I might 'a' been a millionaire if my folks hadn't been mutts. That's what we old Americans are, Mutts, with a capital M."

He led them inside the gate, to the fruit-tree that had first attracted Saxon's attention.

From the main crotch diverged the four main branches of the tree. Two feet above the crotch, the branches were connected, each to the ones on both sides, by braces of living wood.

"You think it growed that way, eh? Well, it did. But it was old Silva that made it just the same—caught two sprouts, when the tree was young, an' twisted 'em together. Pretty slick, eh? You bet. That tree'll never blow down. It's a natural, springy brace, an' beats iron braces stiff. Look along all the rows. Every tree's that way. See? An' that's just one trick of the Porchugeeze. They got a million like it.

"Figure it out for yourself. They don't need props when the crop's heavy. Why, when we had a heavy crop, we used to use five props to a tree. Now take ten acres of trees. That'd be several thousan' props. Which cost money, an' labor to put in an' take out every year. These here natural braces don't have to have a thing done. They're Johnny-on-the-spot all the time. Why, the Porchugeeze has got us skinned a mile. Come on, I'll show you."

Billy, with city notions of trespass, betrayed perturbation at the freedom they were making of the little farm.

"Oh, it's all right, as long as you don't step on nothin'," the lineman reassured him. "Besides, my grandfather used to own this. They know me. Forty years ago old Silva come from the Azores. Went sheep herdin' in the mountains for a couple of years, then blew into San Leandro. These five acres was the first land he leased. That was the beginnin'. Then he begun leasin' by the hundreds of acres, an' by the hundred-an'-sixties. An' his sisters an' his uncles an' his aunts begun pourin' in from the Azores—they're all related there, you know—an' pretty soon San Leandro was a regular Porchugeeze settlement.

"An' old Silva wound up by buyin' these five acres from grandfather. Pretty soon—an' father by that time was in the hole to the neck—he was buyin' father's land by the hundred-an'-sixties. An' all the rest of his relations was doin' the same thing. Father was always gettin' rich quick, an' he wound up by dyin' in debt. But old Silva never overlooked a bet, no matter how dinky. An' all the rest are just like him. You see outside the fence there, clear to the wheel-tracks in the road—horse-beans. We'd 'a' scorned to do a

picayune thing like that. Not Silva. Why, he's got a town house in San Leandro now. An' he rides around in a four-thousan'-dollar tourin'-car. An' just the same his front dooryard grows onions clear to the sidewalk. He clears three hundred a year on that patch alone. I know ten acres of land he bought last year—a thousan' an acre they asked 'm, an' he never batted an eye. He knew it was worth it, that's all. He knew he could make it pay. Back in the hills there, he's got a ranch of five hundred an' eighty acres, bought it dirt cheap, too; an' I want to tell you I could travel around in a different tourin'-car every day in the week just outa the profits he makes on that ranch, from the horses all the way from heavy drafts to fancy steppers."

"But how? How did he get it all?" Saxon clamored.

"By bein' wise to farmin'. Why, the whole blame family works. They ain't ashamed to roll up their sleeves an' dig—sons an' daughters an' daughter-in-laws, old man, old woman, an' the babies. They have a sayin' that a kid four years old that can't pasture one cow on the county road an' keep it fat ain't worth his salt. Why, the Silvas, the whole tribe of 'em, works a hundred acres in peas, eighty in tomatoes, thirty in asparagus, ten in pie-plant, forty in cucumbers, an'—oh, stacks of other things."

"But how do they do it?" Saxon continued to demand. "We've never been ashamed to work. We've worked hard all our lives. I can outwork any Portuguese woman ever born. And I've done it, too, in the jute-mills. There were lots of Portuguese girls working at the looms all around me, and I could outweave them every day, and I did, too. It isn't a case of work. What is it?"

The lineman looked at her in a troubled way. "Many's the time I've asked myself that same question. 'We're better'n these cheap immigrants,' I'd say to myself. 'We was here first, an' owned the land. I can lick any dago that ever hatched in the Azores. I got a better education. Then how in thunder do they put it all over us, get our land, an' start accounts in the banks?' An' the only answer I ever got is that we ain't got the *sabe*. We don't use our head-pieces right. Something's wrong with us. Anyway, we wasn't wised up to farming. We played at it. Show



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Say," Billy remarked, while they waited for the water to boil, "d'ye know what this reminds
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"me of?" Saxon was certain she did know, but she shook her head. She wanted to hear him say it

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you? That's what I brung you in for—the way old Silva an' all his tribe farms. Look at this place. Some cousin of his, just out from the Azores, is makin' a start on it, an' payin' good rent to Silva. Pretty soon he'll be up to snuff an' buyin' land for himself from some perishin' American farmer.

"Look at that, though you ought to see it in summer. Not an inch wasted. Where we get one thin crop, they get four fat crops. An' look at the way they crowd it—currants between the tree rows, beans between the currant rows, a row of beans close on each side the trees, an' rows of beans along the ends of the tree rows. Why, Silva wouldn't sell these five acres for five hundred an acre, cash down. He gave grandfather fifty an acre for it on long time, an' here am I workin' for the telephone company. an' puttin' in a telephone for old Silva's cousin from the Azores that can't speak American yet."

Saxon talked with the lineman, following him about, till one o'clock, when he looked at his watch, said good-by, and returned to his task of putting in a telephone for the latest immigrant from the Azores.

When in town, Saxon carried her oil-cloth-wrapped telescope in her hand; but it was so arranged with loops that, once on the road, she could thrust her arms through the loops and carry it on her back.

A mile on from the lineman they stopped where a small creek, fringed with brush, crossed the county road. Billy was for the cold lunch, which was the last meal Saxon had prepared in the Pine Street cottage; but she was determined upon building a fire and boiling coffee. Not that she desired it for herself, but that she was impressed with the idea that everything at the start of their strange wandering must be as comfortable as possible for Billy's sake. Bent on inspiring him with enthusiasm equal to her own, she declined to dampen what sparks he had caught by anything so uncheerful as a cold meal.

"Now one thing we want to get out of our heads right at the start, Billy, is that we're in a hurry. We're not in a hurry, and we don't care whether school keeps or not. We're out to have a good time, a regular adventure like you read about in books. And right here's where we stop and boil coffee. You get the fire going, Billy, and I'll get the water and the things ready to spread out."

"Say," Billy remarked, while they waited for the water to boil, "d'ye know what this reminds me of?"

Saxon was certain she did know, but she shook her head. She wanted to hear him say it.

"Why, the second Sunday I knew you, when we drove out to Moraga Valley behind Prince and King. You spread the lunch that day."

"Only it was a more scrumptious lunch," she added, with a happy smile.

"But I wonder why we didn't have coffee that day," he went on.

"Perhaps it would have been too much like housekeeping," she laughed.

"I know something else that happened that day which you'd never guess," Billy reminisced. "I bet you couldn't."

"I wonder," Saxon murmured, and guessed it with her eyes.

Billy's eyes answered, and quite spontaneously he reached over, caught her hand, and pressed it caressingly to his cheek.

"It's little, but oh, my," he said, addressing the imprisoned hand. Then he gazed at Saxon, and she warmed with his words. "We're beginnin' courtin' all over again, ain't we?"

Both ate heartily, and Billy was guilty of three cups of coffee.

"Say, this country air gives some appetite," he mumbled, as he sank his teeth into his fifth bread-and-meat sandwich.

Saxon's mind had reverted to all the young lineman had told her, and she completed a sort of general *résumé* of the information. "My!" she exclaimed, "but we've learned a lot!"

"An' we've sure learned one thing," Billy said. "An' that is that this is no place for us, with land a thousan' an acre an' only twenty dollars in our pockets."

"Oh, we're not going to stop here," she hastened to say. "But just the same it's the Portuguese that gave it its price, and they make things go on it."

"An' I take my hat off to them," Billy responded. "But all the same, I'd sooner have forty acres at a hundred an acre than four at a thousan' an acre. Somehow, you know, I'd be scared stiff on four acres—scared of fallin' off, you know."

She was in full sympathy with him. In her heart of hearts the forty acres tugged much the harder. In her way, allowing for the difference of a generation, her desire for

spaciousness was as strong as her Uncle Will's.

"Well, we're not going to stop here," she assured Billy. "We're going in, not for forty acres, but for a hundred and sixty acres free from the government."

"An' I guess the government owes it to us for what our fathers an' mothers done. I tell you, Saxon, when a woman walks across the plains like your mother done, an' a man an' wife gets massacred by the Indians like my grandfather an' -mother done, the government does owe them something."

"Well, it's up to us to collect."

"An' we'll collect all right, all right, somewhere down in them redwood mountains south of Monterey."

XXXI

It was a good afternoon's tramp to Niles, passing through the town of Haywards; yet Saxon and Billy found time to diverge from the main county road and take the parallel roads through acres of intense cultivation where the land was farmed to the wheel-tracks. Saxon looked with amazement at these small, brown-skinned immigrants who came to the soil with nothing and yet made the soil pay for itself to the tune of two hundred, five hundred, even a thousand dollars an acre.

On every hand was activity. Women and children were in the fields as well as men. The land was turned endlessly over and over. They seemed never to let it rest. And it rewarded them.

"Look at their faces," Saxon said. "They are happy and contented. They haven't faces like the people in our neighborhood after the strikes began."

"Oh, sure, they got a good thing," Billy agreed. "You can see it stickin' out all over them. But they needn't get chesty with *me*, I can tell them that much—just because they've jiggeroood us out of our land an' everything."

"But they're not showing any signs of chestiness," Saxon demurred.

"No, they're not, come to think of it. All the same, they ain't so wise. I bet I could tell 'em a few about horses."

It was sunset when they entered the little town of Niles. Billy, who had been silent for the last half-mile, hesitantly ventured a suggestion.

"Say, I could put up for a room in the hotel just as well as not. What d'ye think?"

But Saxon shook her head emphatically. "How long do you think our twenty dollars will last at that rate? Besides, the only way to begin is to begin at the beginning. We didn't plan sleeping in hotels."

"All right," he gave in. "I'm game. I was just thinkin' about you."

"Then you'd better think I'm game, too," she flashed forgivingly. "And now we'll have to see about getting things for supper."

They bought a round steak, potatoes, onions, and a dozen eating-apples, then went out from the town to the fringe of trees and brush that advertised a creek. Beside the trees, on a sand bank, they pitched camp. Plenty of dry wood lay about, and Billy whistled genially while he gathered and chopped. Saxon, keen to follow his every mood, was cheered by the atrocious discord on his lips. She smiled to herself as she spread the blankets, with the tarpaulin underneath, for a table, having first removed all twigs from the sand. She had much to learn in the matter of cooking over a camp-fire, and made fair progress, discovering, first of all, that control of the fire meant far more than the size of it. When the coffee was boiled, she settled the grounds with a part-cup of cold water and placed the pot on the edge of the coals where it would keep hot and yet not boil. She fried potato dollars and onions in the same pan, but separately, and set them on top of the coffee-pot in the tin plate she was to eat from, covering it with Billy's inverted plate. On the dry hot pan, in the way that delighted Billy, she fried the steak. This completed, and while Billy poured the coffee, she served the steak, putting the dollars and onions back into the frying-pan for a moment to make them piping hot again.

"What more d'ye want than this?" Billy challenged, with deep-toned satisfaction, in the pause after his final cup of coffee, while he rolled a cigarette. He lay on his side, full length, resting on his elbow. The fire was burning brightly, and Saxon's color was heightened by the flickering flames. "Now our folks, when they was on the move, had to be afraid for Indians and wild animals and all sorts of things; an' here we are, as safe as bugs in a rug. Take this sand. What better bed could you ask?"

Soft as feathers. Say, you look good to me, heap little squaw. I bet you don't look an inch over sixteen right now, Mrs. Babe-in-the-Woods."

"Don't I?" she glowed, with a flirt of the head sideways and a white flash of teeth. "If you weren't smoking a cigarette I'd ask you if your mother knew you're out, Mr. Babe-on-the-Sandbank."

"Say," he began, with transparently feigned seriousness, "I want to ask you something, if you don't mind. Now, of course, I don't want to hurt your feelin's or nothin', but just the same there's something important I'd like to know."

"Well, what is it?" she inquired, after a fruitless wait.

"Well, it's just this, Saxon. I like you like anything an' all that, but here's night come on, an' we're a thousand miles from anywhere, and—well, what I wanna know is: are we really an' truly married, you an' me?"

"Really and truly," she assured him. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing; but I'd kind a-forgotten, an' I was gettin' embarrassed, you know, because if we wasn't, seein' the way I was brought up, this'd be no place—"

"That will do you," she said severely. "And this is just the time and place for you to get in the firewood for morning, while I wash up the dishes and put the kitchen in order."

He started to obey, but paused to throw his arm about her and draw her close. Neither spoke, but when he went his way Saxon's breast was fluttering, and a song of thanksgiving breathed on her lips.

The night had come on, dim with the light of faint stars. But these had disappeared behind clouds that seemed to have arisen from nowhere. It was the beginning of California's Indian summer. The air was warm, with just the first hint of evening chill, and there was no wind.

"I've a feeling as if we've just started to live," Saxon said, when Billy, his firewood collected, joined her on the blankets before the fire. "I've learned more to-day than in ten years in Oakland." She drew a long breath and braced her shoulders. "Farming's a bigger subject than I thought."

Billy said nothing. With steady eyes he was staring into the fire, and she knew he was turning something over in his mind.

"What is it?" she asked, when she saw

he had reached a conclusion, at the same time resting her hand on the back of his.

"Just been framin' up that ranch of ours," he answered. "It's all well enough, these dinky farmlets. They'll do for foreigners. But we Americans just gotta have room. I want to be able to look at a hilltop an' know it's my land, and know it's my land down the other side an' up the next hilltop, an' know that over beyond that, down alongside some creek, my mares are most likely grazin', an' their little colts grazin' with 'em or kickin' up their heels. You know, there's money in raisin' horses—especially the big workhorses that run to eighteen hundred an' two thousand pounds. They're payin' for 'em, in the cities, every day in the year, seven an' eight hundred a pair, matched geldings, four years old. Good pasture an' plenty of it, in this kind of a climate, is all they need, along with some sort of shelter an' a little hay in long spells of bad weather. I never thought of it before, but let me tell you that this ranch proposition is beginnin' to look good to me."

Saxon was all excitement. Here was new information on the cherished subject, and, best of all, Billy was the authority. Still better, he was taking an interest himself.

"There'll be room for that and for everything on a quarter-section," she encouraged.

"Sure thing. Around the house we'll have vegetables an' fruit and chickens an' everything, just like the Porchugeeze, an' plenty of room, beside, to walk around an' range the horses."

"But won't the colts cost money, Billy?"

"Not much. The cobblestones eat horses up fast. That's where I'll get my brood-mares, from the ones knocked out by the city. I know that end of it. They sell 'em at auction, an' they're good for years an' years, only no good on the cobbles any more."

There ensued a long pause. In the dying fire both were busy visioning the farm to be.

"It's pretty still, ain't it?" Billy said, rousing himself at last. He gazed about him. "An' black as a stack of black cats." He shivered, buttoned his coat, and tossed several sticks on the fire. "Just the same, it's the best kind of a climate in the world. Many's the time, when I was a little kid, I've heard father brag about California's bein' a blanket climate. He went East, once, an' stayed a summer an' a winter,

an' got all he wanted. Never again for him."

"My mother said there never was such a land for climate. How wonderful it must have seemed to them after crossing the deserts and mountains. They called it the land of milk and honey. The ground was so rich that all they needed to do was scratch it, Cady used to say."

"And wild game everywhere," Billy contributed. "Mr. Roberts, the one that adopted my father, he drove cattle from the San Joaquin to the Columbia River. He had forty men helpin' him, an' all they took along was powder an' salt. They lived off the game they shot."

"The hills were full of deer, and my mother saw whole herds of elk around Santa Rosa. Sometime we'll go there, Billy. I've always wanted to."

By this time the fire had died down, and Saxon had finished brushing and braiding her hair. Their bed-going preliminaries were simple, and in a few minutes they were side by side under the blankets. Saxon closed her eyes, but could not sleep. On the contrary, she had never been more wide awake. She had never slept out of doors in her life, and by no exertion of will could she overcome the strangeness of it. In addition, she was stiffened from the long trudge, and the sand, to her surprise, was anything but soft. An hour passed. She tried to believe that Billy was asleep, but felt certain he was not. The sharp crackle of a dying ember startled her. She was confident that Billy had moved slightly.

"Billy," she whispered, "are you awake?"

"Yep," came his low answer, "an' thinkin' this sand is harder'n a cement floor. It's one on me, all right. But who'd a' thought it?"

Both shifted their postures slightly, but vain was the attempt to escape from the dull, aching contact of the sand.

An abrupt, metallic, whirring noise of some near-by cricket gave Saxon another startle. She endured the sound for some minutes, until Billy broke forth.

"Say, that gets my goat, whatever it is."

"Do you think it's a rattlesnake?" she asked, maintaining a calmness she did not feel.

"Just what I've been thinkin'."

"I saw two, in the window of Bowman's drug store. An' you know, Billy, they've got a hollow fang, and when they stick it into you the poison runs down the hollow."

"Br-r-r," Billy shivered, in fear that was not altogether mockery. "Certain death, everybody says, unless you're a Bosco. Remember him?"

"He eats 'em alive! He eats 'em alive! Bosco! Boseo!" Saxon responded, mimicking the cry of a side-show barker.

"Just the same, all Bosco's rattlers had the poison-sacks cut outa them. They must 'a' had. Gee! It's funny I can't get asleep. I wish that thing'd close its trap. I wonder if it is a rattlesnake."

"No; it can't be," Saxon decided. "All the rattlesnakes were killed off long ago."

"Then where did Bosco get his?" Billy demanded, with unimpeachable logic. "An' why don't you go to sleep?"

"Because it's all new, I guess," was her reply. "You see, I never camped out in my life."

"Neither did I. An' until now I always thought it was a lark." He changed his position on the maddening sand and sighed heavily. "But we'll get used to it in time, I guess. What other folks can do, we can, an' a mighty lot of 'em has camped out. It's all right. Here we are, free an' independent, no rent to pay, our own bosses—"

He stopped abruptly. From somewhere in the brush came an intermittent rustling. When they tried to locate it, it mysteriously ceased, and when the first hint of drowsiness stole upon them, the rustling as mysteriously recommenced.

"It sounds like something creeping up on us," Saxon suggested, snuggling closer to Billy.

"Well, it ain't a wild Indian, at all events," was the best he could offer in the way of comfort. He yawned deliberately. "Aw, shucks! What's there to be scared of? Think of what all the pioneers went through."

Again Saxon was drowsing, when the rustling sound was heard, this time closer. To her excited apprehension there was something stealthy about it, and she imagined a beast of prey creeping upon them. "Billy," she whispered. "Yes, I'm a-listenin' to it," came his wide-awake answer.

"Mightn't that be a panther, or maybe a—wildcat?"

"It can't be. All the varmints was killed off long ago. This is peaceable farmin' country."

A vagrant breeze sighed through the trees and made Saxon shiver. The mys-



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I found this place in a delightful climate, close to San José—and I bought it. I paid two thou-



“sand cash and gave a mortgage for two thousand. It cost two hundred an acre, you see”

The Valley of the Moon

terious cricket-noise ceased with suspicious abruptness. Then, from the rustling noise, ensued a dull but heavy thump that caused both Saxon and Billy to sit up in the blankets. There were no further sounds, and they lay down again, though the very silence now seemed ominous.

"Huh," Billy muttered with relief. "As though I don't know what it was. It was a rabbit. I've heard tame ones bang their hind feet down on the floor that way."

In vain Saxon tried to win sleep. The sand grew harder with the passage of time. Her flesh and her bones ached from contact with it. And though her reason flouted any possibility of wild dangers, her fancy went on picturing them with unflagging zeal.

A new sound commenced. It was neither a rustling nor a rattling, and it tokened some large body passing through the brush. Sometimes twigs crackled and broke, and, once, they heard bush-branches pressed aside and spring back into place.

"If that other thing was a panther, this is an elephant," was Billy's uncheering opinion. "It's got weight. Listen to that. An' it's comin' nearer."

There were frequent stoppages, then the sounds would begin again, always louder, always closer. Billy sat up in the blankets once more, passing one arm around Saxon, who had also sat up.

"I ain't slept a wink," he complained. "There it goes again. I wish I could see."

"It makes a noise big enough for a grizzly," Saxon chattered, partly from nervousness, partly from the chill of the night.

"It ain't no grasshopper, that's sure."

Billy started to leave the blankets, but Saxon caught his arm.

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I ain't scared none," he answered. "But honest to God this is gettin' on my nerves. If I don't find what that thing is, it'll give me the willies. I'm just goin' to reconnoiter. I won't go close."

So intensely dark was the night that the moment Billy crawled beyond the reach of her hand he was lost to sight. She sat and waited. The sounds had ceased, though she could follow Billy's progress by the crackling of dry twigs and limbs. After a few moments he returned and crawled under the blankets.

"I scared it away, I guess. It's got better ears, an' when it heard me comin'

it skinned out, most likely. I did my dangedest, too, not to make a sound. Oh, Lord, there it goes again!"

They sat up. Saxon nudged Billy.

"There," she warned, in the faintest of whispers. "I can hear it breathing. It almost made a snort."

A dead branch cracked loudly, and so near at hand that both of them jumped shamelessly.

"I ain't goin' to stand any more of its foolin'," Billy declared wrathfully. "It'll be on top of us if I don't."

"What are you going to do?" she queried anxiously.

"Yell the top of my head off. I'll get a fall outta whatever it is."

He drew a deep breath and emitted a wild yell.

The result far exceeded any expectation he could have entertained, and Saxon's heart leaped up in sheer panic. On the instant the darkness erupted into terrible sound and movement. There were crashings of underbrush and lunges and plunges of heavy bodies in different directions. Fortunately for their ease of mind, all these sounds receded and died away.

"An' what d'ye think of that?" Billy broke the silence. "Gee! all the fight fans used to say I was scared of nothin'. Just the same I'm glad they ain't seein' me to-night." He groaned. "I've got all I want of that blamed sand. I'm goin' to get up and start the fire."

This was easy. Under the ashes were live embers which quickly ignited the wood he threw on. A few stars were peeping out in the misty zenith. He looked up at them, deliberated, and started to move away.

"Where are you going now?" Saxon called.

"Oh, I've an idea," he replied non-committally, and walked boldly away beyond the circle of the firelight.

Saxon sat with the blankets drawn closely under her chin, and admired his courage. He had not even taken the hatchet, and he was going in the direction in which the disturbance had died away.

Ten minutes later he came back chuckling. "The sons-of-guns, they got my goat all right. I'll be scared of my own shadow next. What was they? Huh! You couldn't guess in a thousand years. A bunch of half-grown calves, an' they was worse scared than us."

He smoked a cigarette by the fire, then rejoined Saxon under the blankets.

"A fine farmer I'll make," he chafed, "when a lot of little calves can scare the stuffin' outa me. I bet your father or mine wouldn't 'a' batted an eye. The stock has gone to seed, that's what it has."

"No, it hasn't," Saxon defended. "The stock is all right. We're just as able as our folks ever were, and we're healthier on top of it. We've been brought up different, that's all. We've lived in cities all our lives. We know the city sounds and things, but we don't know the country ones. Our training has been unnatural, that's the whole thing in a nutshell. Now we're going in for natural training. Give us a little time, and we'll sleep as sound out of doors as ever your father or mine did."

"But not on sand," Billy groaned.

"We won't try. That's one thing, for good and all, we've learned the very first time. And now hush up and go to sleep."

Their fears had vanished, but the sand, receiving now their undivided attention, multiplied its unyieldingness. Billy dozed off first, and roosters were crowing somewhere in the distance when Saxon's eyes closed. But they could not escape the sand, and their sleep was fitful.

At the first gray of dawn Billy crawled out and built a roaring fire. Saxon drew up to it shiveringly. They were hollow-eyed and weary. Saxon began to laugh. Billy joined sulkily, then brightened up as his eyes chanced upon the coffee-pot, which he immediately put on to boil.

XXXII

It is forty miles from Oakland to San José, and Saxon and Billy accomplished it in three easy days. No more obliging and angrily garrulous limemen were encountered, and few were the opportunities for conversation with chance wayfarers. Numbers of tramps, carrying rolls of blankets, were met, traveling both north and south on the county road; and from talks with them Saxon quickly learned that they knew little or nothing about farming. They were mostly old men, feeble or besotted, and all they knew was work—where jobs might be good, where jobs had been good; but the places they mentioned were always a long way off. One thing she did glean from them, and that was that the district she and

Billy were passing through was "small farmer" country in which outside labor was rarely hired, and that when it was it was generally Portuguese.

The farmers themselves were unfriendly. They drove by Billy and Saxon, often with empty wagons, but never invited them to ride. When chance offered and Saxon did ask questions, they looked her over curiously or suspiciously, and gave ambiguous and facetious answers.

"They ain't Americans," Billy fretted. "Why, in the old days everybody was friendly to everybody."

"It's the spirit of the times, Billy. The spirit has changed. Besides, these people are too near. Wait till we get farther away from the cities, then we'll find them more friendly."

"A measly lot these ones are," he sneered.

"Maybe they've a right to be," she laughed. "For all you know, more than one of the scabs you've slugged were sons of theirs."

"If I could only hope so," Billy said fervently. "But I don't care if I owned ten thousand acres, any man hikin' with his blankets might be just as good a man as me, an' maybe better, for all I'd know. I'd give 'm the benefit of the doubt, anyway."

Billy asked for work, at first indiscriminately, later only at the larger farms. The unvarying reply was that there was no work. A few said there would be plowing after the first rains. Here and there, in a small way, dry plowing was going on. But, in the main, the farmers were waiting.

"But do you know how to plow?" Saxon asked Billy.

"No; but I guess it ain't much of a trick to turn. Besides, next man I see plowing I'm goin' to get a lesson from."

In the mid-afternoon of the second day his opportunity came. He climbed on top of the fence of a small field and watched an old man plow round and round it.

"Aw, shucks, just as easy as easy," Billy commented scornfully. "If an old codger like that can handle one plow, I can handle two."

"Go on and try it," Saxon urged.

"What's the good?"

"Cold feet," she jeered, but with a smiling face. "All you have to do is ask him. All he can do is say no. And what if he does? You faced the Chicago Terror twenty rounds without flinching."

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"Aw, but it's different," he demurred, then dropped to the ground inside the fence. "Two to one the old geezer turns me down."

"No, he won't. Just tell him you want to learn, and ask him if he'll let you drive around a few times. Tell him it won't cost him anything."

"Huh! If he gets chesty I'll take his blamed plow away from him."

From the top of the fence, but too far away to hear, Saxon watched the colloquy. After several minutes, the lines were transferred to Billy's neck, the handles to his hands. Then the team started, and the old man, delivering a rapid fire of instructions, walked alongside of Billy. When a few turns had been made, the farmer crossed the plowed strip to Saxon, and joined her on the rail.

"He's plowed before, a little mite, ain't he?"

Saxon shook her head. "Never in his life. But he knows how to drive horses."

"He showed he wa'n't all greenhorn, an' he learns pretty quick." Here the farmer chuckled and cut himself a chew from a plug of tobacco. "I reckon he won't tire me out a-settin' here."

The unplowed area grew smaller and smaller, but Billy evinced no intention of quitting, and his audience on the fence was deep in conversation. Saxon's questions flew fast and furious, and she was not long in concluding that the old man bore a striking resemblance to the description the lineman had given of his father.

Billy persisted till the field was finished, and the old man invited him and Saxon to stop the night. There was a disused out-building where they would find a small cook-stove, he said, and also he would give them fresh milk. Further, if Saxon wanted to test her desire for farming, she could try her hand on the cow.

The milking lesson did not prove as successful as Billy's plowing; but when he had mocked sufficiently, Saxon challenged him to try, and he failed as grievously as she. Saxon had eyes and questions for everything, and it did not take her long to realize that she was looking upon the other side of the farming shield. Farm and farmer were old fashioned. There was no intensive cultivation. There was too much land too little farmed. Everything was slipshod. House and barn and outbuild-

ings were fast falling into ruin. The front yard was weed-grown. There was no vegetable garden. The small orchard was old, sickly, and neglected. The trees were twisted, spindling, and overgrown with a gray moss. The sons and daughters were away in the cities, Saxon found out. One daughter had married a doctor, the other was a teacher in the state normal school; one son was a locomotive engineer, the second was an architect, and the third was a police-court reporter in San Francisco. On occasion, the father said, they helped out the old folks.

"What do you think?" Saxon asked Billy, as he smoked his after-supper cigarette.

His shoulders went up in a comprehensive shrug. "Huh! That's easy. The old geezer's like his orchard—covered with moss. It's plain as the nose on your face, after San Leandro, that he don't know the first thing. An' them horses. It'd be a charity to him, an' a savin' of money for him, to take 'em out an' shoot 'em both. You bet you don't see the Porchugeeze with horses like them. An' it ain't a case of bein' proud, or puttin' on side, to have good horses. It's brass tacks an' business. It pays. That's the game. You oughta see the way they work an' figure horses in the city."

They slept soundly, and, after an early breakfast, prepared to start.

"I'd like to give you a couple of days' work," the old man regretted, at parting; "but I can't see it. The ranch just about keeps me and the old woman, now that the children are gone. An' then it don't always. Seems times have been bad for a long spell now. Ain't never been the same since Grover Cleveland."

Early in the afternoon, on the outskirts of San José, Saxon called a halt. "I'm going right in there and talk," she declared, "unless they set the dogs on me. That's the prettiest place yet, isn't it?"

Billy, who was always visioning hills and spacious ranges for his horses, mumbled unenthusiastic assent.

"And the vegetables! Look at them! And the flowers growing along the borders! That beats tomato plants in wrapping-paper."

"Don't see the sense of it," Billy objected. "Where's the money come in from flowers that take up the ground that good vegetables might be growin' on?"

"And that's what I'm going to find out." She pointed to a woman, stooped to the ground and working with a trowel, in front of the tiny bungalow. "I don't know what she's like, but at the worst she can only be mean. See! She's looking at us now. Drop your load alongside of mine, and come on in."

Billy slung the blankets from his shoulder to the ground, but elected to wait. As Saxon went up the narrow, flower-bordered walk, she noted two men at work among the vegetables—one an old Chinese, the other old and of some dark-eyed foreign breed. Here were neatness, efficiency, and intensive cultivation with a vengeance—even her untrained eye could see that. The woman stood up and turned from her flowers, and Saxon saw that she was middle-aged, slender, and simply but nicely dressed. She wore glasses, and Saxon's reading of her face was that it was kind but nervous looking.

"I don't want anything to-day," she said before Saxon could speak, administering the rebuff with a pleasant smile.

Saxon groaned inwardly over the black-covered telescope basket. Evidently the woman had seen her put it down. "We're not peddling," she explained quickly.

"Oh, I am sorry for the mistake."

This time the woman's smile was even pleasanter, and she waited for Saxon to state her errand. Nothing loath, Saxon took it at a plunge.

"We're looking for land. We want to be farmers, you know, and before we get the land we want to find out what kind of land we want. And seeing this pretty place has just filled me up with questions. You see, we don't know anything about farming. We've lived in the city all our lives, and now we've given it up and are going to live in the country and be happy."

She paused. The woman's face seemed to grow quizzical.

"But how do you know you will be happy in the country?" she asked.

"I don't know. All I do know is that poor people can't be happy in the city where they have labor troubles all the time. If they can't be happy in the country, then there's no happiness anywhere, and that doesn't seem fair, does it?"

"It is sound reasoning, my dear, as far as it goes. But you must remember that there are many poor people in the country and many unhappy people."

"You look neither poor nor unhappy," Saxon challenged.

"But I may be peculiarly qualified to live and succeed in the country. You've spent your life in the city. You don't know the first thing about the country. It might even break your heart."

Saxon's mind went back to the terrible months in the Pine Street cottage. "I know already that the city will break my heart. Maybe the country will, too, but just the same it's my only chance. It's that or nothing. Besides, our folks before us were all of the country. It seems the more natural way. And better, here I am, which proves that 'way down inside I must want the country, must, as you call it, be peculiarly qualified for the country, or else I wouldn't be here."

The other nodded approval, and looked at her with growing interest.

"That young man—" she began.

"Is my husband. He was a teamster until the big strike. My name is Roberts, Saxon Roberts, and my husband is William Roberts."

"And I am Mrs. Mortimer," the other said, with a bow of acknowledgment. "I am a widow. And now, if you will ask your husband in I shall try to answer some of your many questions. Tell him to put the bundles inside the gate. And now what are all your questions?"

"Oh, all kinds. How does it pay? How did you manage it all? How much did the land cost? Did you build that beautiful house? How much do you pay the men? How did you learn all the different kinds of things, and which grew best and which paid best? What is the best way to sell them? How do you sell them?" Saxon paused and laughed. "Oh, I haven't begun yet. Why do you have flowers on the borders everywhere? I looked over the Portuguese farms around San Leandro, but they never mixed flowers and vegetables."

Mrs. Mortimer held up her hand. "Let me answer the last first. It is the key to almost everything."

But Billy arrived, and the explanation was deferred until after his introduction.

"The flowers caught your eyes, didn't they, my dear?" Mrs. Mortimer resumed. "And brought you in through my gate and right up to me. And that's the very reason they were planted with vegetables—to catch eyes. You can't imagine how many

eyes they have caught, or how many owners of eyes they have lured inside my gate. This is a good road, and is a very popular, short, country drive for townsfolk. Oh, no; I've never had any luck with automobiles. They can't see anything for dust. But I began when nearly everybody still used carriages. The townswomen would drive by. My flowers, and then my place, would catch their eyes. They would tell their drivers to stop. And—well, somehow, I managed to be in the front within speaking distance. Usually I succeeded in inviting them in to see my flowers—and vegetables, of course. Everything was sweet, clean, pretty. It all appealed. And," Mrs. Mortimer shrugged her shoulders, "it is well known that the stomach sees through the eyes. The thought of vegetables growing among flowers pleased their fancy. They wanted my vegetables. They must have them. And they did, at double the market price, which they were only too glad to pay. You see, I became the fashion, or a fad, in a small way. Nobody lost. The vegetables were certainly good, as good as any on the market and often fresher. And besides, my customers killed two birds with one stone; for they were pleased with themselves for philanthropic reasons. Not only did they obtain the finest and freshest possible vegetables, but at the same time they were happy with the knowledge that they were helping a deserving widow. Yes, and it gave a certain tone to their establishments to be able to say they bought Mrs. Mortimer's vegetables. But that's too big a side to go into. In short, my little place became a show place—anywhere to go, for a drive or anything, you know, when time has to be killed. And it became noised about who I was, who my husband had been, what I had been. Some of the towns-ladies I had known personally in the old days. They actually worked for my success. And then, too, I used to serve tea. My patrons became my guests for the time being. I still serve it, when they drive out to show me off to their friends. So, you see, the flowers are one of the ways I succeeded."

Saxon was glowing with appreciation, but Mrs. Mortimer, glancing at Billy, noted not entire approval. His blue eyes were clouded.

"Well, out with it!" she encouraged. "What are you thinking?"

To Saxon's surprise, he answered directly, and to her double surprise, his criticism was of a nature which had never entered her head.

"It's just a trick," Billy expounded. "That's what I was gettin' at."

"But a payin' trick," Mrs. Mortimer interrupted, her eyes dancing and vivacious behind their glasses.

"Yes, and no," Billy said stubbornly, speaking in his slow, deliberate fashion. "If every farmer was to mix flowers an' vegetables, then every farmer would get double the market price, an' then there wouldn't be any double market price. Everything'd be as it was before."

"You are opposing a theory to a fact," Mrs. Mortimer stated. "The fact is that all farmers do not do it. The fact is that I do receive double the price. You can't get away from that."

Billy was unconvinced, though unable to reply. "Just the same," he muttered, with a slow shake of the head, "I don't get the hang of it. There's something wrong so far as we're concerned—my wife an' me, I mean. Maybe I'll get hold of it after a while."

"And in the mean time, we'll look around," Mrs. Mortimer invited. "I want to show you everything, and tell you how I make it go. Afterward, we'll sit down, and I'll tell you about the beginning. You see," she bent her gaze on Saxon, "I want you thoroughly to understand that you can succeed in the country if you go about it right. I didn't know a thing about it when I began, and I didn't have a fine big man like yours. I was all alone. But I'll tell you about that."

For the next hour, among vegetables, berry-bushes and fruit-trees, Saxon stored her brain with a huge mass of information to be digested at her leisure. Billy, too, was interested, but he left the talking to Saxon, himself rarely asking a question. At the rear of the bungalow, where everything was as clean and orderly as at the front, they were shown through the chicken-yard. Here, in different runs, were kept several hundred small and snow-white hens.

"White Leghorns," said Mrs. Mortimer. "You have no idea what they netted me this year. I never keep a hen a moment past the prime of her laying period."

"Just what I was tellin' you about horses, Saxon," Billy broke in.



Ten minutes later he came back chuckling. "They got my goat all right. I'll be scared of my own shadow next."

"And by the simple method of hatching them at the right time, which not one farmer in ten thousand ever dreams of doing, I have them laying in the winter, when most hens stop laying and when eggs are highest. Another thing: I have my special customers. They pay me ten cents a dozen more than the market price, because my specialty is one-day eggs."

Here she chanced to glance at Billy, and guessed that he was still wrestling with his problem.

"Same old thing?" she queried.

He nodded. "Same old thing. If every farmer delivered day-old eggs, there would be no ten cents higher'n the top price. They'd be no better off than they was before."

"But the eggs would be one-day eggs, all the eggs would be one-day eggs, you mustn't forget that," Mrs. Mortimer pointed out.

"But that don't butter no toast for my wife an' me," he objected. "An' that's what I've been tryin' to get the hang of, an' now I got it. You talk about theory an' fact. Ten cents higher than top price

is a theory to Saxon an' me. The fact is we ain't got no eggs, no chickens, an' no land for the chickens to run an' lay eggs on."

Their hostess nodded sympathetically.

"An' there's something else about this outfit of yours that I don't get the hang of," he pursued. "I can't just put my finger on it, but it's there all right."

They were shown over the cattery, the piggery, the milkery, and the kennelry, as Mrs. Mortimer called her live-stock departments. None was large. All were money-makers, she assured them, and rattled off her profits glibly. She took their breaths away by the prices given and received for pedigreed Persians, pedigreed Ohio Improved Chesters, pedigreed Scotch collies, and pedigreed Jerseys. For the milk of the last she also had a special private market, receiving five cents more a quart than was fetched by the best dairy-milk. Billy was quick to point out the difference between the look of her orchard and the look of the orchard they had inspected the previous afternoon, and Mrs. Mortimer showed him scores of other

The Valley of the Moon

differences, many of which he was compelled to accept on faith.

Then she told them of another industry, her home-made jams and jellies, always contracted for in advance and at prices dizzyingly beyond the regular market. They sat in comfortable rattan chairs on the veranda, while she told the story of how she had drummed up the jam and jelly trade, dealing only with the one best restaurant and one best club in San José. To the proprietor and the steward she had gone with her samples, in long discussions beaten down their opposition, overcome their reluctance, and persuaded them to make a "special" of her wares, to boom them quietly with their patrons, and, above all, to charge stiffly for dishes and courses in which they appeared.

Throughout the recital Billy's eyes were moody with dissatisfaction. Mrs. Mortimer saw, and waited.

"And now, begin at the beginning," Saxon begged.

But Mrs. Mortimer refused unless they agreed to stop for supper. Saxon frowned Billy's reluctance away, and accepted for both of them.

"Well, then," Mrs. Mortimer took up her tale, "in the beginning I was a greenhorn, city born and bred. All I knew of the country was that it was a place to go to for vacations, and I always went to springs and mountain and seaside resorts. I had lived among books almost all my life. I was head librarian of the Doncaster Library for years. Then I married Mr. Mortimer. He was a book man, a professor in San Miguel University. He had a long sickness, and when he died there was nothing left. Even his life insurance was eaten into before I could be free of creditors. As for myself, I was worn out, on the verge of nervous prostration, fit for nothing. I had five thousand dollars left, however, and, without going into the details, I decided to go to farming. I found this place in a delightful climate, close to San José—the end of the electric line is only a quarter of a mile on—and I bought it. I paid two thousand cash and gave a mortgage for two thousand. It cost two hundred an acre, you see."

"Twenty acres!" Saxon cried.

"Wasn't that pretty small?" Billy ventured.

"Too large, oceans too large. I leased

ten acres of it the first thing. And it's still leased after all this time. Even the ten I'd retained was much too large for a long, long time. It's only now that I'm beginning to feel a tiny mite crowded."

"And ten acres has supported you an' two hired men?" Billy demanded, amazed.

Mrs. Mortimer clapped her hands delightedly. "Listen. I had been a librarian. I knew my way among books. First of all I'd read everything written on the subject, and subscribed to some of the best farm magazines and papers. And you ask if my ten acres have supported me and two hired men. Let me tell you. I have four hired men. The ten acres certainly must support them, as it supports Hannah—she's a Swedish widow who runs the house and who is a perfect Trojan during the jam and jelly season—and Hannah's daughter, who goes to school and lends a hand, and my nephew, whom I have taken to raise and educate. Also, the ten acres have come pretty close to paying for the whole twenty, as well as for this house and all the out-buildings and all the pedigreed stock."

Saxon remembered what the young line-man had said about the Portuguese. "The ten acres didn't do a bit of it," she cried. "It was your head that did it all, and you know it."

"And that's the point, my dear. It shows the right kind of person can succeed in the country. Remember, the soil is generous. But it must be treated generously, and that is something the old-style American farmer can't get into his head. So it is head that counts. Even when his starving acres have convinced him of the need for fertilizing, he can't see the difference between cheap fertilizer and good fertilizer."

"And that's something I want to know about," Saxon exclaimed.

"And I'll tell you all I know, but first, you must be very tired. I noticed you were limping. Let me take you in—never mind your bundles; I'll send Chang for them."

To Saxon, with her innate love of beauty and charm in all personal things, the interior of the bungalow was a revelation. Never before had she been inside a middle-class home, and what she saw not only far exceeded anything she had imagined, but was vastly different from her imaginings. Mrs. Mortimer noted her sparkling glances

which took in everything, and went out of her way to show Saxon around, doing it under the guise of gleeful boasting, stating the costs of the different materials, explaining how she had done things with her own hands, such as staining the floors, weathering the bookcases, and putting together the big Mission Morris chair. Billy stepped gingerly behind, and though it never entered his mind to ape to the manner born, he succeeded in escaping conspicuous awkwardnesses, even at the table, where he and Saxon had the unique experience of being waited on in a private house by a servant.

"If you'd only come along next year," Mrs. Mortimer mourned; "then I should have had the spare room I had planned."

"That's all right," Billy spoke up; "thank you just the same. But we'll catch the electric car into San José an' get a room."

Mrs. Mortimer was still disturbed at her inability to put them up for the night, and Saxon changed the conversation by pleading to be told more.

"You remember, I told you I'd paid only two thousand down on the land," Mrs. Mortimer complied. "That left me three thousand to experiment with. Of course all my friends and relatives prophesied failure. And of course I made my mistakes, plenty of them, but I was saved from still more by the thorough study I had made and continued to make." She indicated shelves of farm books and files of farm magazines that lined the walls. "And I continued to study. I was resolved to be up to date, and I sent for all the experiment-station reports. I went almost entirely on the basis that whatever the old-type farmer did was wrong, and, do you know, in doing that I was not so far wrong myself. It's almost unthinkable, the stupidity of the old-fashioned farmers. Oh, I consulted with them, talked things over with them, challenged their stereotyped ways, demanded demonstration of their dogmatic and prejudiced beliefs, and quite succeeded in convincing the last of them that I was a fool and doomed to come to grief."

"But you didn't! You didn't!"

Mrs. Mortimer smiled gratefully. "Sometimes, even now, I'm amazed that I didn't. But I came of a hard-headed stock which had been away from the soil long enough to gain a new perspective. When a thing satisfied my judgment, I did it forthwith

and downright, no matter how extravagant it seemed. Take the old orchard. Worthless! Worse than worthless! Old Calkins nearly died of heart-disease when he saw the devastation I had wreaked upon it. And look at it now. There was an old rattletrap ruin where the bungalow now stands. I put up with it, but I immediately pulled down the cow-barn, the pigsties, the chicken-houses, everything—made a clean sweep. They shook their heads and groaned when they saw such wanton waste by a widow struggling to make a living. But worse was to come. They were paralyzed when I told them the price of the beautiful O. I. C.'s—pigs, you know, Chesters—which I bought. Sixty dollars for the three, and only just weaned. Then I hustled the nondescript chickens to market, replacing them with the White Leghorns. The two scrub cows that came with the place I sold to the butcher for thirty dollars each, paying two hundred and fifty each for two blue-blooded Jersey heifers—and coined money on the exchange, while Calkins and the rest went right on with their scrubs that couldn't give enough milk to pay for their board."

Billy nodded approval. "Remember what I told you about horses," he reiterated to Saxon; and, assisted by his hostess, he gave a very creditable disquisition on horseflesh and its management from a business point of view.

Mrs. Mortimer saw them to the county road. "You are brave young things," she said at parting. "I only wish I were going with you, my pack upon my back. You're perfectly glorious, the pair of you. If ever I can do anything for you, just let me know. You're bound to succeed, and I want a hand in it myself. Let me know how that government land turns out, though I warn you I haven't much faith in its feasibility. It's sure to be too far away from markets."

She shook hands with Billy; Saxon she caught into her arms and kissed.

"Be brave," she said, with low earnestness, in Saxon's ear. "You'll win. You are starting with the right ideas. You're young yet, both of you. Don't be in a hurry. Any time you stop anywhere for a while, let me know, and I'll mail you heaps of agricultural reports and farm publications. Good-by. Heaps and heaps and heaps of luck."

A Mayor who "Came Back"

By Angela Morgan



PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS E. C. FAIRCHILD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Hub" has a mayor who "came back." He is a true progressive, though he calls himself a Democrat, having advanced from honor to high honor with scarcely any perceptible pause. Back in 1892 he was serving the city of his birth as a member of the Common Council; then he went to the Massachusetts Senate, and from there to six years in Congress. In 1906-07 he was

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mayor of Boston, struggling with a handicapping charter. Upon leaving office at the end of his first term he inaugurated a fight for a new charter, got it, ran for the office of mayor again, and was elected for a four-year term from January, 1910. In the conservative, pride-bound city by the river Charles, Mayor John F. Fitzgerald is now doing the best work of his life.

IF anyone were to ask the mayor of Boston to name the most magical influence in his life, his answer, were it printed, would open up a veritable revelation to the public.

For though that public knows much of the "little general" whose dynamic personality keeps the citizens of Boston constantly aware of his achievements, it knows comparatively

little of the secret springs that feed his youth and optimism, the domestic "powers behind the throne." That is because the mayor, true to his ideals and traditions, doesn't discuss his family for the press, and because his wife and daughters shun the limelight with the modesty of women trained to the shelter of the home.

Be it known, then, that the greatest fact in John F. Fitzgerald's career—the real source of his inspiration and perennial fitness—is a feminine group as remarkable as any that ever blessed the life of a public man.

Mayor Fitzgerald's daughters, besides being beautiful, are distinctly endowed with personality, charm, tact, mental brilliance, and some striking gift or talent. Mayor Fitzgerald's wife—here is an illustration to describe her:

A cub reporter, writing up a social function, confronts a very rose of a girl and proceeds to catechize. "You are Miss Rose Fitzgerald, are you not? Thank you. And the one over there, in pink, is Miss Agnes, your sister? Yes. And the very slim one in blue—which one of the daughters is she?"

A musical burst of merriment answers him. "Her name? Why don't you know? Her name is mother!"

And that exactly designates the wife of Boston's mayor.

Youthful in appearance as her own daughters, charming and gracious to meet, and necessarily a prominent figure wherever she goes, her name, nevertheless, before anything else, is "mother."

WHAT DISCIPLINE WILL DO

The modern restless woman who scorns motherhood and the cares of domestic life can do no better than study, as an example of womanly achievement, the wife of Mayor Fitzgerald. Pressed by the obligations that fall to the wife of so prominent an official, active in club and social life, Mrs. Fitzgerald has yet managed to make her home and family the paramount object. The mother of six splendid children, three boys and three girls, she has personally supervised their studies, dress, games, and recreation. Simplicity and common sense she insists upon in their clothes. Jewels she positively disapproves of for young girls.

It is such wholesome discipline as this that has produced the Fitzgerald girls—young

women sane and sound and comely, typical specimens of true Americanism. Miss Rose, twenty-two years old—though she looks but eighteen—comes first in the galaxy. Brimming with animation and charm and girlish spirits, she displays depth and strength of mind rarely found in so young a woman. Undoubtedly her father's influence upon her life has broadened her outlook, so that she lives much more vividly than most girls of her age.

Next comes Miss Agnes, twenty, with fair hair and brown eyes that are like her mother's. Mrs. Fitzgerald's strongest feature, it should be said, is a pair of luminous brown eyes that are set in the quiet of a gentle face.

Both these young women have all the attributes that go to make up real story-book girls. Each in her own individual way is a genuine beauty, Miss Rose, with her dark hair and vivacious manner being a foil to her fair-haired sister.

Both young women have studied abroad as well as in this country. Both were educated at the Sacred Heart Convent in Boston, the elder finishing her schooling in New York at Manhattanville and the younger at Elmhurst, Providence. After that, they both went to a German convent, situated in Holland.

GIVING AND GETTING

The sisters are such excellent linguists that when the International Congress met in Boston last October, they were officially asked to act as interpreters. Practically sixteen hours out of the twenty-four were spent each day by these indefatigable girls in helping to unify the babel of tongues.

The sisters are athletic, going in for swimming, tennis, and other sports. They dance; they sing; they play the piano; they are social favorites wherever they go. But none of this popularity causes them to forget their obligation to the community, not only as the daughters of the mayor, but as loyal citizens. Both girls, therefore, are active in all good works. Both teach sewing to a class of Italian children in the North End and are leaders in other philanthropic or social effort. They belong to several clubs, chief among them being the Travel Club, organized by the older sister for the purpose of continuing the studies pursued abroad.

They have studied at the New England Conservatory of Music, and each is an

A Mayor who "Came Back"



The "little general" whose dynamic personality keeps the citizens of Boston constantly aware of his presence

artist in her line, Miss Agnes a singer and Miss Rose a pianist. The sisters have had a special course in the study of grand opera, attending every Saturday afternoon for three years.

Last in the list comes Eunice, thirteen, "father's own girl," for she is the pride and joy of the mayor's heart. Eunice resembles her father strongly, and many predict that she is to be more truly like him than any of the other children.

Eunice is pretty and radiant like her older sisters. Young as she is, she is nevertheless an individual, with her own distinct tastes, ideas, and gifts. Witty and clever, she is



PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. J. C. FAIRCHILD

Mrs. Fitzgerald makes her home and family the paramount object

always ready with a bright retort. Agile and muscular, she can turn a hand-spring as easily as she can play the piano.

Three strong, handsome boys make up the rest of the group. They are Tom, aged eighteen; John Junior, fifteen; and Frederick, eight.

"I want my home to be a place of inspiration and encouragement to all my family," says Mrs. Fitzgerald.

People wonder how the mayor of Boston keeps so well, so young, and so cheerful. Let them visit his home and meet his family, and the secret will be a secret no longer.

The Business of Life

A MODERN-DAY STORY OF LOVE, LIFE, AND PASSION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," "The Streets of Ascalon," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: Midnight. A man reading in the library of his country mansion. Enters a former sweetheart of the man, who has married a rival. She announces that she has left her husband and offers herself to Desboro, who, she thinks, must now take her. He refuses to see the logic of the situation, and declares that when her husband presently comes for her, as he believes he will, she must return home with him. However, if the husband believes himself irretrievably injured he, Desboro, will weather the resulting storm of scandal with her. But Clydesdale takes the woman back without question. So passes an incident that later returns to vex.

Desboro's finances being at low ebb, he plans to sell a collection of inherited armor. Cataloguing is necessary, and he journeys to town to consult an eminent specialist in antiques. He finds that the old man is dead and his daughter, Jacqueline Nevers, a beautiful girl who looks hardly out of her teens, is in charge. Finding that she is in every respect competent, Desboro gives her the commission. Leaving, he leaves in the antique-shop a young woman thinking things of men that she has never thought before—strange, new day-dreams. For himself, he conceives a distaste for a hunting-trip which he has planned, and arranges to meet Jacqueline when she comes to Silverwood on the morrow.

Jacqueline arrives late for her first day in the armory, and her few hours there are spent in getting acquainted with her task. Desboro lends assistance, and the work advances, what time Desboro is not skirmishing for an opening to put their relations above the purely business plane. She skilfully outmaneuvers him, until, finding that his attitude toward her depends upon herself, she opens the door to friendship. Some days later Cynthia Lesser calls upon her in her rooms—Cynthia, who has had experience of men of Desboro's type. "Don't become sentimental over that young man," she warns, "because I don't think he's very much good." "He is, but I won't," declares Jacqueline. But Cynthia leaves feeling that the fires of disaster—or great happiness—have been kindled.

Now follow several days of uncertainty. Jacqueline first refusing to return to Silverwood, then yielding to Desboro's pleadings. Once she has come back the end of things soon becomes apparent. Then gossip takes up the pretty girl at Silverwood, and Mrs. Clydesdale takes Desboro to task for deserting her.

Soon after, a gay house-party is gathered at Silverwood in which Jacqueline is included, and the fact that she is not in the social set of the other guests does not prevent an offer of marriage from nearly every man in the party. But it is Desboro who has her promise; and he, forestalling the expressed intention of Mrs. Hammerton, society gossip, to inform Jacqueline of his past, has the marriage performed immediately. After the ceremony the girl returns to her office where she receives a letter from Mrs. Hammerton and a call from Mrs. Clydesdale who intimates that Desboro is her lover. Desboro calls for his wife at five and they motor to Silverwood, where Desboro realizes that although he has wed Jacqueline, he has not yet won her. He bids her good-night at the door of her room. The next morning they set off for town.

Jacqueline goes to her office, where Desboro is to come again at five. He calls on Mrs. Hammerton, who expresses herself in no unmeasured terms in regard to his marriage and what she believes to be his wrecking of Jacqueline's life. She makes a deep impression on Desboro, who goes immediately to Elena Clydesdale's. That lady is not at home to him. She is receiving a man named Wandle, who is attempting to extort blackmail, as he has for some time been doing, by threatening to make public several indiscreet actions. Wandle has sold her husband some fraudulent porcelains, which are to be returned, and he insists that she persuade Mr. Clydesdale to keep them—or pay seven thousand dollars. Elena is at her wit's end. She can do neither, and cannot bring herself to confess to her husband. She attempts to pawn some jewels and fails. She feels ill, goes to her physician's, where she faints and is sent home in care of a nurse.

ABOUT midday Clydesdale, who had returned to his house from a morning visit to his attorney in Liberty Street, was summoned to the telephone. "Is that you Desboro?" he asked.

"Yes. I stopped this morning to speak to your wife a moment, but very naturally she was not at home to me at such an hour in the morning. I have just called her on the telephone, but her maid says she has gone out."

"Yes. She is not very well. I understand she has gone to see Dr. Allen. But she ought to be back pretty soon. Won't you come up to the house, Desboro?"

There was a short pause, then Desboro's voice again, in reply: "I believe I will come

up, Clydesdale. And I think I'll talk to you instead of to your wife."

"Just as it suits you. Very glad to see you, anyway. I'll be in the rear extension fussing about among the porcelains."

"I'll be with you in ten minutes."

In less time than that Desboro arrived, and was piloted through the house and into the gallery by an active maid. At the end of one of the aisles lined by glass cases, loomed the huge bulk of Cary Clydesdale, his red face creased with his eternal grin.

"Hello, Desboro!" he called. "Come this way. I've one or two things here which will match any of yours at Silverwood, I think."

And, as Desboro approached, Clydesdale

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strode forward, offering him an enormous hand.

"Glad to see you," he grinned. "Congratulations on your marriage! Fine girl, that! I don't know any to match her." He waved a comprehensive arm. "All this stuff is her arrangement. Gad! But I had it rottenly displayed. And the collection was full of fakes, too. But she came floating in here one morning, and what she did to my junk-heap was a plenty, believe *me!*" And the huge fellow grinned and grinned until Desboro's somber face altered and became less rigid.

A maid came in with a frosted cocktail-shaker.

"You'll stop and lunch with us," said Clydesdale, filling two glasses. "Elena won't be very long. Don't know just what ails her, but she's nervous and run down. I guess it's the spring that's coming. Well, here's to all bad men; they need the boost and we don't. *Prosit!*"

He emptied his glass, set it aside, and from the open case beside him extracted an exquisite jar of the K'ang-hi, *famille noire*, done in five colors during the best period of the work.

"God knows I'm not proud," he said, "but can you beat it, Desboro?"

Desboro took the beautiful jar, and, carefully guarding the cover, turned it slowly. Birds, roses, pear blossoms, lilies, all exquisite in composition and color, passed under his troubled eyes. He caressed the paste mechanically. "It is very fine," he said.

"Have you anything to beat?"

"I don't think so."

"How are yours marked?" inquired the big man, taking the jar into his own enormous hands. "This magnificent damn thing is a forgery. Look! Here's the mark of the Emperor Chêng-hwa! Isn't that the limit? And the forgery is every bit as fine as the originals made before 1660—only it happened to be the fashion in China in 1660 to collect Chêng-hwa jars, so the maker of this piece deliberately forged an earlier date. Can you beat it?"

Desboro smiled as though he were listening; and Clydesdale gingerly replaced the jar and as carefully produced another.

"Ming!" he said. "Seventeenth-century Manchu Tatar. I've some earlier Ming ranging between 1400 A. D. and 1600; but it can't touch this, Desboro. In fact, I think the eighteenth-century Ming is even finer;

and, as far as that goes, there is magnificent work being done now—although the Occidental markets seldom see it. But—Ming for mine, every time! How do *you* feel about it, old top?"

Desboro looked at the vase. The soft beauty of the blue underglaze, the silvery thickets of magnolia bloom amid which a magnificent, pheasant-hued phenix stepped daintily, meant at the moment absolutely nothing to him.

Nor did the *poudre-bleu* jar, triumphantly exhibited by the infatuated owner—a splendid specimen, painted on the overglaze. And the weeds and shells and fiery golden fishes swimming had been dimmed a little by rubbing, so that the dusky aquatic depths loomed more convincingly.

"Clydesdale," said Desboro, in a low voice, "I want to say one or two things to you. Another time it would give me pleasure to go over these porcelains with you. Do you mind my interrupting you?"

The big man grinned. "Shoot," he said, replacing the "powder-blue" and carefully closing and locking the case. Then, dropping the keys into his pocket, he shook the cocktail-shaker, offered to fill Desboro's glass, and at the gesture of a refusal refilled his own.

"This won't do a thing to my appetite," he remarked genially. "Go ahead, Desboro." And he settled himself to listen.

Desboro said: "Clydesdale, you and I have known each other for a number of years. We haven't seen much of each other except at the club, or meeting casually here and there. It merely happened so; if accident had thrown us together, the chances are that we would have liked each other—perhaps sought each other's company now and then—as much as men do in this haphazard town, anyway. Don't you think so?" Clydesdale nodded and grinned.

"But we have been on perfectly friendly terms, always—with one exception," said Desboro.

"Yes—with one exception. But that is all over now."

"I am afraid it isn't."

Clydesdale's grin remained unaltered when he said, "Well, what the—" and stopped abruptly.

"It's about that one exception of which I wish to speak," continued Desboro, after a moment's thought. "I don't want to say very much—just one or two things which I



"Marriage is all right," he said. "But only those fit to enter possess the keys to the magic institution. And they find there what they expected"

hope you already know and believe. And all I have to say is this, Clydesdale: whatever I may have been, whatever I may be now, that sort of treachery is not in me. I make no merit of it—it may be mere fastidiousness on my part which would prevent me from meditating treachery toward an acquaintance or a friend."

Clydesdale grinned at him in silence.

"Never, since Elena was your wife, have I thought of her except as your wife."

Clydesdale only grinned.

"I want to be as clear as I can on this subject," continued the other, "because—and I must say it to you—there have been rumors concerning—me."

"And concerning *her*," said Clydesdale simply. "Don't blink matters, Desboro."

"No, I won't. The rumors have included her, of course. But what those rumors hint, Clydesdale, is an absolute lie. I blame myself in a measure; I should not have come here so often—should not have continued to see Elena so informally. *I was* in love with

her once; *I did* ask her to marry me. She took you. Try to believe me, Clydesdale, when I tell you that though for me there did still linger about her that inexplicable charm which attracted me, which makes your wife so attractive to everybody, never for a moment did it occur to me not to acquiesce in the finality of her choice. Never did I meditate any wrong toward you or toward her. *I did* dangle. That was where I blame myself. Because where a better man might have done it uncriticized, I was, it seems, open to suspicion."

"You're no worse than the next," said Clydesdale in a deep growl. "Hell's bells! I don't blame *you*! And there would have been nothing to it, anyway, if Elena had not lost her head that night and bolted. I was rough with you all right; but you behaved handsomely, and I knew where the trouble was. Because, Desboro, my wife dislikes me."

"I thought—"

"No! Let's have the truth. *That's* the truth. My wife dislikes me. It may be

that she is crazy about you; I don't know. But I am inclined to think—after these months of hell, Desboro—that she really is not crazy about you, or about any man; that it is only her dislike of me that possesses her to—to deal with me as she has done."

He was still grinning, but his heavy lower lip twitched, and suddenly the horror of it broke on Desboro—that this great, gross, red-faced creature was suffering in every atom of his unwieldy bulk; that the fixed grin was covering anguish.

"Clydesdale," he said unsteadily. "I came here meaning to say only what I have said—that you never had anything to doubt in me, but that rumors still coupled my name with Elena's. That was all I meant to say. But I'll say more. I'm sorry that things are not going well with you and Elena. I would do anything in the world that lay within my power to help make yours a happy marriage. But marriages all seem to go wrong. For years—witnessing what I have—what everybody among our sort of people cannot choose but witness—I made up my mind that marriage was no good."

He passed his hand slowly over his eyes; waited a moment, then:

"But I was wrong. That's what the matter is—that is how the matter lies between the sort of people we are and marriage. It is *we* who are wrong; there's nothing wrong about marriage, absolutely nothing. Only many of us are not fit for it. And some of us take it as a preventive, as a moral medicine—as though anybody could endure an eternal dosing! And some of us seek it as a refuge—a refuge from every ill, every discomfort, every annoyance and apprehension that assails the human race—as though the institution of marriage were a vast and fortified storehouse in which everything we have ever lacked and desired were lying about loose for us to pick up and pocket."

He rose and bent forward across the table, playing absently with his empty glass.

"Marriage is all right," he said. "But only those fit to enter possess the keys to the magic institution. And they find there what they expected. The rest of us jimmy our way in and find ourselves in an empty mansion, Clydesdale."

For a long while there was silence. At length Desboro spoke again.

"I do not know how it is with you, but

I am not escaping anything that I have ever done."

"I'm getting mine," said Clydesdale heavily. After a few moments, what Desboro had said filtered into his brain; and he turned and looked at the younger man. "Have these rumors—" he began.

Desboro nodded. "These rumors—or others. *These* do not happen to have been true."

"That's tough on *her*," said Clydesdale gravely.

"That's where it is toughest on us. I think we could stand anything except that *they* should suffer through us. And the horrible part of it is that we never meant to—never dreamed that we should ever be held responsible for the days we lived so lightly—gay, careless, irresponsible days. God! Is there any punishment to compare with it, Clydesdale?"

"None."

Desboro stood with his hand across his forehead, as though it ached.

"You and Elena and I are products of the same kind of civilization. Jacqueline—my wife—is the result of a different training in a very different civilization."

"And the rotteness of ours is making her ill."

Desboro nodded. After a moment he stirred restlessly. "Well," he said, "I must go to the office."

Clydesdale got onto his feet. "Won't you stay?"

"No."

"As you wish. And—I'm sorry, Desboro. However, you have a better chance than I to make good. My wife—dislikes me."

He went as far as the door with his guest, and when Desboro had departed he wandered aimlessly back into the house and ultimately found himself among his porcelains once more—his only refuge from a grief and care that never ceased, never even for a moment eased those massive shoulders of their dreadful weight.

From where he stood he heard the doorbell sounding distantly. Doubtless his wife had returned.

He had no illusion that she desired to see him, or that she cared whether or not he inquired what her physician had said; but he closed and locked his glass cases once more and walked heavily into the main body of the house and descended to the door.

To the man on duty there he said, "Did Mrs. Clydesdale come in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you."

He hesitated, turned irresolutely, and remounted the stairs. To a maid passing he said,

"Is Mrs. Clydesdale lunching at home?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Clydesdale is not well, sir."

"Has she gone to her room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please go to her and say that I am sorry and— and inquire if there is anything I can do."

The maid departed, and the master of the house wandered into the music-room—perhaps because Elena's tall, gilded harp was there—the only thing in the place that ever reminded him of her, or held for him anything of her personality.

Now, in the rose-dusk of the drawn curtains, he stood beside it, not touching it—never dreaming of touching it without permission, any more than he would have touched his wife.

Somebody knocked; he turned, and the maid came forward.

"Mrs. Clydesdale desires to see you, sir."

He stared for a second, then his heart beat heavily with alarm.

"Where is Mrs. Clydesdale?"

"In her bedroom, sir."

"Unwell?"

"Yes, sir."

"In bed?"

"I think so, sir. Mrs. Clydesdale's maid spoke to me."

"Very well. Thank you."

He went out and mounted the stairs.

Elena was lying on her bed in a frilly, lacy, clinging thing of rose-tint. The silk curtains had been drawn, but squares of sunlight quartered them, turning the dusk of the pretty room to a golden gloom.

She opened her eyes, and looked up at him as he advanced.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said; and his heavy voice shook in spite of him.

She motioned toward the only armchair—an ivory-covered affair, the cane bottom covered by a rose cushion. "Bring it here—nearer," she said.

He did so, and seated himself beside the bed cautiously.

She lay silent after that; once or twice she pressed the palms of both hands over her

eyes as though they pained her, but when he ventured to inquire, she shook her head. It was only when he spoke of calling up Dr. Allen again that she detained him.

"Wait! I've got to tell you something! I don't know what you will do about it. You've had trouble enough—with me. But this is—is—unspeakable."

"What on earth is the matter? Aren't you ill?" he began.

"Yes; that, too. But—there is something else. I thought it had made me ill—but—" She began to shiver, and he laid his hand on hers and found it burning.

"I tell you Allen ought to come at once," he began again.

"No, no, no! You don't know what you're talking about. I—I'm frightened—that's what is the matter! That's one of the things that's the matter. Wait a moment. I'll tell you. I'll have to tell you, now. I suppose you'll—divorce me."

There was a silence; then, "Go on," he said, in his heavy, hopeless voice.

She moistened her lips with her tongue.

"It's—my fault. I—I did not care for you, that is how it—began. No; it began before I knew you. And there were two men. You remember them. They were the rage with our sort—like other fads, for a while—such as marmosets and—things. One of these things was the poet, Orrin Munger. He called himself a Cubist—whatever that may be. The other was the writer, Adalbert Wandle."

Clydesdale's grin was terrible.

"No," she said wearily, "I was only a more venturesome fool than other women who petted them—nothing worse. They went about kissing women's hands and reading verses to them. Some women let them have the run of their boudoirs—like any poodle. Then there came that literary and semi-bohemian *bal-masqué* in Philadelphia. It was the day before the Assembly. I was going on for that, but mother wouldn't let me go on a day earlier for the *bal-masqué*. So—I went."

"What!"

"I lied. I pretended to be stopping with the Hammerton's in Westchester. And I bribed my maid to lie, too. But I went."

"Alone?"

"No. Wandle went with me."

"Good God, Elena!"

"I know. I was simply insane. I went with him to that ball and left before the unmasking. Nobody knew me. So I went to

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the Bellevue-Stratford for the night. I—I never dreamed that *he* would go there, too."

"Did he?"

"Yes. He had the rooms adjoining. I only knew it when—when I awoke in the dark and heard him tapping on the door and calling in that thick, soft voice—" She shuddered and clenched her hands.

Her husband stared at her, motionless in his chair.

She unclosed her eyes wearily. "That was all—except—the other one—the little one with the frizzy hair—Munger. He saw me there. He knew that Wandle had the adjoining rooms. So then, very early, I came back to New York, badly scared, and met my maid at the station and pretended to mother that I had just arrived from Westchester. And that night I went back to the Assembly. But—ever since that night I—I have been—paying money to Adalbert Wandle. Not much before I married you, because I had very little to pay. But all my allowance has gone that way—and now—now he wants more. And I haven't it. And I'm sick."

The terrible expression on her husband's face frightened her, and, for a moment, she faltered. But there was more to tell.

"You'll have to wait until I finish," she muttered. "There's more—and worse. Because he came here the night I went to Silverwood. He saw me leave the house; he unsealed and read the note I left on the library table for you. He knows what I said—about Jim Desboro. He knows I went to him. And he is trying to make me pay him—to keep it out of the—the *Tattler*."

Clydesdale's congested face was awful, but the courage of despair forced her on.

"There is worse—far worse," she said with dry lips. "I had no money to give; he wished to keep the seven thousand which was his share of what you paid for the forged porcelains. He came to me and made me understand that if you insisted on his returning that money he would write me up for the *Tattler* and disgrace me so that you would divorce me. I—I must be honest with you at such a time as this, Cary. I wouldn't have cared if—if Jim Desboro would have married me afterward. But he had ceased to care for me. He—was in love with—Miss Nevers; or she was with him. And I disliked her. But—I was low enough to go to her in my dire extremity and—and ask her to pronounce those forged porce-

lains genuine—so that you would keep them. And I did it—meaning to bribe her."

Clydesdale's expression was frightful.

"Yes—I did this thing. And worse. I—I wish you'd kill me after I tell you! I—something she said—in the midst of my anguish and terror—something about Jim Desboro, I think—I am not sure—seemed to drive me insane. And she was married to him all the while, and I didn't know it. And—to drive her away from him, I—I made her understand that—that I was—his—mistress."

"Good God!"

"Wait—for God's sake, wait! I don't care what you do to me afterward. Only—only tell that woman I wasn't—tell her I never was. Promise me that, whatever you are going to do to me—promise me you'll tell her that I never was any man's mistress. Because—because—I am—ill. And they say—Dr. Allen says I—I am going to—to have a baby."

The man reared upright and stood swaying there, ashy faced, his visage distorted. Suddenly the features were flooded with rushing crimson; he dropped on his knees and caught her in his arms with a groan; and she shut her eyes, thinking the world was ending.

After a long while she opened them, still half stunned with terror; saw his quivering lips resting on her tightly locked hands; stared for a while, striving to comprehend his wet face and his caress.

And, after a while, timidly, uncertainly, wondering, she ventured to withdraw one hand, still watching him with fascinated eyes. She had always feared him physically—feared his bulk and his massive strength and his grin. Otherwise, she had held him in intellectual contempt.

Very cautiously, very gently, she withdrew her hand, watching him all the while. He had not annihilated her. What did he mean to do with this woman who had hated him and who now was about to disgrace him? What did he mean to do? What was he doing now—with his lips quivering against her other hand, all wet with his tears?

"Cary?" she said.

He lifted a passion-marred visage; and there seemed for a moment something noble in the high poise of his ugly head. And, without knowing what she was doing, or why, she slowly lifted her free hand and let

it rest lightly on his massive shoulder. And, as she looked into his eyes, a strange expression began to dawn in her own—and it became stranger and stranger—something he had never before seen there—something so bewildering, so wonderful, that his heart seemed to cease.

Suddenly her eyes filled and her face flushed from throat to hair, and the next instant she swayed forward, was caught, and crushed to his breast.

"Oh!" she wept ceaselessly. "Oh, oh, Cary! I didn't know—I didn't know. I—I want to be a—a good mother. I'll try to be better; I'll try to be better. You are so good—you are so good to me—so kind—so kind—to protect me—after what I've done—after what I've done!"

XVIII

DESBORO passed a miserable afternoon at the office. If there had been any business to take his mind off himself, it might have been easier for him; but for a long time now there had been nothing stirring in Wall Street; the public kept away; business was dead.

After hours he went to the club, feeling physically wretched. Man after man came up and congratulated him on his marriage—some whom he knew scarcely more intimately than to bow to, spoke to him. He was a very great favorite.

In the beginning, it was merely a stimulant that he thought he needed; later, he declined no suggestion and even made a few, with an eye on the clock. For at five he was to meet Jacqueline.

Toward five his demeanor had altered to that gravely urbane and too courteous manner indicative of excess; and his flushed face had become white and tense.

Cairns found him in the card-room at six, saw at a glance how matters stood with him.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked sharply. "You told me that you were to meet your wife at five!"

Desboro's manner became impressively courteous. "Inadvertently," he said, "I have somehow or other mislaid the clock. Once it stood somewhere in this vicinity, but—"

"Damn it! There it is! Look at it!"

Desboro looked gravely in the direction where Cairns was pointing. "That undoubtedly is a clock," he said. "But now

a far more serious problem confronts us, John. Having located a clock with a certain amount of accuracy, what is the next step to take in finding out the exact time?"

"Don't you know how to tell the time?" demanded Cairns, furious.

"Pardon. I know how to tell it, provided I once know what it is."

"Are you drunk?"

"I have never," said Desboro courteously, "experienced intoxication. At present I am perfectly cognizant of contemporary events now passing in my vicinity."

"Where were you to meet your wife?"

"At the depository of her multitudinous and intricate affairs of business—in other words, at her office, dear friend."

"You can't go to her this way."

"It were unwise, perhaps," said Desboro.

Cairns gripped his arm. "You go to the baths; do you hear? Tell Louis to massage the edge off you. I'm going to speak to your wife."

So Desboro sauntered off toward the elevator, and Cairns called up Jacqueline's office. It appeared that Jacqueline had left. Should they switch him on to her private apartments above?

In a moment his call was answered. "Is this Mrs. Desboro?" he asked, and at the same instant recognized Cynthia Lessler's voice.

She returned his greeting briefly. "Jacqueline thought that perhaps she had misunderstood Mr. Desboro, so she has gone to the station. Did he go there?"

"N—no. He had an appointment at the club—the Olympian Club."

"Is he there?"

"Yes."

"Then tell him to go at once to the station, or he will miss his wife and the six-fifteen train, too."

"I—he—Jim isn't feeling very well."

"Is he ill?"

"N—no. Oh, no! He's merely tired—overworked."

"What?"

"Oh, he's just taking a cold plunge and a rub-down."

"Mr. Cairns!"

"Yes."

"Take a taxi and come here before Jacqueline returns. How soon can you get here?"

"Five minutes."

"A rotten piece of business," muttered



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Elena's tall, gilded harp was there—the only thing in the place that ever reminded him of her, or held for without permission. Somebody knocked, and the maid



old for
the maid
him anything of her personality. Now, he stood beside it, not touching it—never dreaming of touching it
came forward. "Mrs. Clydesdale desires to see you, sir"

Cairns, taking hat and stick from the cloak-room.

The starter had a taxi ready. Except for the usual block on Fifth Avenue, he would have made it in four minutes. It took them ten.

Cynthia met him on the landing and silently ushered him into Jacqueline's pretty little parlor. She still wore her hat and coat; a fur boa lay on a chair. "Now," she said, as soon as they were seated, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Of what?" he asked, pretending mild surprise.

"Of Mr. Desboro's behavior! He was married yesterday to the dearest, sweetest, loveliest girl in the world. To-day I stop at her office to see her—and I see that she is unhappy. She couldn't hide it from *me!* I *love* her! And all her smiles and forced gaiety and clever maneuvering were terrible to me—heartbreaking. She is dreadfully unhappy. Why?"

"I didn't know it," said Cairns, honestly.

"Very well. But you know why he didn't meet Jacqueline at five, don't you?"

He looked at her miserably. "Yes, I know. I wouldn't let him."

"Is he intoxicated?"

"No. He has had more than he should have."

"What a cur!" she said, between her teeth.

Cairns bit his lip and nervously twirled his walking-stick. "See here, Cynthia; Jim isn't a cur, you know."

"What do *you* call a man who has done what he's done?"

"I—I tell you it has me guessing. Because it isn't like Jim Desboro. He's never that way—not once in years. Only when he's up against it does he ever do that. And he's perfectly mad about his wife. Don't make any mistake there; he's dead in love with her—crazy about her."

Cynthia stared at him miserably. "They've had a quarrel. Oh, what is it—what could it be, Jack! You know it will break her heart. It's breaking mine now. I can't bear it—I simply can't."

"Haven't the least idea what's wrong," said Cairns, leaning forward, elbows on his knees.

"Can't Mr. Desboro come here pretty soon?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. I'll go back and look him over."

Cynthia's eyes suddenly glistened with tears, and she bowed her head.

"My dear child," expostulated Cairns, "it's nothing to weep over. It's a—one of those things likely to happen to any man."

"But I can't bear to have it happen to Jacqueline's husband. Oh, I wish she had never seen him, never heard of him! He is a thousand, thousand miles beneath her."

"For heaven's sake, Cynthia, don't think that!"

"*Think it! I know it!* Of what value is that sort of man compared to a girl like Jacqueline! Of what use is that sort of man, anyway! I know them," she said bitterly; "I've had my lesson in that school. One and all, young and old, rich or poor—comparatively poor—they are the same. The same ideas haunt their idle and selfish minds, the same motives move them, the same impulses rule them, and they reason with their emotions, not with their brains. They are arrogant, insolent, condescending, self-centered, self-indulgent, and utterly predatory! That is the type! And they belong where people prey upon one another, not among the clean and sweet and innocent. They belong where there is no question of marriage or of home or of duty; they belong where lights are many and brilliant, where there is money and plenty of it, where there is noise and too much of it! That is where that sort of man belongs. And nobody knows it better than such a girl as I! Nobody, *nobody!*" Her lip quivered, and she choked back the tears. "And—and now—such a man has taken my little friend—my little girl—Jacqueline."

"Do you think he's as rotten as you say!"

"Yes. *Yes!*"

"Then what must you think of me?"

She glanced up, blotting her wet lashes with her handkerchief. "What do you mean, Jack?"

"I suppose I'm included among the sort of men you have been so graphically describing?"

She did not answer.

"Am I not included?"

She shook her head slightly.

"Why not? If your description fits Jim Desboro and Reggie Ledyard and that set, it must naturally fit me also."

But she shook her head almost imperceptibly.

"Why do you exclude me, Cynthia?"

But she had nothing to say about him. Long ago—long, long since, she had made excuses for all that he should have been and was not. It was not a matter for discussion.

"The worst of it is," he said, rising and picking up his hat, "some of your general description does fit me."

"I—did not mean it that way."

"But it does fit, Cynthia; doesn't it?"

"No."

"What!" incredulously.

She said in a low voice: "You were very kind to me, Jack, and—not like other men. Do you think I can ever forget that?"

He forced a laugh. "Great actresses are expected to forget things. Besides, there isn't anything to remember—except that—we were friends."

"Real friends. I know it now. Because the world is full of the other kind. But a real friend does not—destroy. Good-by."

"Shall I see you again?" he asked, troubled.

"If you wish. I gave you my address yesterday."

"Will you really be at home to me, Cynthia?"

"Try," she said, unsmiling. She went to the landing with him. "Will you see that Mr. Desboro comes as soon as he is fit?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll tell Jacqueline he was not feeling well and fell asleep at the club. It's one of those lies that may be forgiven"—she shrugged—"but anyway I'll risk it."

So he went away. Then, grieved and angry, Cynthia seated herself and nervously awaited Jacqueline's reappearance.

The girl returned ten minutes later, pale, and plainly worried, but carrying it off lightly enough.

"Cynthia!" she exclaimed smilingly. "Where do you suppose that husband of mine can be? He isn't at the station. I boarded the train, but he was not on it."

"You darling thing!" laughed Cynthia. "Your young man is perfectly safe."

"Oh, of course I—I believe so."

"He is! He's at his club."

"What!"

"It's perfectly simple," said Cynthia coolly; "he went there from his office, feeling a bit under the weather—"

"Is he ill?"

"No, no! He was merely tired, I believe. And he stretched out and fell asleep and failed to wake up. That's all."

Jacqueline looked at her in relieved astonishment.

"Did he telephone?"

"Yes—or rather, Mr. Cairns did."

"Mr. Cairns! Why did Mr. Cairns telephone? Why didn't my husband telephone? Cynthia! Look at me!"

Cynthia met her eye undaunted.

"Why," repeated Jacqueline, "didn't my husband telephone to me? Is he too ill? Is that it? Are you concealing it? Are you, Cynthia?"

Cynthia smiled. "He's a casual young man, darling. I believe he's taking a cold plunge or something. He'll probably be here in a few minutes. So I'll say good-night." She picked up her fur neckpiece, glanced at the mirror, fluffed a curl or two, and turned to Jacqueline. "Don't spoil him, ducky," she whispered.

Jacqueline flushed painfully. "How do you mean, Cynthia?"

The latter said, "There are a million ways of spoiling a man beside giving up to him."

"I don't give up to him," said Jacqueline, in a colorless voice.

Cynthia looked at her gravely. "It's hard to know what to do, dear. When a girl gives up to a man she spoils him sometimes; when she doesn't she sometimes spoils him. It's hard to know what to do—very hard."

Jacqueline's gaze grew troubled.

"How to love a man wisely—that's a very hard thing for a girl to learn," murmured Cynthia. "But—the main thing—the important thing is to love him, I think. And I suppose we have to take our chances of spoiling him."

"The main thing," said Jacqueline slowly, "is that he should know you *do* love him; isn't it?"

"Yes. But the problem is: how best to show it. And that requires wisdom, dear. And where is a girl to acquire that kind of wisdom? What experience has she? What does she know? Ah, we *don't* know. There lies the trouble. By instinct, disposition, natural reticence, and training, we are disposed to offer too little, perhaps. But often, in fear that our reticence may not be understood, we offer too much."

"I—am afraid of that."

They stood, thoughtful a moment, not looking at each other.

Cynthia said in a low voice: "Be careful of him, dear. His is not the stronger

character. Perhaps he needs more than you give."

"What!"

"I—I think that perhaps he is not the kind of man to be spoiled by giving. And it is possible to starve some men by the well-meant kindness of reserve."

"All women—modest women—are reserved."

"Is a mother's reserve praiseworthy when her child comes to her for intimate companionship—for tenderness, perhaps—and puts its little arms around her neck?"

Jacqueline stared, then blushed furiously. "Why do you suppose that I am likely to be lacking in sympathy, Cynthia?"

"You are not. I know you too well, dear. But you might easily be exquisitely undemonstrative."

"All women—are—undemonstrative."

"Not always."

"An honest, chaste—"

"No."

Jacqueline, deeply flushed, began in a low voice, "To discourage the lesser emotions—"

"No! To separate them, class them as lesser, makes them so. They are merely atoms in the molecule—a tiny fragment of perfection. To be too conscious of them makes them too important; to accept them with the rest as part of the *ensemble* is the only way."

"Who has been educating you to talk this way?" asked Jacqueline.

"Necessity. There is no real room for ignorance in my profession. So I don't go to parties any more; I try to educate myself. There are cultivated people in the company. They have been very kind to me. And my carelessness in English, my lack of polish—these were not inherited. My father was an educated man, if he was nothing else. *You* know that. Your father knew it. All I needed was to be awakened. And I am awake."

She looked honestly into the honest eyes that met hers, and shook her head slowly.

"No self-deception can aid us to lie down to pleasant dreams, Jacqueline. And the most terrible of all deceptions is self-righteousness. Let me know myself, and I can help myself. And I know now how it would be with me if the happiness of marriage ever came to me. I would give—give everything good in me, everything needed—strip myself of my best! Because, dear, we always have more to give than they; and

they need it all—all we can give them—every one."

After a silence they kissed each other; and, when Cynthia had departed, Jacqueline closed the door and returned to her chair. Seated there in deep and unhappy thought, while the slow minutes passed without him, her uneasiness returned.

Eight o'clock rang from her little mantel clock. She started up and went to the window. The street-lamps were shining over pavements and sidewalks deserted. Very far in the west she could catch the low roar of Broadway, endless, accentless, monotonous, interrupted only by the whiz of motors on Fifth Avenue. Now and then a wayfarer passed through the silent street below, rarely a taxi-cab; but neither wayfarer nor vehicle stopped at her door.

She did not realize how long she had been standing there, when the mantel clock startled her again, ringing out nine. She came back into the center of the room, and, slender hands clasped, stared at the dial.

She had not eaten since morning; there had been no opportunity in the press of accumulated business. She felt a trifle faint, mostly from a vague anxiety. She did not wish to call up the club; instinct forbade it; but at a quarter to ten she went to the telephone, and learned that Desboro had gone out between eight and nine. Then she asked for Cairns, and found that he also had gone away.

Sick at heart she hung up the receiver, and turned aimlessly into the room again.

What had happened to her husband? What did it mean? Had she anything to do with his strange conduct? In her deep trouble and perplexity—still bewildered by the terrible hurt she had received—had her aloofness, her sadness, impossible to disguise, wounded him so deeply that he had already turned away from her?

She had meant only kindness to him—was seeking only her own convalescence, desperately determined to love and hold this man. Hadn't he understood it? Could he not give her time to recover? How could he expect more of her, a bride, confronted in the very first hours of her wedded life with her husband's self-avowed mistress!

She stood, hesitating, clenching and unclenching her white and slender hands, striving to think, succeeding only in enduring, until endurance itself was rapidly becoming impossible.

Why was he hurting her so? Why? Why? Yet, never once was her anger aroused against this man. Somehow, he was not responsible. He was a man as God made him—one in the endless universe of men—the *only* one in that limitless host existing for her. He was hers—the best of him and the worst. And the worst was to be forgiven and protected, and the best was to thank God for.

She knew fear—the anxious solicitude that mothers know, awaiting the return of an errant child. She knew pain—the hurt dismay of a soul, deep wounded by its fellow, feeling a fresher and newer wound with every dragging second.

Her servant came, asking in an awed whisper whether her mistress would not eat something.

Jacqueline's proud little head went up. "Mr. Desboro has been detained unexpectedly. I will ring for you when he comes."

But at midnight she rang, saying that she required nothing further, and that the maid could retire after unhooking her gown.

Now, in her chamber-robe, she sat before the dresser combing out the thick, lustrous hair clustering in masses of gold around her white face and shoulders. She scarcely knew what she was about—knew not at all what she was going to do with the rest of the night.

Her hair done, she lay back limply in her chintz armchair, haunted eyes fixed on the clock; and, after staring became unendurable, she picked up a book and opened it mechanically. It was *Grenville on "Spanish Armor."* Suddenly she remembered sitting here before with this same volume on her knees, the rain beating against the windows, a bright fire in the grate—and Fate at her elbow, bending in the fire-light beside her as one by one she turned the illuminated pages, only to encounter under every jeweled helmet Desboro's smiling eyes. And, as her slender fingers crисped on the pages at the memory, it seemed to her at one moment that it had all taken place many, many years ago; and, in the next moment, that it had happened only yesterday.

How young she had been then—never having known sorrow except when her father died! And that sorrow was different; there was nothing in it hopeless or terrifying, believing, as she believed, in the soul's

survival; nothing to pain, wound, menace her, or to awake in depths unsounded a hell of dreadful apprehension. How young she had been when last she sat here with this well-worn volume on her knees!

Nothing of love had she ever known, only the affection of a child for her father. But—now she knew. The torture of every throbbing minute was enlightening her. Her hands, tightly clasped together, rested on the pages of the open book; and she was staring at nothing when, without warning, the door-bell rang.

She rose straight up and pressed her left hand to her side, pale lips parted, listening; then she sprang to the door, opened it, pulled the handle controlling the wire which lifted the street-door latch. Far below in the darkness she heard the click, click, click of the latch, the opening and closing of the door, steps across the hall on the stairs, mounting nearer and nearer. And when she knew that it was he she left the door open and returned to her armchair and lay back, almost stifled by the beating of her heart. But when the shaft of light across the corridor fell on him and he stood on her threshold, her heart almost stopped beating. His face was drawn and pinched and colorless; his eyes were strange; his very presence seemed curiously unfamiliar—more so still when he forced a smile and bent over her, lifting her limp fingers to his lips.

"What has been the matter, Jim?" she tried to say, but her voice almost broke.

He closed the door and stood looking around him for a moment. Then, with a glance at her, and with just that shade of deference toward her which he never lost, he seated himself.

"The matter is," he said quietly, "that I drank to excess at the club and was not fit to keep my appointment with you."

"What?" she said faintly.

"That was it, Jacqueline. Cairns did his best for us both. But I knew it would be for the last time. I knew you would never again have to endure such things from me."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I have said, Jacqueline. You won't have it to endure again. But I had to have time to recover my senses and think it out. That is why I didn't come before. So I let Cairns believe I was coming here."

"Where did you go?"

"To my rooms. I had to face it; I had to think it all over before I came here. I



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"What a curl!" she said, between her teeth. Cairns bit his lip and nervously twirled his walking-stick.

"I—I tell you it has me guessing. Because it isn't like



"See here, Cynthia; Jim isn't a cur, you know." "What do you call a man who has done what he's done?"
Jim Desboro. He's never that way—not once in years"

would have telephoned you, but you could not have understood. What time is it?"

"Two o'clock."

"I'm sorry. I won't keep you long."

"What do you mean? Where are you going?"

"To my rooms, I suppose. I merely came here to tell you what is the only thing for us to do. You know it already. I have just realized it."

"I don't understand what—"

"Oh, yes, you do, Jacqueline. You now have no illusions left concerning me. Nor have I any left concerning what I am and what I have done. Curious," he added, very quietly, "that people had to tell me what I am and what I have done to you before I could understand it."

"What have you—done—to me?"

"Married you. And within that very hour, almost, brought sorrow and shame on you. Oh, the magic mirror has been held up to me to-day, Jacqueline; and in it everything I have done to you since the moment I first saw you has been reflected there in its real colors."

"I stepped across the straight, clean pathway of your life, telling myself the lie that I had no intentions of any sort concerning you. And, as time passed, however indefinite my motives, they became at least vaguely sinister. You were aware of this; I pretended not to be. And at last you—you saved me the infamy of self-revelation by speaking as you did. You engaged yourself to marry me. And I let you. And, not daring to let you stand the test which an announcement of our engagement would surely mean, and fearing to lose you, dreading to see you turn against me, I was cowardly enough to marry you as I did, and trust that love and devotion would hold you."

He leaned forward in his chair and shook his head.

"No use," he said quietly. "Love and devotion never become a coward. Both mean nothing unless based on honesty. And I was dishonest with you. I should have told you I was afraid that what might be said to you about me would alter you toward me. I should have told you that I dared not stand the test. But all I said to you was that it was better for us to marry as we did. And you trusted me."

Her pale, fascinated face never moved, or did her eyes leave his for a second. He

sustained her gaze gravely, and with a drawn composure that seemed akin to dignity.

"I came here to tell you this," he said: "to admit that I cheated you, cheated the world out of you, robbed you of your independence under false pretenses, married you as I did because I was afraid I'd lose you otherwise. My justification was that I loved you—as though that could excuse anything. Only could I be excused for marrying you if our engagement had been openly announced and you had found it in you to withstand and forgive whatever ill you heard of me. But I did not give you that chance. I married you. And within that very hour you learned something—whatever it was—that changed you utterly toward me, and is threatening to ruin your happiness—to annihilate within you the very joy of living."

He shook his head again slowly.

"That won't do, Jacqueline. Happiness is as much your right as is life itself. The world has a right to you, too; because you have lived nobly, and your work has been for the betterment of things. Whoever knows you honors you and loves you. It is such a woman as you who is of importance in the world. Men and women are better for you. You are needed. While I—"

He made a quick gesture; his lip trembled, but he smiled.

"So," he said, "I have thought it all out—there alone in my rooms to-night. There will be no more trouble, no anxiety for you. I'll step out of your life very quietly, Jacqueline, without any stir or fuss or any inconvenience to you, more than waiting for my continued absence to become flagrant and permanent enough to satisfy the legal requirements. And in a little while you will have your liberty again; the liberty and, very soon, the tranquillity of mind and the happiness out of which I have managed to swindle you."

She had been seated motionless, leaning forward in her chair to listen. After a few moments of silence which followed, the constraint of her attitude suddenly weakened her, and she slowly sank back into the depths of her big chair. "And that," she said aloud to herself, "is what he has come here to tell me."

"Yes, Jacqueline."

She turned her head toward him, her cheek resting flat against the upholstered

chintz back. "One thing you have not told me, Jim."

"What is that?" he asked, in a strained voice.

"How I am to live without you."

There was a silence. When his self-control seemed assured once more, he said, "Do you mean that the damage I have done is irreparable?"

"What you have done cannot be undone. You have made me love you." Her lip trembled in a pitiful attempt to smile. "Are you, after all, about to send me forth 'between tall avenues of spears, to die'?"

"Do you still think you care for such a man as I am?" he said hoarsely.

She nodded. "And if you leave me it will be the same, Jim. Wherever you are—living alone or married to another woman—or whether you are living at all, or dead, it will always be the same with me. Love is love. Nothing you say now can alter it. Words—yours or the words of others—merely wound *me* and do not cripple my love for you. Nor can deeds do so. I know that, now. They can slay me only, not my love, Jim—for I think, with me, it is really and truly immortal."

His head dropped between his hands. She saw his body trembling at moments. After a little while she rose, and, stepping to his side, bent over him, letting her hand rest lightly on his hair.

"All I ask of you is to be patient," she whispered. "And you don't understand—you don't seem to understand me, dear. I am learning very fast—much faster and more thoroughly than I believed possible. Cynthia was here this evening. She helped me so much. She taught me a great deal—a very great deal. And your goodness, your unselfishness, in coming to me this way—with your boyish amends, your unconsidered and impulsive offers of restitution—restitution of single blessedness—" She smiled, and, deep within her breast, a faint thrill stirred her like a far premonition.

Timidly, scarcely daring, she ventured by degrees to encircle his head with her arm, letting her cool fingers rest over the tense and feverish hands that covered his face.

"What a boy is this grown man!" she whispered. "What a foolish, emotional, impulsive boy! And such an unhappy one; and *such* a tired one!"

And, once more hesitating, and with

infinite precaution, lest he become suddenly too conscious of this new and shy demonstration, she ventured to seat herself on the arm of his chair and bend closer to him.

"You must go back to your rooms, dear," she murmured. "It is morning, and we both are in need of sleep, I think. So you must say good-night to me and go back to—to pleasant dreams. And to-morrow we will go to Silverwood for over Sunday. Two whole days together, dear."

Her soft cheek rested against his; her voice died out. Slowly, guided by the most delicate pressure, his head moved toward her shoulder, resisted, fell forward on her breast. For one instant's ecstasy she drew his face against her, tightly, almost fearfully, then sprang to her feet, breathless, blushing from throat to brow, and stepped back.

He was on his feet, too—flushed, dazed, moving toward her.

She stretched out both hands swiftly. "Good-night, dearest—dearest of men. You have made me happy again. You are making me happier every moment. Only be patient with me. And it will all come true—what we have dreamed."

Her hands were crushed against his lips, and her heart was beating faster and faster, and she was saying she scarcely knew what.

"All will be well with us. I no longer doubt it. You must not. I—I am the girl you desire. I will be, always—always. Only be gentle and patient with me—only that—only that."

"How can I take you this way—and keep you—after what I have done?" he stammered. "How can I let your generosity and mercy rob you of what is your due?"

"Love is my due, I think. But only you can give it. And if you withhold it, Jim, I am robbed indeed."

"Your pity—your sweetness—"

"My pity is for myself if you prove unkind to my sweetness."

"I? Unkind! Good God!"

"Oh! He is good, Jim! And he will be. Never doubt it again. And lie down to pleasant dreams. Will you come for me to-morrow at five?"

"Yes."

"And never again distrust yourself or me?"

He drew a deep, unsteady breath.

"Good-night," she whispered.

The Death House

Have you ever served on the jury? Did it happen to be a capital case? Then you know for yourself how much value and importance are usually attached to alleged "expert" testimony. A shrewd lawyer can always make a joke of the best of it. In this story there is expert testimony of a different kind—testimony based upon the most up-to-the-minute scientific discovery which, in the hands of Craig Kennedy, actually delivers the goods and solves a strange murder mystery. Like all the Craig Kennedy stories, this one has the double advantage of telling something new in modern detective methods—and of gripping your interest hard

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Elixir of Life," "The Dream Doctor," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

HERE'S a case that begins at the other end, Walter—with the conviction."

Kennedy handed me a letter in the angular hand affected by many women. It was dated at Sing Sing, or rather Ossining. Craig seemed to appreciate the surprise which my face must have betrayed at the curious combination of circumstances.

"Nearly always there is the wife or mother of a condemned man who lives in the shadow of the prison," he remarked quietly, adding, "where she can look down at the grim walls, hoping and fearing."

I said nothing, for the letter spoke for itself.

I have read of your success as a scientific detective and hope that you will pardon me for writing to you, but it is a matter of life or death for one who is dearer to me than all the world.

Perhaps you recall reading of the trial and conviction of my husband, Sanford Godwin, at East Point. The case did not attract much attention in New York papers, although he was defended by an able lawyer from the city.

Since the trial, I have taken up my residence here in Ossining in order to be near him. As I write I can see the cold, gray walls of the state prison that holds all that is dear to me. Day after day, I have watched and waited, hoped against hope. The courts are so slow, and lawyers are so technical. There have been executions since I came here, too—and I shudder at them. Will his appeal be denied, also?

My husband was accused of murdering by poison—hemlock, they alleged—his adoptive parent, the retired merchant, Parker Godwin, whose family name he took when he was a boy. After the death of the old man, a later will was discovered in which my

husband's inheritance was reduced to a small annuity. The other heirs, the Elmores, asserted, and the state made out its case on the assumption, that the new will furnished a motive for killing old Mr. Godwin, and that only by accident had it been discovered.

Sanford is innocent. He could not have done it. It is not in him to do such a thing. I am only a woman, but about some things I know more than all the lawyers and scientists, and I know that he is innocent.

I cannot write all. My heart is too full. Cannot you come and advise me? Even if you cannot take up the case to which I have devoted my life, tell me what to do. I am enclosing a check for expenses, all I can spare at present.

Sincerely yours,
NELLA GODWIN.

"Are you going?" I asked, watching Kennedy as he tapped the check thoughtfully on the desk.

"I can hardly resist an appeal like that," he replied, replacing the check in the envelope with the letter.

In the early forenoon, we were on our way by train "up the river" to Sing Sing, where, at the station, a line of old-fashioned cabs and red-faced cabbies greeted us, for the town itself is hilly.

The house to which we had been directed was on the hill, and from its windows one could look down on the barracks-like pile of stone with the evil little black-barred slits of windows, below and perhaps a quarter of a mile away.

There was no need to be told what it was. Its very atmosphere breathed the word "prison." Even the ugly clutter of tall-

chimneyed workshops did not destroy it. Every stone, every grill, every glint of a sentry's rifle spelt "prison."

Mrs. Godwin was a pale, slight little woman, in whose face shone an indomitable spirit, unconquered even by the slow torture of her lonely vigil. Except for such few hours that she had to engage in her simple household duties, with now and then a short walk in the country, she was always watching that bleak stone house of atonement.

Yet, though her spirit was unconquered, it needed no physician to tell one that the dimming of the lights at the prison on the morning set for the execution would fill two graves instead of one. For she had come to know that this sudden dimming of the corridor lights, and then their almost as sudden flaring-up, had a terrible meaning, well known to the men inside. Hers was no less an agony than that of the men in the curtained cells, since she had learned that when the lights grow dim at dawn at Sing Sing, it means

that the electric power has been borrowed for just that little while to send a body straining against the straps of the electric chair, snuffing out the life of a man.

To-day she had evidently been watching in both directions, watching eagerly the carriages as they climbed the hill, as well as in the direction of the prison.

"How can I ever thank you, Professor Kennedy," she greeted us at the door, keeping back with difficulty the tears that

showed how much it meant to have anyone interest himself in her husband's case.

There was that gentleness about Mrs. Godwin that comes only to those who have suffered much.

"It has been a long fight," she began, as we talked in her modest little sitting-room, into which the sun streamed brightly with no thought of the cold shadows in the grim building below. "Oh, and such a hard, heartbreaking fight! Often it seems as if we had exhausted every means at our disposal, and yet we shall never give up. Why

cannot we make the world see our case as we see it? Everything seems to have conspired against us—and yet I cannot, I will not believe that the law and the science that have condemned him are the last words in law and science."

"You said in your letter that the courts were so slow and the lawyers so—"

"Yes, so cold, so technical. They do not seem to realize that a human life is at stake. With them it is almost like a game in which we are the pawns. And sometimes I

fear, in spite of what the lawyers say, that without some new evidence, it—it will go hard with him."

"You have not given up hope in the appeal?" asked Kennedy gently.

"It is merely on technicalities of the law," she replied with quiet fortitude, "that is, as nearly as I can make out from the language of the papers. Our lawyer is Salo Kahn, of the big firm of criminal lawyers, Smith, Kahn & Smith."



Without a word he was now down on his knees, drilling a hole in the plaster and lath

The Death House

"A good lawyer," encouraged Kennedy.

"Yes, I know. He has done all that lawyers can do. But the evidence was—what you would call, scientific—absolutely. Three expert chemists testified for the people that they found the alkaloid, conine, in the body. You see, I have thought and rethought, read and reread the case so much that I can talk like a—a man about it. Yes, they found the alkaloid in the body and try as he did there was no way that Mr. Kahn could shake their testimony. The jury believed them.

"And yet, oh, Professor Kennedy, is there nothing higher than this cold science of theirs? It cannot be—it cannot be. Sanford has told me the truth, and I know I would know if he had not been telling me what was true."

It was splendid, this exhibition of a woman's faithfulness, of this wife fighting against such tremendous weight of odds, fighting his fight, daring both law and science in her intrepid belief in him.

"Conine," mused Kennedy, half to himself. I could not tell whether he was thinking of what he repeated or of the little woman.

"Yes, the active principle of hemlock," she went on. "That was what the experts discovered, they swore. In the pure state, I believe, it is more poisonous than anything except the cyanides. And it was absolutely scientific evidence. They repeated the tests in court. There was no doubt of it. But, oh, he did not do it. Some one else did it. He did not—he could not."

Kennedy said nothing for a few minutes, but from his tone when he did speak it was evident that he was deeply touched.

"Since our marriage we lived with old Mr. Godwin in the historic Godwin House at East Point," she resumed, as he renewed his questioning. "Sanford—that was my husband's real last name until he came as a boy to work for Mr. Godwin in the office of the factory and was adopted by his employer—Sanford and I kept house for him.

"About a year ago he began to grow feeble and seldom went to the factory, which Sanford managed for him. One night Mr. Godwin was taken suddenly ill. I don't know how long he had been ill before we heard him groaning, but he died almost before we could summon a doctor. There was really nothing suspicious about

it, but there had always been a great deal of jealousy of my husband in the town and especially among the few distant relatives of Mr. Godwin. What must have started as an idle, gossipy rumor developed into a serious charge that my husband had hastened his old guardian's death.

"The original will—*the* will, I call it—had been placed in the safe in the factory several years ago. But when the gossip in the town grew bitter, one day when we were out some private detectives entered the house with a warrant—and they did actually find a will, another will about which we knew nothing, dated later than the first and hidden with some papers in the back of a closet, or sort of fireproof box, built into the wall of the library. The second will was identical with the first in language except that its terms were reversed and instead of being the residuary legatee, Sanford was given a comparatively small annuity, and the Elmores were made residuary legatees instead of annuitants."

"And who are these Elmores?" asked Kennedy curiously.

"There are three, two grandnephews and a grandniece, Bradford, Lambert, and their sister Miriam."

"And they live—"

"In East Point, also. Old Mr. Godwin was not very friendly with his sister, whose grandchildren they were. They were the only other heirs living, and although Sanford never had anything to do with it, I think they always imagined that he tried to prejudice the old man against them."

"I shall want to see the Elmores, or at least some one who represents them, as well as the district attorney up there who conducted the case. But now that I am here, I wonder if it is possible that I could bring any influence to bear to see your husband?"

Mrs. Godwin sighed.

"Once a month," she replied, "I leave this window, walk to the prison, where the warden is very kind to me, and then I can see Sanford. Of course there are the bars between us besides the regular screen. But I can have an hour's talk, and in those talks he has described to me exactly every detail of his life in the—the prison. We have even agreed on certain hours when we think of each other. In those hours I know almost what he is thinking." She paused to collect herself. "Perhaps there

may be some way if I plead with the warden. Perhaps—you may be considered his counsel now—you may see him."

A half-hour later we sat in the big registry room of the prison and talked with the big-hearted, big-handed warden. Every argument that Kennedy could summon was brought to bear. He even talked over long distance with the lawyers in New York. At last the rules were relaxed and Kennedy was admitted on some technicality as counsel. Counsel can see the condemned as often as necessary.

We were conducted down a flight of steps and past huge steel-barred doors, along corridors and through the regular prison until at last we were in what the prison officials call the section for the condemned. Everyone else calls this secret heart of the grim place the death house.

It is made up of two rows of cells, some eighteen or twenty in all, a little more modern in construction than the twelve hundred archaic caverns that pass for cells in the main prison.

At each end of the corridor sat a guard, armed, with eyes never off the rows of cells day or night.

In the wall, on one side, was a door—the little green door—the door from the death house to the death chamber.

While Kennedy was talking to the prisoner, a guard volunteered to show me the death chamber and the "chair." No other furniture was there in the little brick house of one room except this awful chair, of yellow oak, with broad, leather straps. There it stood, the sole article in the brightly varnished room of about twenty-five feet square with walls of clean blue, this grim acolyte of modern scientific death. There were the wet electrodes that are fastened to the legs through slits in the trousers at the calves; above was the pipe-like fixture, like a gruesome helmet of leather that fits over the head, carrying the other electrode.

Back of the condemned was the switch which lets loose a lethal store of energy, and back of that the prison morgue where the bodies are taken. I looked about. In the wall to the left toward the death house was also a door, on this side yellow. Somehow I could not get from my mind the fascination of that door—the threshold of the grave.

Meanwhile Kennedy sat in the little cage and talked with the convicted man

across the three-foot distance between cell and screen. I did not see him at that time, but Kennedy repeated afterward what passed, and it so impressed me that I will set it down as if I had been present.

Sanford Godwin was a tall, ashen-faced man, in the prison pallor of whose face was written the determination of despair, a man in whose blue eyes was a queer, half-insane light of hope. One knew that if it had not been for the little woman at the window at the top of the hill, the hope would probably long ago have faded. But this man knew she was always there, thinking, watching, eagerly planning in aid of any new scheme in the long fight for freedom.

"The alkaloid was present, that is certain," he told Kennedy. "My wife has told you that. It was scientifically proved. There is no use in attacking that."

Later on he remarked: "Perhaps you think it strange that one in the very shadow of the death chair"—the word stuck in his throat—"can talk so impersonally of his own case. Sometimes I think it is not my case, but someone else's. And then—that door."

He shuddered and turned away from it. On one side was life, such as it was; on the other, instant death. No wonder he pleaded with Kennedy.

"Why, Walter," exclaimed Craig, as we walked back to the warden's office to telephone to town for a car to take us up to East Point, "whenever he looks out of that cage he sees it. He may close his eyes—and still see it. When he exercises, he sees it. Thinking by day and dreaming by night, it is always there. Think of the terrible hours that man must pass, knowing of the little woman eating her heart out. Is he really guilty? I must find out. If he is not, I never saw a greater tragedy than this slow, remorseless approach of death, in that daily, hourly shadow of the little green door."

East Point was a queer old town on the upper Hudson, with a varying assortment of industries. Just outside, the old house of the Godwins stood on a bluff overlooking the majestic river. Kennedy had wanted to see it before anyone suspected his mission, and a note from Mrs. Godwin to a friend had been sufficient.

Carefully he went over the deserted and now half-wrecked house, for the authorities had spared nothing in their search for

poison, even going over the garden and the lawns in the hope of finding some of the poisonous shrub, hemlock, which it was contented had been used to put an end to Mr. Godwin.

As yet nothing had been done to put the house in order again and, as we walked about, we noticed a pile of old tins in the yard which had not been removed.

Kennedy turned them over with his stick. Then he picked one up and examined it attentively.

"H—m—a blown can," he remarked.

"Blown?" I repeated.

"Yes. When the contents of a tin begin to deteriorate they sometimes give off gases which press out the ends of the tin. You can see how these ends bulge."

Our next visit was to the district attorney, a young man, Gordon Kilgore, who seemed not unwilling to discuss the case frankly.

"I want to make arrangements for disinterring the body," explained Kennedy. "Would you fight such a move?"

"Not at all, not at all," he answered brusquely. "Simply make the arrangements through Kahn. I shall interpose no objection. It is the strongest, most impregnable part of the case, the discovery of the poison. If you can break that down you will do more than anyone else has dared to hope. But it can't be done. The proof was too strong. Of course it is none of my business, but I'd advise some other point of attack."

I must confess to a feeling of disappointment when Kennedy announced after leaving Kilgore that, for the present, there was nothing more to be done at East Point until Kahn had made the arrangements for reopening the grave.

We motored back to Ossining, and Kennedy tried to be reassuring to Mrs. Godwin.

"By the way," he remarked, just before we left, "you used a good deal of canned goods at the Godwin house, didn't you?"

"Yes, but not more than other people, I think," she said.

"Do you recall using any that were—well, perhaps not exactly spoiled, but that had anything peculiar about them?"

"I remember once we thought we found some cans that seemed to have been attacked by mice—at least they smelt so, though how mice could get through a tin can we couldn't see."

"Mice?" queried Kennedy. "Had a mousey smell? That's interesting. Well, Mrs. Godwin, keep up a good heart. Depend on me. What you have told me to-day has made me more than interested in your case. I shall waste no time in letting you know when anything encouraging develops."

Craig had never had much patience with red tape that barred the way to the truth, yet there were times when law and legal procedure had to be respected, no matter how much they hampered, and this was one of them. At last the order was obtained permitting the opening again of the grave of old Mr. Godwin. The body was exhumed, and Kennedy set about his examination of what secrets it might hide.

Meanwhile, it seemed to me that the suspense was terrible. Kennedy was moving slowly, I thought. Not even the courts themselves could have been more deliberate. Also, he was keeping much to himself.

Still, day after day, there was the slow, inevitable approach of the thing that now, I, too, had come to dread—the handing down of the final decision on the appeal.

Yet what could Craig do otherwise, I asked myself. I had become deeply interested in the case by this time and had read all the evidence, hundreds of pages of it. It was cold, hard, brutal, scientific fact, and as I read I felt that hope faded for the ashen-faced man and the pallid little woman. It seemed the last word in science. Was there any way of escape?

Impatient as I was, I often wondered what must have been the suspense of those to whom the case meant everything.

"How are the tests coming along?" I ventured one night, after Kahn had arranged for the uncovering of the grave.

It was now several days since Kennedy had gone up to East Point to superintend the exhumation and had returned to the city with the materials which had caused him to keep later hours in the laboratory than I had ever known even the indefatigable Craig to spend on a stretch before.

He shook his head doubtfully.

"Walter," he admitted, "I'm afraid I have reached the limit on the line of investigation I had planned at the start."

I looked at him in dismay. "What then?" I managed to gasp.

"I am going up to East Point again to-

morrow to look over that house and start a new line. You can go."

No urging was needed, and the following day saw us again on the ground. The house, as I have said, had been almost torn to pieces in the search for the will and the poison evidence. As before, we went to it unannounced, and this time we had no difficulty in getting in. Kennedy, who had brought with him a large package, made his way directly to a sort of drawing-room next to the large library, in the closet of which the will had been discovered.

He unwrapped the package and took from it a huge brace and bit, the bit a long, thin, murderous looking affair such as might have come from a burglar's kit. I regarded it much in that light.

"What's the lay?" I asked, as he tapped over the walls to ascertain of just what they were composed.

Without a word he was now down on his knees, drilling a hole in the plaster and lath. When he struck an obstruction he stopped, removed the bit, inserted another, and began again.

"Are you going to put in a detectaphone? I asked again.

He shook his head. "A detectaphone wouldn't be of any use here," he replied. "No one is going to do any talking in that room."

Again the brace and bit were at work. At last the wall had been penetrated, and he quickly removed every trace from the other side that would have attracted attention to a little hole in an obscure corner of the flowered wall-paper.

Next, he drew out what looked like a long putty-blower, perhaps a foot long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

"What's that?" I asked, as he rose after carefully inserting it.

"Look through it," he replied simply, still at work on some other apparatus he had brought.

I looked. In spite of the smallness of the opening at the other end, I was

amazed to find that I could see nearly the whole room on the other side of the wall.

"It's a detectascope," he explained, "a tube with a fish-eye lens which I had an expert optician make for me."

"A fish-eye lens?" I repeated.

"Yes. The focus may be altered in range so that anyone in the room may be seen and recognized and any action of his may be detected. The original of this was devised by Gaillard Smith, the adapter of the detectaphone. The instrument is something like the cytoscope, which the doctors use to look into the human interior. Now, look through it again. Do you see the closet?"

Again I looked. "Yes," I said, "but will one of us have to watch here all the time?"

He had been working on a black box in the mean time, and now he began to set it up,



Seated in a chair as white as a wraith from the grave, was Mrs. Godwin, staring straight ahead

adjusting it to the hole in the wall which he enlarged on our side.

"No, that is my own improvement on it. You remember once we used a quick-shutter camera with an electric attachment, which moved the shutter on the contact of a person with an object in the room? Well, this camera has that quick shutter. But, in addition, I have adapted to the detectascope an invention by Professor Robert Wood, of Johns Hopkins. He has devised a fish-eye camera that 'sees' over a radius of one hundred and eighty degrees—not only straight in front, but over half a circle, every point in that room.

"You know the refracting power of a drop of water. Since it is a globe, it refracts the light which reaches it from all directions. If it is placed like the lens of a camera, as Dr. Wood tried it, so that one-half of it catches the light, all the light caught will be refracted through it. Fishes, too, have a wide range of vision. Some have eyes that see over half a circle. So the lens gets its name. Ordinary cameras, because of the flatness of their lenses, have a range of only a few degrees, the widest in use, I believe, taking in only ninety-six, or a little more than a quarter of a circle. So, you see, my detectascope has a range almost twice as wide as that of any other."

Though I did not know what he expected to discover and knew that it was useless to ask, the thing seemed very interesting. Craig did not pause, however, to enlarge on the new machine, but gathered up his tools and announced that our next step would be a visit to a lawyer whom the Elmores had retained as their personal counsel to look after their interests, now that the district attorney seemed to have cleared up the criminal end of the case.

Hollins was one of the prominent attorneys of East Point, and before the election of Kilgore as prosecutor had been his partner. Unlike Kilgore, we found him especially uncommunicative and inclined to resent our presence in the case as intruders.

The interview did not seem to me to be productive of anything. In fact, it seemed as if Craig were giving Hollins much more than he was getting.

"I shall be in town over night," remarked Craig. "In fact, I am thinking of going over the library up at the Godwin house soon, very carefully." He spoke casually. "There may be, you know, some

finger-prints on the walls around that closet which might prove interesting."

A quick look from Hollins was the only answer. In fact, it was seldom that he uttered more than a monosyllable as we talked over the various aspects of the case.

A half-hour later, when we had left and had gone to the hotel, I asked Kennedy suspiciously, "Why did you expose your hand to Hollins, Craig?"

He laughed. "Oh, Walter," he remonstrated, "don't you know that it is nearly always useless to look for finger-prints, except under some circumstances, even a few days afterward? This is months, not days. Why on iron and steel they last with tolerable certainty only a short time, and not much longer on silver, glass, or wood. But they are seldom permanent unless they are made with ink or blood or something that leaves a more or less indelible mark. That was a 'plant'."

"But what do you expect to gain by it?"

"Well," he replied enigmatically, "no one is necessarily honest."

It was late in the afternoon when Kennedy again visited the Godwin house and examined the camera. Without a word he pulled the detectascope from the wall and carried the whole thing to the developing-room of the local photographer.

There he set to work on the film and I watched him in silence. He seemed very much excited as he watched the film develop, until at last he held it up, dripping, to the red light.

"Someone has entered that room this afternoon and attempted to wipe off the walls and woodwork of that closet, as I expected," he exclaimed.

"Who was it?" I asked, leaning over.

Kennedy said nothing, but pointed to a figure on the film. I bent closer. It was the figure of a woman.

"Miriam!" I exclaimed in surprise.

I looked aghast at him. If it had been either Bradford or Lambert, all of whom we had come to know since Kennedy had interested himself in the case, or even Hollins or Kilgore, I should not have been surprised. But Miriam!

"How could she have any connection with the case?" I asked incredulously.

Kennedy did not attempt to explain. "It is a fatal mistake, Walter, for a detective to assume that he knows what anybody would do in any given circumstances.

The only safe course for him is to find out what the persons in question did do. People are always doing the unexpected. This is a case of it, as you see. I am merely trying to get back at facts. Come; I think we might as well not stay over night, after all. I should like to drop off on the way back to the city to see Mrs. Godwin."

As we rode up the hill I was surprised to see that there was no one at the window, or did anyone seem to pay attention to our knocking at the door.

Kennedy turned the knob quickly and strode in.

Seated in a chair, as white as a wraith from the grave, was Mrs. Godwin, staring straight ahead, seeing nothing, hearing nothing.

"What's the matter?" demanded Kennedy, leaping to her side and grasping her icy hand.

The stare on her face seemed to change slightly as she recognized him.

"Walter—some water—and a little brandy—if there is any. Tell me—what has happened?"

From her lap a yellow telegram had fluttered to the floor, but before he could pick it up, she gasped, "The appeal—it has been denied." Kennedy picked up the paper. It was a message, unsigned, but not from Kahn, as its wording and in fact the circumstances plainly showed.

"The execution is set for the week beginning the twenty-fifth," she continued, in the same hollow, mechanical voice. "My God—that's next Monday!"

She had risen now and was pacing the room.

"No! I'm not going to faint. I wish I could. I wish I could cry. I wish I could do something. Oh, those Elmores—they must have sent it. No one would have been so cruel but them."

She stopped and gazed wildly out of the window at the prison. Neither of us knew what to say for the moment.

"Many times from this window," she cried, "I have seen a man walk out of that prison gate. I always watch to see what he does, though I know it is no use. If he stands in the free air, stops short, and looks up suddenly, taking a long look at every house—I hope. But he always turns for a quick, backward look at the prison and goes half running down the hill. They always stop in that fashion, when the steel door opens outward. Yet I have always looked

and hoped. But I can hope no more—no more. The last chance is gone."

"No—not the last chance," exclaimed Craig, springing to her side lest she should fall. Then he added gently, "You must come with me to East Point—immediately."

"What—leave him here—alone—in the last days? No—no—no. Never. I must see him. I wonder if they have told him yet."

It was evident that she had lost faith in Kennedy, in everybody, now.

"Mrs. Godwin," he urged. "Come you must. It is a last chance."

Eagerly he was pouring out the story of the discovery of the afternoon by the little detectascope.

"Miriam?" she repeated, dazed. "She—know anything—it can't be. No—don't raise a false hope now."

"It is the last chance," he urged again. "Come. There is not an hour to waste now."

There was no delay, no deliberation about Kennedy now. He had been forced out into the open by the course of events, and he meant to take advantage of every precious moment.

Down the hill our car sped to the town, with Mrs. Godwin still protesting, but hardly realizing what was going on. Regardless of tolls, Kennedy called up his laboratory in New York and had two of his most careful students pack up the stuff which he described minutely to be carried to East Point immediately by train. Kahn, too, was at last found and summoned to meet us there, also.

Miles never seemed longer than they did to us as we tore over the country from Ossining to East Point, a silent party, yet keyed up by an excitement that none of us had ever felt before.

Impatiently we awaited the arrival of the men from Kennedy's laboratory, while we made Mrs. Godwin as comfortable as possible in a room at the hotel. In one of the parlors Kennedy was improvising a laboratory as best he could. Meanwhile, Kahn had arrived, and together we were seeking those whose connection with, or interest in, the case made necessary their presence.

It was well along toward midnight before the hasty conference had been gathered; besides Mrs. Godwin, Salo Kahn, and ourselves, the three Elmores, Kilgore, and Hollins.

Strange though it was, the room seemed

to me almost to have assumed the familiar look of the laboratory in New York. There was the same clutter of tubes and jars on the tables, but above all that same feeling of suspense in the air which I had come to associate with the clearing-up of a case. There was something else in the air, too. It was a peculiar mousey smell, disagreeable, and one which made it a relief to have Kennedy begin in a low voice to tell why he had called us together so hastily.

"I shall start," announced Kennedy, "at the point where the state left off—with the proof that Mr. Godwin died of conine, or hemlock poisoning. Conine, as every chemist knows, has a long and well-known history. It was the first alkaloid to be synthesized. Here is a sample, this colorless, oily fluid. No doubt you have noticed the mousey odor in this room. As little as one part of conine to fifty thousand of water gives off that odor—it is characteristic.

"I have proceeded with extraordinary caution in my investigation of this case," he went on. "In fact, there would have been no value in it, otherwise, for the experts for the people seem to have established the presence of conine in the body with absolute certainty."

He paused and we waited expectantly.

"I have had the body exhumed and have repeated the tests. The alkaloid which I discovered had given precisely the same results as in their tests."

My heart sank. What was he doing—convicting the man over again?

"There is one other test which I tried," he continued, "but which I cannot take time to duplicate to-night. It was testified at the trial that conine, the active principle of hemlock, is intensely poisonous. No chemical antidote is known. A fifth of a grain has serious results; a drop is fatal. An injection of a most minute quantity of real conine will kill a mouse, for instance, almost instantly. But the conine which I have isolated in the body is inert!"

It came like a bombshell to the prosecution, so bewildering was the discovery.

"Inert?" cried Kilgore and Hollins almost together. "It can't be. You are making sport of the best chemical experts that money could obtain. Inert? Read the evidence—read the books."

"On the contrary, resumed Craig, ignoring the interruption, "all the reactions obtained by the experts have been duplicated

by me. But, in addition, I tried this one test which they did not try. I repeat: the conine isolated in the body is inert."

We were too perplexed to question him.

"Alkaloids," he continued quietly, "as you know, have names that end in 'in' or 'ine'—morphine, strychnine, and so on. Now there are two kinds of alkaloids which are sometimes called vegetable and animal. Moreover, there is a large class of which we are learning much which are called the ptomaines—from *ptoma*, a corpse. Ptomaine poisoning, as everyone knows, results when we eat food that has begun to decay.

"Ptomaines are chemical compounds of an alkaloidal nature formed in protein substances during putrefaction. They are purely chemical bodies and differ from the toxins. There are also what are called leucomaines, formed in living tissues, and when not given off by the body they produce auto-intoxication.

"There are more than three score ptomaines, and half of them are poisonous. In fact, illness due to eating infected foods is much more common than is generally supposed. Often there is only one case in a number of those eating the food, due merely to that person's inability to throw off the poison. Such cases are difficult to distinguish. They are usually supposed to be gastro-enteritis. Ptomaines, as their name shows, are found in dead bodies. They are found in all dead matter after a time, whether it is decayed food or a decaying corpse.

"No general reaction is known by which the ptomaines can be distinguished from the vegetable alkaloids. But we know that animal alkaloids always develop either as a result of decay of food or of the decay of the body itself."

At one stroke Kennedy had reopened the closed case and had placed the experts at sea.

"I find that there is an animal conine as well as the true conine," he hammered out. "The truth of this matter is that the experts have confounded vegetable conine with cadaveric conine. That raises an interesting question. Assuming the presence of conine, where did it come from?"

He paused and began a new line of attack. "As the use of canned goods becomes more and more extensive, ptomaine poisoning is more frequent. In canning, the cans are heated. They are composed of thin sheets of iron coated with tin, the seams pressed



DRAWN BY WILL FETTER

Mrs. Godwin was on her feet in a moment. "Once my intuition was not wrong, though all science and law was against me," she pleaded with Kennedy

and soldered with a thin line of solder. They are filled with cooked food, sterilized, and closed. The bacteria are usually all killed, but now and then, the apparatus does not work, and they develop in the can. That results in a 'blown can'—the ends bulge a little bit. On opening, a gas escapes, the food has a bad odor and a bad taste. Sometimes people say that the tin and lead poison them; in practically all cases the poisoning is of bacterial, not metallic, origin. Mr. Godwin may have died of poisoning, probably did. But it was ptomaine poisoning. The blown cans which I have discovered would indicate that."

I was following him closely, yet though this seemed to explain a part of the case, it was far from explaining all.

"Then followed," he hurried on, "the development of the usual ptomaines in the body itself. These, I may say, had no relation to the cause of death itself. The putrefactive germs began their attack. Whatever there may have been in the body before, certainly they produced a cadaveric ptomaine conine. For many animal tissues and fluids, especially if somewhat decomposed, yield not infrequently compounds of an oily nature with a mousey odor, fuming with hydrochloric acid and in short, acting just like conine. There is ample evidence, I have found, that conine or a substance possessing most, if not all, of its properties is at times actually produced in animal tissues by decomposition. And the fact is, I believe, that a number of cases have arisen, in which the poisonous alkaloid was at first supposed to have been discovered which were really mistakes."

The idea was startling in the extreme. Here was Kennedy, as it were, overturning what had been considered the last word in science as it had been laid down by the experts for the prosecution, opinions so impregnable that courts and juries had not hesitated to condemn a man to death.

"There have been cases," Craig went on solemnly, "and I believe this to be one, where death has been pronounced to have been caused by wilful administration of a vegetable alkaloid, which toxicologists would now put down as ptomaine-poisoning cases. Innocent people have possibly already suffered and may in the future. But medical experts—" he laid especial stress on the word—"are much more alive to the danger of mistake than formerly. This was a case

where the danger was not considered, either through carelessness, ignorance, or prejudice.

"Indeed, ptomaines are present probably to a greater or less extent in every organ which is submitted to the toxicologist for examination. If he is ignorant of the nature of these substances, he may easily mistake them for vegetable alkaloids. He may report a given poison present when it is not present. It is even yet a new line of inquiry which has only recently been followed, and the information is still comparatively small and inadequate."

"It is very difficult, perhaps impossible, for the chemist to state absolutely that he has detected true conine. Before he can do it, the symptoms and the post-mortem appearance must agree; analysis must be made before, not after, decomposition sets in, and the amount of the poison found must be sufficient to experiment with, not merely to react to a few usual tests.

"What the experts asserted so positively, I would not dare to assert. Was he killed by ordinary ptomaine poisoning, and had conine, or rather its double, developed first in his food along with other ptomaines that were not inert? Or did the cadaveric conine develop only in the body after death? Chemistry alone cannot decide the question so glibly as the experts did. Further proof must be sought. Other sciences must come to our aid."

I was sitting next to Mrs. Godwin. As Kennedy's words rang out, her hand, trembling with emotion, pressed my arm. I turned quickly to see if she needed assistance. Her face was radiant. All the fees for big cases in the world could never have compensated Kennedy for the mute, unrestrained gratitude which the little woman shot at him.

Kennedy saw it, and in the quick shifting of his eyes to my face, I read that he relied on me to take care of Mrs. Godwin while he plunged again into the clearing up of the mystery.

"I have here the will—the second one," he snapped out, turning and facing the others in the room.

Craig turned a switch in an apparatus which his students had brought from New York. From a tube on the table came a peculiar bluish light.

"This," he explained, "is a source of ultraviolet rays. They are not the bluish

light which you see, but rays contained in it which you cannot see.

"Ultraviolet rays have recently been found very valuable in the examination of questioned documents. By the use of a lens made of quartz covered with a thin film of metallic silver, there has been developed a practical means of making photographs by the invisible rays of light above the spectrum—these ultraviolet rays. The quartz lens is necessary, because these rays will not pass through ordinary glass, while the silver film acts as a screen to cut off the ordinary light rays and those below the spectrum. By this means, most white objects are photographed black and even transparent objects like glass are black.

"I obtained the copy of this will, but under the condition from the surrogate that absolutely nothing must be done to it to change a fiber of the paper or a line of a letter. It was a difficult condition. While there are chemicals which are frequently resorted to for testing the authenticity of disputed documents such as wills and deeds, their use frequently injures or destroys the paper under test. So far as I could determine, the document also defied the microscope.

"But ultraviolet photography does not affect the document tested in any way, and it has lately been used practically in detecting forgeries. I have photographed the last page of the will with its signatures, and here it is. What the eye itself cannot see, the invisible light reveals."

He was holding the document and the copy, just an instant, as if considering how to announce with best effect what he had discovered.

"In order to unravel this mystery," he resumed, looking up and facing the Elmores, Kilgore, and Hollins squarely, "I decided to find out whether anyone had had access to that closet where the will was hidden. It was long ago, and there seemed to be little that I could do. I knew it was useless to look for finger-prints.

"So I used what we detectives now call the law of suggestion. I questioned closely one who was in touch with all those who might have had such access. I hinted broadly at seeking finger-prints which might lead to the identity of one who had entered the house unknown to the Godwins, and placed a document where private detectives would subsequently find it under suspicious circumstances.

"Naturally, it would seem to one who was guilty of such an act, or knew of it, that there might, after all, be finger-prints. I tried it. I found out through this little tube, the detectoscope, that one really entered the room after that, and tried to wipe off any supposed finger-prints that might still remain. That settled it. The second will was a forgery, and the person who entered that room so stealthily this afternoon knows that it is a forgery."

As Kennedy slapped down on the table the film from his camera, which had been concealed, Mrs. Godwin turned her now large and unnaturally bright eyes and met those of the other woman in the room.

"Oh—oh—heaven help us—me, I mean!" cried Miriam, unable to bear the strain of the turn of events longer. "I knew there would be retribution—I knew—I knew—"

Mrs. Godwin was on her feet in a moment.

"Once my intuition was not wrong, though all science and law was against me," she pleaded with Kennedy. There was a gentleness in her tone that fell like a soft rain on the surging passions of those who had wronged her so shamefully. "Professor Kennedy, Miriam could not have forged—"

Kennedy smiled. "Science was not against you, Mrs. Godwin. Ignorance was against you. And your intuition does not go contrary to science this time, either."

It was a splendid exhibition of fine feeling which Kennedy waited to have impressed on the Elmores, as though burning it into their minds.

"Miriam Elmore knew that her brothers had forged a will and hidden it. To expose them was to convict them of a crime. She kept their secret, which was the secret of all three. She even tried to hide the finger-prints which would have branded her brothers.

"For ptomaine poisoning had unexpectedly hastened the end of old Mr. Godwin. Then gossip and the 'scientists' did the rest. It was accidental, but Bradford and Lambert Elmore were willing to let events take their course and declare genuine the forgery which they had made so skilfully, even though it convicted an innocent man of murder and killed his faithful wife. As soon as the courts can be set in motion to correct an error of science by the truth of later science, Sing Sing will lose one prisoner from the death house and gain two forgers in his place."



COURTESY OF MR. WILLIAM MACRETH

George Inness in his studio

INNESS

Genius of American Art

By Elliott Daingerfield

THE fact that an American citizen has waked to the value of American art to the extent that he will invest a large sum of money in the works of a single painter, is a matter no longer of slight importance, but is a national event, because it speaks not only of public spirited citizenship, but calls attention to the much more significant point that American art has produced works of permanent and splendid value.

That he should give such a group of



Edward Burgess Butler, Donor of the Inness
paintings to the Art Institute, Chicago

pictures to a public museum in a great city, where the humblest street gamin, equal in privilege to the millionaire, may see and study them and receive their message, each in his due degree, gives the matter a national educational significance, and such an action on the part of Mr. Edward B. Butler, of Chicago, in recognizing and giving to the Chicago Art Institute

the group of pictures by George Inness, is a move that is truly patriotic.

In order that these works, and their great influence may be properly known and felt, and that those who see them may know the great American painter of landscape better and more intimately, it is well that as great publicity as possible be given to the characteristics of a man who had the power to create such distinguished works of art.

In the old Holbein Studios on West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City, Mr. Inness maintained for many years a studio. It adjoined and connected with that of the distinguished sculptor, his son-in-law, Jonathan Scott Hartley, and when I went into the building, in 1884, I began an acquaintance with Mr. Hartley and with Mr. Inness, which later became one of the most forceful and valued factors in whatever art development I may possess; and the friendship with Mr. Inness, who was many years my senior, was viewed with the reverent faith that the younger man should ever give to the elder, when that elder possesses the white wand of genius.

In the beginning, Mr. Inness paid absolutely no attention to me at all. He came and went through Mr. Hartley's studio because it was convenient to do so, and as the days went on and my friendship with Hartley increased, we began to have our luncheons together—and to this modest table in the studio, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of Hartley's craft, and often by the great figures in marble or clay upon which he was at work, Mr. Inness came and talked as only George Inness could talk; for to sit with him, if he chanced to be in the mood for conversation, was to sit as listeners, with only the occasional word of response which served to kindle a new flame.

Why he persisted in calling me "Lippincott" at first, I have never been quite able to understand, and how long it would have continued I have no means of knowing; but I took the matter in hand one day and spelled the name for him, emphasizing it in such a way that the mistake was cleared from his mind.

Throughout the long years which extended up to the time of his death, I saw him and knew him, and truthfully may say that



Summer in the Catskills

Executed in 1867, when the artist was forty-two years old, this celebrated painting is typical of Inness' manner while he still gave much attention to detail and form in nature. This work and the others reproduced here are among the eighteen examples of the great American landscape painter's work presented by Mr. Edward Burgess Butler to the Art Institute, Chicago.

I worked with him constantly. Though I have no claim to be a pupil of George Inness (and I think that no man may justly claim that he was really a pupil of Inness), all those men who sat in his presence for any length of time had of necessity to become pupils, for always was he master.

The man's personality was most interesting. He lived in Montclair, New Jersey, and came to New York on an early morning train. I have stood across the street and watched him as he walked from the elevated railroad station to his studio, and in every movement he showed haste and eagerness to get to the easel where some picture was baffling his best effort, or where some new theme that surged within his mind might find expression. In those days—the late '80's—his figure was already bent; his hair, worn long, might be called "shaggy," though when brushed it was a rich, curling mass; his eyes flashed behind spectacles; his beard was slender and thin, hiding a mouth that was very mobile, but with the beard removed would not, probably, have been handsome. Square of jaw, the whole poise of head on shoulders was suggestive of pugnacious energy and great eagerness—these points all convey in a slight measure a glimpse of the man. His hands—what strange instruments they were!—angular and bony; nails strong, and after a day's work not overclean, because of his habit of using them in his work—constant in their motion and gesticulation; a much chewed and half-burned cigar in his mouth; clothes of which he was quite oblivious, for of one thing positive assertion may be made: George Inness, mind, heart, and soul, was buried and engulfed in his work.

I have known painters who talked art *ad nauseam*; I have known painters who talked about themselves, their hopes, aims, plans, and particular works; but none was like George Inness, who, if he pointed a conversation with references to his own work, had always the mountain heights of beauty, of science, and of religion well in view.

INNESS AT WORK

To watch him run up those dim, dirty stairs of the old Holbein Studios, which for long years many of us trod, push through the sculptor's room and into his own, and attack those canvases, was enough to make the blood leap along any man's veins, whether he were painter or onlooker. If

the problem were a great one, the man wanted to be alone; if he knew that it was to be a battle, he purposed making the struggle by himself; but once that struggle was turned into conquest, then his need for an audience was great and urgent; and so the youngster across the hallway, the tyro, was called into the master's studio, and it was there I heard and learned precious things.

He possessed a trying habit into which his emotions led him. If he came into your studio with some enthusiastic certainty seething in his imagination, if your palette and brushes and your picture were exposed, ready to hand, it would have been amusing, if it were not so serious, to see how utterly he would lose sight of your work in the expressing of the idea that bore upon him. Long ago I told the story of one of these visits to me, and the canvas he painted on is precious, because, though he destroyed six months' work in an hour, he gave me the most wonderful lesson in the management of pigment, the application of color, the juxtaposition of planes, masses, and values of color in constructive arrangement that I had ever had before or have ever had since.

AN OVERPOWERING PERSONALITY

And the little story about the great painter Wyant is significant of this insistent dominance—entirely genuine, almost child-like in its simplicity, yet tremendous in its force. Mr. Wyant had taken a studio in the Holbein, much to the gratification and pleasure of the rest of us, and Mr. Inness began to visit him—a companion more worthy. It was not long before Wyant began to show signs of uneasiness, and presently he said to me: "I've got to go. If I am going to paint Wyants I must go somewhere else, or I shall be painting Innesses here." One who knows the wide difference in the potential principles underlying the art of the two men—in the one, a dynamic power; in the other, an exquisite, lyric beauty—can understand how the impress of the former force must destroy the harmony and sweetness of the latter; yet in his very actions Inness was showing the most extreme and genuine interest and faith in the work of Wyant, whom he thought a great artist. After a month's stay in the building, Wyant sublet his studio and moved away.

Mr. Inness was very easily imposed upon. I was very much amused one day, when in



Late Afternoon

This work is classed as a "sketch." After Inness' death, in 1904, his studio was found filled with such canvases, undated, and sometimes unfinished. They are now regarded as some of the most representative examples of the master's work, and possess great value.

Mr. Hartley's studio, Mr. Inness came in and said, "Scott, let me have two dollars, please!" "Why, certainly, father," said his son-in-law, handing out the money, "but what are you going to do with it?" "Oh," he said, "there is a man in there who seems pretty hard up; I was going to let him have it." "Is his name Inness?" said Mr. Hart-

ley. "Why, yes," said Mr. Inness; "how did you know?" The answer was amusing. Hartley slipped into Mr. Inness' studio, and before he was quite aware of what was happening, caught a man there by the collar and improved his progress down the stairs by the use of his toe, to Mr. Inness' extreme astonishment and my amusement—and then said

by way of explanation, "The rascal's name was 'Hartley' ten minutes ago when he was in here wanting two dollars from me."

There were times when the stress of work became very burdensome; when the pictures became recalcitrant, difficult; when he would almost break down from sheer effort to conquer difficulties; when nothing would "finish." Then he would say: "I must go out to nature. I must get an opportunity to study a little." And he would retreat for two or three days to his Montclair home, and in a coupé which he had arranged with easel and canvases, he would go out into the fields, even in the wintertime, and from the window of the coupé he would make direct sketches from nature—direct in the sense that tones and values, the underlying principles which the master could see in the effects of nature, would all be put down and registered directly upon his canvases. The composition might be only suggested by the place, but a freshened, invigorated palette—and better still, the freshened mind of the painter—would be the reward which came from this return to nature. For we are to remember that Inness' greatest pictures were the products of stored-up knowledge in his brain, and were executed in his studio. Those sketches done out of doors, or from his coupé window, were sources of great inspiration to him, and very beautiful they were to us who saw them later.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE

At other times he found himself growing much fatigued and would ask his wife to come into the studio. I recall a very beautiful picture, as it seemed to me, of this great painter eagerly at work upon his canvases, talking almost incessantly, and the quiet figure of his sweet-faced, sympathetic wife, sitting in a corner sewing, or reading, bearing him company, giving him that solace which is of the spirit and which seemed to have for Inness the most soothing and the most strengthening of influences. There was no one, perhaps, who had so real an influence upon him as his wife, and in the great quantity of material which has been written about George Inness, the painter, all too little has been said of the wife—the companion whose presence and whose influence were as a guiding star to him.

In every effort to tell anything of Mr. Inness, the word "eagerness" forces itself on the pen, and perhaps no one word so

completely describes the characteristic thing about him. Many, many times when pictures were going smoothly and beautifully to another's observation, when perhaps they alone needed time for drying, the master would set his canvases near the stove, and then forgetting them in the eagerness of conversation at the lunch-table or elsewhere, would return to find them blistered, burned, and much injured. But this never seemed to disturb him. The surface would be scraped, and with a new impetus he would repaint the injured surface.

A much more serious instance of his eagerness is the incident concerning the breaking of his right wrist. On alighting from the train at Montclair, he fell upon his right wrist and broke it. He appeared at the studio next day, with arm and hand in splints, and made light of a thing which ordinarily would be considered very serious by a painter. But ere many days had passed, to my great astonishment and anxiety, I saw Inness painting industriously, using his right hand, and holding the broken wrist with his left as he spread the paint over the canvas. Many times during that period, he would come for me and say: "Daingerfield, come in and spread this paint over the canvas for me, will you? My hand is not strong enough quite." And going into his studio I would spread certain colors under his direction; then, taking the brush himself, with the utmost *finesse* he would manipulate, with great delicacy and conviction, the crudely spread tones. The result of this injudiciousness in the use of his injured hand was that it was never afterward straight upon the wrist—the head of the bone being thrust to one side. Perhaps there is no incident concerning him which more completely illustrates the intense impulse to paint. There was no happiness for him if he was robbed of the privilege of painting.

OUTDOOR LIFE

He was extremely fond of walking in the country—not the long walks that the pedestrian would enjoy, but rambling, desultory excursions across the fields, gathering materials, studying the variations of light, and always seeking to arrive at some new principle which he could apply in his work.

I asked him one day how he estimated the size of the sun's orb in his sunset pictures. He said, "Generally I make it about one-



Path through the Florida Pines—1894

A fine example of Inness' later manner. He had now changed his attitude toward painting. For him the great problem, which was that of Corot, and which the Post-impressionists and Futurists of the present day have attacked in a much more radical manner, was how to express sentiment, emotion, and poetic ideas by the light, air, and color of nature without being the slave of her forms

twentieth of the space used." That is, on a canvas forty-five inches long, the orb of the sun would be two and one-quarter inches in diameter.

I asked him, again, how far from the eye he placed his nearest line of foreground.

He said, "About eighteen feet." This he came to reconsider with a great deal of interest, after seeing some of the small circular kodak pictures which were just at that time becoming popular. Inness always held that visualization was vortexical, and that

the nearest ring of the spiral fell about eighteen feet from the painter's eye. In the kodak pictures one readily could see that a very near-by thing, not properly within the range of artistic vision, would become important, often very beautiful in composition, and it interested him greatly.

I remember once when I went out to pay him a call at his Montclair studio—a visit which proved, alas, to be the final one I was to have with the great master—that we walked across the fields at the rear of his house, and he said, "I am trying to adjust the principle of construction in my work so that the nearest spiral of the vortex shall strike at my feet—so that I shall be able to paint all that is within the scene, including the objects which are at my very feet." How far he carried this principle I am not sure. I have never seen any canvas, even a beginning, which showed me that he accomplished the task he had set himself. I doubt very much if he did so, because in a few weeks after that visit he sailed for Europe, never to return.

Mr. Inness' home in Montclair was a large, rather rambling, and comfortable house, set in wide grounds, with stately trees surrounding it. There were many of his own pictures hanging in the house, and there was one room

which contained only water-colors. Mr. Inness is never thought of as being a painter in water-color, but I used to study these sketches and pictures with intense interest. Some of them were merely tinted drawings done long ago; others were careful, elaborate studies, delicately colored, many of them of Italian themes and executed with exquisite understanding of perspective and distance. The precision of his touch, even in the extreme distance, was remarkable, and when compared with the broad suavity of his later work, of great significance. Then, too, there were the remarkable studies of Niagara. As I remember, they were done under the extreme stress which overtook him upon seeing the great waterfall, and being without his own materials, he borrowed a few water-colors and made some extraordinary studies. The breadth and dignity of design, the color, and the abandon with which they were executed, make them of rare interest in the master's work, because they were not approached in the usual water-colorist's spirit, but splashed and dashed with impulsive haste, and with no effort at what is usually understood to mean "finish." There were no pictures in any other medium in this room, and its charm was very great.



Autumn Woods—an undated painting

Inness was above all things a color-poet. He delighted in such subjects as this, where his love of color and light-effects could be indulged. He, however, was never satisfied with his achievement



Pompton River—1877

In this picture, Inness shows that he has begun to acquire his later manner. His painting was done in the studio, where the sketches made out of doors were transformed through his personality and moods into great works of art

The painter's studio was not connected with his house, but stood at quite a distance off, approached by a vine-covered pathway. It was a large, frame structure with an anteroom, and one ascended two or three steps to the main studio. This was but sparsely furnished, a large, shadowy room with a balcony—used more for the storage of old canvases than anything else—and contained several great easels upon which stood pictures in various stages of completion.

Inness was fond of painting upon a canvas in its frame, so that he could get the effect of the gold as he worked. These easels were drawn up in a sort of half circle, sufficiently near the great north window which gave him light.

During this last visit which I paid him there, I was not very well, and we stayed only a very short while in the studio, and then, at the painter's invitation, we walked through the rear fields of his property, looked down over the gentle slope across the apple orchard which had served him so frequently in his pictures, and talked together on the theme which was ever uppermost in the painter's mind—the laws and principles of beauty as expressed in art.

Of a most versatile and imaginative na-

ture, little things quickened his mind, and the slightest suggestion would kindle his vision into beautiful assemblages of compositional forms, expressed with full understanding of air or light or sun or shade.

I saw him once with a great chip in his hand, just an ordinary chip, newly cut from a tree. He held it nearer for me to see, and I discovered some crude charcoal marks upon it. He then told me, "I was out walking yesterday and saw an effect I wanted and had neither paper nor pencil with me, but I found this chip and a piece of charcoal, and got down the line and mass I want." The picture which grew from so crude a sketch was very powerful, and doubtless quite like the place and the moment which had impressed him.

This great master of landscape art was a dynamic, potential energy, seldom erring against good taste in his work. Always constructive in his drawing, he was true to the great law of beauty, and bitter always against whatever was affected, or untrue, or a trick.

The day will come when we shall find him, if not the founder of a great school of landscape painting, certainly the leader who pointed the way and revealed the opulence, the richness, and the beauty of American landscape.



DRAWN BY J. S. MARCHAND

"'Nothin' malignant about him,' says Boggs, as him an' Texas Thompson commits Boanerges to the care of the Red Dog chief"

“Wolfville”

Cosmopolitan readers call constantly for more “Wolfville” stories, and we are going to print them as fast as Mr. Lewis gives them to us. He has a mine of rich material to draw on—the horse-sense, good-humor kind—which, with Mr. Lewis’ ability as a teller of tales, makes this series as popular as any we have published. The present story introduces a new character, which adds greatly to the joy of living in Wolfville, but which is one too many for Mrs. Rucker.

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Author of “Wolfville Days,” “Wolfville Nights,” “Wolfville Folks,” etc.

Illustrated by J. N. Marchand

Boanerges

“**W**HICH Boanerges now,” said the old cattleman, his manner the manner of one who confesses, rather than of a narrator telling a story—“which most likely Boanerges now, of anything every Wolfville prodooces, comes nearest to bein’ what you-all’d call a pet.”

It had been no easy matter to get my old friend started, and even then the results were of the dryest. Not that he showed sour or sullen. As he himself expressed it, his feeling was no more than just that of one who’d “sooner lean up ag’inst something an’ think.” This wordless humor was nothing new; the chill of years had measurably locked his tongue, and I met the situation, as usual, with Old Jordan. The effect of my very plausible treatment was both instant and gratifying. He had scarcely replaced his glass on the table for the second time before, visibly and loquaciously, he began to thaw. Also, to remember and recall.

“For thar’s nothin’,” he explained, “so calc’lated to pry loose the shutters of a gent’s mem’ry an’ let in the light that a-way as a hooker or two of licker.”

Lest he again bog down, and by way of spur, I threw in a suggestion. Had Wolfville, or any of that eccentric hamlet’s inhabitants, ever been guilty of a pet—some chance-sown dog, perhaps?

“Thar’s nothin’ in the dog idee,” he protested. “Which a dog wouldn’t last

as long among us as a dollar at roulette. The wolves ’d eat him up. Shore, the minute the sun’s down, them wolves, coyote an’ lobo both, is all over the camp, same as so many hungry shadows. They’re our street-cleanin’ department, an’ as sech we fosters ’em. Also, you can gamble that whatever casyoool dog they crosses up with ’d be reguarded by ’em as simply so much added to the vis’ble food supply.”

“How about taming a coyote?” I asked.

“About as likely a play as tamin’ one of them mil’tant suffragettes the papers is havin’ fits over. Likewise, speakin’ gen’ral, what Peets calls the *fauna* an’ *reptilia* of Arizona don’t present no great array of raw material for pets. Coyotes, as stated, fails utter at lendin’ themselves to bein’ cossetted. They’re too plumb flighty, besides bein’ onreli’ble. You-all might go on makin’ a pet of a coyote for mebby it’s a month; an’ then, as onexpected as a fifth ace in a poker deck, you’d feel something in the calf of your laig. Which you’d only have to reach down to find it’s that coyote’s teeth.

“The balance of the Arizona anamile creation, reguarded from pet standp’ints, is equally imposs’ble. Jack-rabbits is eediotic; ground-owls an’ prairie-dogs is worse. As to stingin’ lizards an’ trant’lers an’ horned toads an’ rattlesnakes, the same is p’isen. To be shore, Crawfish Jim does make pets of a passel of deeboshed bull-snakes once; but pore Crawfish, as everyone

savvys, is locoed, to say nothin' of him bein' a sheep man.

"It's Peets who names him Boanerges by virchoo of his voice, which is voloominous. It's so far-reachin', Boanerges' voice is, that let him get something on his mind which he thinks reequires promulgatin' spechul, an' if he ain't audible in Red Dog it'll be because them contrary tarrapins over thar turns all of a sudden, an' from malice preepense, as deaf as the adder of Holy Writ which stoppeth her y'ear.

"Recurrin' to pets, it's a heap likely that, comin' down to cases, you-all wouldn't list Boanerges onder that head. He's less of a pet than a disturbin' element. Shore, he's plenty antic an' gala, an' we likes him. But he never really teches our hearts, nor we his'n. Moreover, from the jump, he gets himse'f in wrong with Missis Rucker; an' its sooperfluous to p'int out that with sech a start, an' it not rectified, his stay among us is foreordained to be plumb limited.

"To the onprejewdiced observer it looks like Boanerges is workin' constant to get himse'f chased out of town. He himse'f savvys as well as we do that Missis Rucker ain't got no use for him; an' yet, with this yere starin' him in the face, he goes boundin' along like a bar'l down hill, ontill—whang!—he brings up in the lowest levels of her dis-regard. The wind-up nacherally comes when he breaks up that tariff meetin' she institootes by t'arin' personally an' painfully into her orator. That certainly does put her bristles up beyond recall. It's that onprovoked assault upon Missis Rucker's p'litical economist which constitootes the cap-sheaf of Boanerges' iniquities, an' leaves his best friends nothin' for it but to open neegotiations an' saw him off on Red Dog.

"Don't you-all dar' to address me!" is Missis Rucker's commands to Boggs, who undertakes to explain that it's only Boanerges' playfulness; 'I've bore all I will. Time an' ag'in he's made wrack an' rooin of my dinin'-room an' kitchen, an' except for flingin' a skillet at him or chunkin' him up with stove-wood, I lets it pass. But when he comes pirootin' up from the r'ar, bushwhackin' this savant, who travels way down yere from Denver at my request to beat some tariff sense into you dolts, he shore overplays his hand. Don't emit another yeep,' she goes on, as Boggs tries to slide in a word sideways, 'or I'll begin to figger that you-all puts him up to it.'

"Nacherally, that settles it, an' Boanerges, turnin' onder Boggs' guidance to Red Dog, is forced to pull his freight.

"'Nothin' malignant about him,' says Boggs, as him an' Texas Thompson commits Boanerges to the care of the Red Dog chief; 'none whatever! He's mebby a leetle too confident techin' his p'sition in s'ciety, an' overplays it, as Missis Rucker says; that's all. Jest so you avoids takin' a narrow view of what deeds he does, but considers 'em broadlike an' char'table, he's bound to worm his way into your re-gards.'

"'Fear not,' says the Red Dog chief, plumb friendly; 'don't let no doubts beset you. Which we accepts this yere Boanerges as a sacred trust, same as if it's you-all instead of him who's been run out. Also, thar's nothin' contracted about us Red Dogs; he won't meet with no narrowness. If half what you states about him's troo, his lines is shorely down in pleasant places.'

"'Whatever does "Boanerges" mean, Doc,' asks Boggs, when Peets names him that time. 'It sounds like one of them comumdrums a whole lot.'

"'Sech a question, Dan,' says Peets, 'shows how plumb deeficient you be religius. When you're a young one, don't your folks never take you to church none?'

"'Take me to church? Doc, thar's no Jasper County child in all Missouri who's raised more strict than me. Sunday-school in the mornin'; church services afternoon an' evenin' to hear Parson Ed'ards of the Campbellite Chapel expound—that's me—that's my infantile program! The most lightsome thing permitted is to go visit the graveyard in between.'

"'An' with all them pious exertions about your bringin' up, you-all never hears of Boanerges? All I can say, Dan, when confronted by sech limpin' ignorance, is go search the Bible.'"

My patience ran out, and I risked an interruption. "Who or what is this Boanerges of yours? I've been waiting some time to find out."

"Oh, you have, have you?"—and he filled a slow, exasperating glass; "Boanerges is a dwarf burro; whatever did you-all reckon he is? Dwarf, do I say? He's that little that at the time we disentangles him from the poker game, into which he thrusts himse'f in makin' his deboo, we figgers he's no more'n half growed. That's whar we're

wrong. When we estimates him up more at leesure, it's evident he's only stunted. Stahn Boanerges on his four slim laigs, an' he's a foot an' a half tall; while as to heft, any gent could pack him 'round onder his arm. Only you had to be plenty circumspect about it, or he'd land on you. Likewise, in case he does, it's equiv'lent to bein' shot with a Colt's 45. Son, I've skinned a few mules in my time. If all the shave-tails over which I cracks a blacksnake whip is stood nose an' tail, it'd make a long-eared procession from whar we're settin' plumb to the Mississippi. It ain't too much to say, neither, that most of 'em could kick. An' yet for ackeracy; finish, an' force, the best among 'em never breaks anywhar near even with Boanerges. It's more'n mere talent with him; it's genius. Kickin' that a-way is Boanerges' gift.

"To the far r'ar in the Red Light is a table whar a select bevy of us is wont to onbelt in occasional poker. On this yere Boanerges evenin', Faro Nell is takin' a hand. When business is dull, an' no sport's come romancin' 'round to buck Cherokee's bank, Nell'd now an' then grab a hundred or two out of the drawer, slide off her lookout stool, an' stand in.

"Have no fear; Nell's able to protect herse'f. Thar's never the gent to jingle a spur in the Southwest who's clearer than Nellie as to when to stay or when to quit. You give her as good as queens-up on the go-in, an' see what she does to you! If **she** don't drive you into a corner an' take your bread away, you can call me a Siwash! To go tiltin' the ante a brace of hundreds before the draw on nothin' more'n jacks, is frequent with her. On the other hand, I sees her toss a club flush, ace at the top, into the diskyard on a fifty-dollar raise. Whar she gets her hunch that club-flush time is too many for me; but she gets it all the same. Thar's a king-full out ag'inst her; an' since it's me who's holdin' the full, I shorely ought to know. I makes it on a three-kyard draw, too.

"Boanerges introdooces himse'f into our midst in what Colonel Sterett, writin' about it in his *Weekly Coyote*, decribes

as 'a dramatic manner.' Thar's five of us in the game, incloodin' Nellie. Out ag'inst the back of the main shack is a low lean-to, whar Black Jack sleeps. Above the lean-to the gable-end of the Red Light is made of sixteen-ounce duck. Black Jack explains that they reeorts to duck that a-way on account of ventilation; but I allers figgers it's because they runs out of boards.

"Texas has had three nines beat an' is foomin'. 'Which I'd admire to see something happen to change my luck,' he reemarks, 'not even barrin' a Injun uprisin'.'

"In the midst of these yere grouchin's by Texas, thar's a scramblin' on the roof of Black Jack's lean-to; an' next, before we so much as has a chance to shove our cha'rs' back, Boanerges comes surgin' through that weather-rotten duck. It's all right; nothin' busted but the poker table, Boanerges landin' on it all spraddled out.



"He'll be a credit to the camp," says Boggs, as he reviews his work, "an' get us noticed East."

"Before Boanerges can make his feet, Tutt grabs him. 'Well if this yere don't leave me standin' sideways!' he exclaims, as, kickin' an' buckin', he holds Boanerges up for gen'ral inspection.

"It's got me millin'!" says Texas, gazin' at Boanerges an' then at the hole in the canvas gable. 'It's been no secret with me for quite a spell that life in Arizona is plumb full of the unexpected, but I'm free to reemark I shore never does antic'pate a delooge of burros.'

"Whatever do you reckon makes him do it?" Nellie asks Enright. 'You don't s'pose now he overhears Texas' bluff about his luck, do you, an' reesponds to it?'

"It's coyotes," says Enright; 'he's so diminyootive they takes him for a jack-rabbit.'

"Jack Moore rummages out a lariat an' loops up Boanerges, who's makin' efforts at a get-away. When he reelizes he's a captive, you should have heard his song. It's then Peets confers on him his title of Boanerges.

Nellie is for huggin' him, but is warned in time, Monte constitootin' the sacrifice which saves her. The old profligate comes lurchin' up, all cur'osity as usual, an' either not likin' his looks or resentin' his lack of moral nacher, Boanerges plants both hoofs in his side. Thar's never anything more scientific. Boanerges is facin' Monte, an' jest as that ineffable old sot stoops down to take a peek, he w'irls an' ketches him. It's a center shot, an' Monte reetires lookin' a whole lot like a letter S. After this yere loominous incident, Nellie joodiciously holds out on them caresses, an' sort o' passes Boanerges up.

"An' at that," she says, by way of exculpatin' Boanerges, 'I figger it's because the pore little thing's so plumb skeered.'

Enright tosses the lariat to Rucker, who's pesterin' round, an' tells him to fasten Boanerges to the hitchin'-post in front.

As Rucker snags onto the lariat, Boanerges roots his four little jet hoofs to the floor. It's as if he's sayin', 'I may go, but not without bein' drug—not if this court knows itse'f, an' I think she does!'

"Come yere!" commands Rucker, mighty arrogant, givin' a yank.

Missis Rucker tyrannizes over Rucker to sech a degree that, given a openin', he can't reesist to go domineerin' an' tyrannizin' in his turn. It looks like it op-

rates that a-way to give his se'f-respect an outin'. Whether it's man or beast, that onforchoonate married man never omits to try to buffalo 'em the instant he's introduced. Wharefore, bein' put in charge of Boanerges, he starts in with a most in-sultin' yank.

"Rucker has begun to sag back on the rope, an' Boanerges' little hoofs is commencin' to slide, when thar's that lightnin'-like swappin' of eends, an' Rucker is sent sailin' out the front door with an onmistakable crimp. As he picks himse'f up an' goes cripplin' across to the O. K. House, feelin' of his contooosions an' talkin' to himse'f, he allows it's a put-up job.

"Ain't he a wonder!" says Boggs, fondlin' Boanerges, but gyardin' ag'in his hoofs. 'Does it off-hand an' careless, too, like it don't reequire no partic'lar preparation or thought.'

"He's certainly a jo-darter!" observes Tutt. 'An' do you-all notice his onerrin' taste? Which if thar's two folks in the outfit who needs kickin' on their merits, its Rucker and Monte, an' this yere Boanerges identifies 'em before he's in town ten minutes.'

Boanerges is a humble an' onobtroosive dove-color. Thar's a black stripe down his back, an' a cross-mark over his shoulders. Only he's so little an' sech a dead shot, thar'd be nothin' reemark'ble about him. Shore, thar's his voice; that's a bet I mustn't overlook. He's easy domesticated, too, Boanerges is; for once he's fastened out in front, he soon ceases tryin' to lynch himse'f pullin' on his rope; an' by second drink-time the followin' evenin', you can get up to him, if proodent an' circumspect, without bein' kicked. Speshully, if you makes your advances with sugar.

"It's not till next mornin' Boanerges begins creatin' a onfav'able impression on Missis Rucker. After treatin' Rucker with sarcasm, arnica, an' witch-hazel, until he's able to hobble about an' set the breakfast-table, that matron deecides she'll have a pers'nal look at Boanerges herse'f.

"It's allers been my belief that Missis Rucker is some sore on Boanerges for handin' it so hot to Rucker. An' why not? Missis R. is like a heap of other people; she may study to make that husband's life a burden, but she resents any outsider cuttin' in. Some sech feelin' must have showed in her face, for Boanerges reguards her as a hostile



"I've allers understood, Sam Enright, that you sots who does the votin' passes the laws; wharfore I notifies you right now I'm going to hold you-all respons'bel for that tariff."

the moment she shows up. Which he's still tied to the Red Light post. As she approaches, he darts off in a deemonic circle, wharof the lariat's the radius an' the post the center. Which onforchoonately she's inside the sweep of his inflloence, too; an' after he goes round mebby it's twenty times, an' before we-all can get thar in answer to her shouts, he's done wroppled her up ag'inst the post same as them ancient martyrs. Havin' bound her to the hitchin'-post so tight she can't bat an eye or wag a'y'ear, he contoomeliously, an' as addin' insult to injury, yoonites his voice to hers in a dooet. Which they certainly do throw a heap of soul into them vocalisms.

"Texas redeems Missis Rucker by cuttin' the lariat, while Boggs lead Boanerges away—still singin'. After which he's picketed out back, whar he'll be less in the public eye, if not in the public y'ear. We onwinds Missis Rucker, who's done up as if she's one of these yere silkworms, an' with that she retires to go ransackin' out the arnica in her own behalf. You can go a bloo stack Boanerges ain't been throwin' off none on

that windin'. Every time the rope goes 'round, it leaves a crease!

"Boggs adopts Boanerges onder his speshul joorisdition, an' starts to improve his appearance an' his mind. He roaches his mane an' shaves his tail.

"He'll be a credit to the camp," says Boggs, as he reviews his work, 'an' get us noticed East."

"Thar's no doubt, none whatever, about Boanerges gettin' us noticed a whole lot; to that extent Boggs sets his stack down right. Thar's not the towerist nor tenderfoot comes trackin' into camp but goes back talkin' about Boanerges. The last is not a little doo to Boggs' teachin' Boanerges to each time follow the stage to the edge of the camp, singin' his most triumphant numbers. Them tenderfoot passengers takes this yere attention as aimed at them excloosive.

"Shore, they're 'way off to one side; Boanerges is addressin' himse'f to Monte, whom he holds in contempt. Boggs, who does all he knows to accentchooate this yere latter feelin', never fails to have Boa-

nerges hid out back of the post-office, so's to be ready as Monte makes a start. As the old dipsomaniac kicks free his brake an' sends his team into their six collars, Boggs is thar to throw Boanerges loose.

"Go it, Bony!" he'd yell; an' as the stage rolls out thar's Boanerges caperin' along at the off fore wheel an' singin' his loudest.

"It gets so Monte complains to Enright.

"Ain't it enough," he says, almost cryin', "that you-all murderers has worked on the pop'lar imagination until I'm brought into common contempt? An' will you-all now permit this yere abandoned Dan to go farther, an' render me the scoff of the lower anamiles? Which you'll keep on, Sam, till the first thing you knows even Mexicans 'll take me deersive."

"Be you got to whar you're worried over what a burro thinks of you?" asks Enright.

"That tone of loftiness does mighty well for you, Sam. Which if you're in my place, however, you'd find bein' reguarded lightly, that a-way, by burros carries a sting." Enright shakes his head, an' appeals to Peets.

"It strikes me, Doc, that this yere pore old inebriate's whiskey is onderminin' him."

"If you're seekin' a scientific 'pinion, Sam," Peets reponds, "accordin' to my diagnoses, he's been leanin' sideways mental for sev'ral months. Which his intellect shows a vis'ble slant; I should say now his mind's 'leven degrees out of plumb."

"Licker?" asks Enright.

"Licker," says Peets.

"Then they both considers Monte as grave as squinch owls; wharupon that rum-soaked stage-driver begins backin' off, fearin' they'll sign up to Black Jack to stop his nose-paint.

"Boanerges, onder Boggs' ministrations, shines fo'th a fa'ly fashionable form of burro. Mane roached, paintbresh tail, an' all—he's quite a pageant. Boggs insists, too, that he's got a sense of humor. In support of which, aside from each time singin' Monte out of camp, he harasses Rucker back into the house whenever he ketches that oppressed husband in the street.

"One partic'lar evenin', the doors bein' open, Boanerges chases Rucker plumb through the O. K. dinin'-room an' out the kitchen, knockin' over tables an' standin' things on their head permiscus. In the kitchen, the flyin' p'ar happens up on Missis Rucker; an' after that, you bet, it's neck-

an'-neck between Boanerges an' Rucker to save themselves. They comes t'arin' out the r'ar door, in a tempest of pots an' kettles, stew-pans, an' stove-lifters, an' goes skally-hootin' out onto the plains. Leastwise, Boanerges, who's onscathed, goes skally-hootin'; but Rucker is deetained by a gridle, which fetches him back of the y'ear.

"If Missis Rucker sympathizes, she never shows it.

"It ain't all labor lost," she says as, plenty callous, she stands watchin' Peets spread on the co't-plaster.

"Which that Boanerges is a nacheral-born storm king!" says Boggs, who's been gettin' a line on events from the Red Light steps. "One time an' another, Missis Rucker's lammed loose with a ton of cookin' yootensils at him; an' she's never got him yet."

"Boanerges shore does seem to b'ar a charmed life," replies Nellie, who's standin' at Boggs' elbow.

"Boanerges makes a wide swing 'round an' jines Boggs at the Red Light to receive congratioolations.

"It's a heap interestin' to watch Boggs toilin' over Boanerges' eddication. Boggs'd take a tomatter can, an' say,

"Oh thar, Bony!"

"Boanerges would face 'round, an' at that Boggs'd go threatenin' him with the can, Boanerges meanwhile stampin' his hoof an' darin' Boggs to throw it. Boanerges gets that expert he'll not only swat a can settin' on the ground, but if Boggs'll toss it to him he'll paste it on the wing. As Boggs throws the can, Boanerges'll pivot on his four hoofs, let fly, an'—bang!—that tomatter tin 'll go sailin' off into space, same as a skylark. It'd bother Cherokee to improve on the play with his six-shooters.

"Boanerges is the best jedge of distance I ever sees," says Boggs; an' then he'd back Boanerges ag'inst visitin' shorthorns to kick tomatter cans for the drinks.

"Thar's reasons to believe that Boanerges gets conceited, an' takes a pinhead pride in his voice. I allers reckons so from his roughin' his way into Hamilton's dance-hall one crowded evenin', an' insistin' on he'pin' out the orchestra. Which they're playin' the 'Devil's Dream,' an' the movement's a trifle rapid for Boanerges, who can't keep up. After several footle attempts, as expressin' his disgust, he sends his hoofs through the dog-house voylin'; an' him an'

Hamilton certainly has a turrible time. It takes Jack Moore to sep'rate 'em.

"An' you-all should have heard Hamilton's language! He even threatens to sue Boggs.

"Whatever does this yere Dan an' his pampered burro take my dance-hall for?" deemands Hamilton, who's heated plumb through. 'They don't reckon it's no common honk-a-tonk, I hopes?'

"We talks Hamilton 'round in time, an' Boggs proves that what Boanerges does is done gratoitous an' without his advice or consent. After a spell, Hamilton an' Boggs shakes hands. But as to Boanerges, Hamilton for more'n a week reemains mighty intol'rant.

"To put it the mildest," says Hamilton, "that egregious Boanerges is a menace to a free people."

"When not otherwise employed—an' this yere upholds Boggs' bluff about Boanerges possessin' a sense of humor—Boanerges 'd attach himself to what cowboys he sees libatin' 'round. As the cowpunchers wax onsteady, Boanerges 'd mimic 'em, weavin' an' wanderin' hither an' yon, so as to match their gait, an' all plumb disso-loote. As near as you-all can figger on what's inside of Boanerges' mind, he's hopin' the cowboys 'll cut loose a whole lot. Boanerges lives on sensations an' feels depressed unless something's goin' on.

"Followin' what he reguards as a reasonable space, an' the cowboys not havin' on-buckled in anything exhilaratin', Boanerges 'd saunter up all surreptitious, wheel, an' give 'em both hoofs as a mark of disapproval. Nacherally he gets himse' shot at, every once in a while. But they allers misses. Let any gent stop them hoofs of Boanerges an' him in earnest, it'll reequire both time an' licker before ever he's able to shoot ag'in in old-time form.

"The cowpunchers, when they recovers from their shock, never lays for Boanerges, never undertakes no reevenges. Boggs an' Jack Moore is allers that to show 'em that to go harbordin' sech a soperit 'll be the mistake of their lives. An' so, once convinced, they cheers up an' deecides to for-give an' forget.

"Only they're allers plumb sp'cious of Boanerges from then on, an' refooses utter to get drunk in his presence. It ain't no cinch but what, by thus imposin' a drink limit on visitin' cowpunchers, Boanerges

don't op'rate as a moral infloence. Moore gets so impressed he wants the Stranglers to raise Boanerges to the level of a penal institootion. He allows he can be employed to pop'lar advantage, kickin' small offenders. Enright is struck with the idee, an' it makes headway ontill Colonel Sterett comes out with a piece in his *Coyote* paper, quotin' the constitootion whar it declar's that no noo nor onusual punishment shall be inflicted. Nacherally, no one's goin' to buck the constitootion, an' after Colonel Sterett shows him the section, Moore reverts to the old-fashioned remedy of duckin' toomultuous sperits in the waterin'-trough, or bendin' a gun over their heads. These yere, while trite, is commonly eff'cacious, an' the s'ggestion of affixin' Boanerges to the list of penalties is let fall.

"Things is rackin' along about two an' two with Boanerges, an' no one 'll deny but he's quittin' winner on life's deal, when Armstrong, over to the Noo York store, cocks the ante on soap ten cents a cake. Tharupon, Missis Rucker calls him down, an' for a crawl-out that merchant allows it's the tariff.

"It's them robber protectionists in Washington who's to blame," says Armstrong; "it ain't me none, Missis Rucker."

"Missis Rucker adjusts her shaker, takes the cake of soap in her hand, an' descends on a bunch of us in the Red Light, like a mink on a settin' hen.

"Whoever be them protectionists, an' what's this yere tariff Armstrong's bluffin' about, Sam Enright?" she says, holdin' up her soap.

"Thar's that cloudy look in her eye behind which lurks the lightnin', an' Enright loses no time in ringin' in Peets on the play.

"How about that, Doc?" he asks. "As a learned sharp an' book-read, you, of course, savvys all about tariff."

"Tariff?" says Texas, not waitin' for Peets, bein' allers ready that a-way to pick up any hand, however desp'rate; 'listen to me, will you?—listen to the bland bazoo of one who's suffered! When it's got dealt down to tariff, you can trust Texas Thompson to get thar with all four feet. Which tariff's the excoose my Laredo wife onfailin' gives when accountin' for the cost of her duds. She'll trapse down to the store, an' change in the price of a steer for a pa'r of shoes. When I p'ints out, as any

gent would, that the hide on a steer 'd make a thousand of sech moccasins as hers—for her feet's plumb small—all I'd get out of it is "protective tariff." An' that's the yarn for frock an' furbelow, until you reaches her bunnet. That's how it stands. As she goes prancin' down the trail, she represents in the duds she's got on, a corral full of cattle; an' for explanations: all I'm handed is "protective tariff!" Driv desp'rate, I takes to makin' war medicine; an' that's the beginnin' of the eend. Let any onbiased sport go through them divorce proceedin's my wife brings, an'—from soda to hock; from filin' the papers down to whar that hold-up of a sheriff sells out my steers at public vandoo for cost an' al'mony—he'll find that the root of the whole racket is protective tariff.'

"Any disclosures techin' the domestic bliss of others is allers mighty interestin' to Missis Rucker, an' she listen to Texas a heap patient. When he's through, however, she's 'round on Peets ag'in with a inquirin' look.

"Texas ain't exaggeratin'," says Peets. "It's as if all of us yere is settin' into a little draw, an' every deal that protective tariff pinches a chip off each of our stacks, an' donates it to Sam thar to back his hand."

"An' who's to blame?" demands Missis Rucker. "You ground-hawgs does the votin', don't you? It's you-all who picks out them congressional incompetents who makes the laws?"

"Not exactly, neither," remonstrates Enright. "You understands, ma'am, that we're only a territory; an' as sech, speakin' congressional, we-all don't git a look in."

"Now, I don't see why not," contends Missis Rucker. "As I says former, I ain't fav'able to woman suffrage, for I don't aim to be invested with no rights which sinks me to Rucker's level. Still, I've allers understood, Sam Enright, that you sots who does the votin' passes the laws; wharfore I notifies you right now—yere she holds up the soap ag'in—I'm goin' to hold you-all reespons'bel for that tariff."

"Which you'll be doin' a injustice, ma'am," replies Enright, mighty meek. "Let me say ag'in that as a territory, Arizona, reguarded national, ain't no more'n a dog tied under the wagon. She can howl, an' hold back; but she gets drug along jest the same."

"But see yere," chips in Nell, from over

by Cherokee's shoulder; "thar's that Smith party, who's over from Tuscon last week an' quits loser a hatful of bloos. Which he tells me himse'f he's a member of Congress from Arizona."

"Shore, Nell," says Cherokee, "but he's only a del'gate. He can talk; but he can't vote none. Sech bein' his limit, he might as well be firin' blanks. Unless thar's a vote—a bullet—which goes with the speech, the play comes to nothin' more'n so much harmless powder, fire, an' smoke, an' folks simply sets thar an' grins at him. Which Sam is plumb right. You go to Washington about tariff or anything else, with nothin' but a territory behind you, an' you'll find you're dubbin' on a dead kyard."

"Well," says Missis Rucker final, "I don't know how much is troo an' how much is fiction that you prairie-dogs onfolds; the single thing I'm shore of bein' you're all a heap ignorant."

"Thar's a gang of mental rioters, back East some'ers, who calls themselves Chautauquans. These yere uneasy hostiles has been sendin' Missis Rucker some mighty incendiary tracts. Actin' on one of 'em she ups an' organizes herse'f an' Nell an' Tucson Jennie into a Circle; an' the next news we all gets is she's grabbed off the Bird Cage Op'ra House, an' is importin' a maverick from Denver to eloquidate to us on protective tariff."

"You blinded drunkards," she says, when notifyin' us about it, "has been content, accordin' to your own ignorant showin', to go knockin' about in this business of a tariff like blind dogs in a meat shop, an' I've about resolved that sech shall be the darkened case no longer. When this p'litical economist who's on his way from the No'th gets through with you, your heads won't be so plumb big, mebby, but your stock of information 'll be enlarged."

"After which she extorts fifty *pesos* from each of us to finance the play."

"At first we're took a-back, but when we observes the looks of envy wharwith word that we're goin' to pull off a tariff meetin' is received in Red Dog, we're a heap reconciled. Enright sets fo'th our feelin' when he says,

"Missis Rucker may act some high-handed now an' then, but takin' her one round-up an' another she ain't so bad."

"Missis Rucker app'ints the exercises for afternoon. The p'litical economist is a



DRAWN BY J. H. MARSHALL

"Establishin' himse'f about four rows from the front, he breaks out into one of them obligatos"

long, weedy stodent, an' has the gen'ral appearance of a sort o' hooman soapweed. Missis Rucker, Nellie, an' Tucson Jennie's on the stage with him, they bein' Chautauquans an' belongin' to the Circle. The rest of us is down in front.

"Bossin' the proceedin's, Missis Rucker pounds on the floor with her par'sol, an' briefly introdooces the economist by deefyin' us to interrupt him, addin' that if we're gents, whch she doubts, we'll comport ourselves accordin'.

"The economist ambles to the front with an air of patronizin' sooperiority, strikes a attitode, waves his hand at Missis Rucker, an' begins.

"'Madam President, ladies, an' fellow citizens,' he says, 'let me start with the troism that tariff is a tax.'

"Yere the economist halts, an' peers at something down in front. At this, we-all takes a look, an' you can mebby imagine the chill which seizes on us tariff investigators when I asshores you that the interruption is doo to Boanerges. Thar he is, swaggerin' down the middle aisle as complacent an' se'f-satisfied as though we're gathered together in his honor. Establishin' himse'f about four rows from the front, he breaks out into one of them obligatos. Talk of makin' the welkin ring! As descriptive of that effort of Boanerges, the phrase is feeble.

"Missis Rucker is the quickest to come to. Threatenin' at Boggs with her par'sol, she screams,

"'You onblushin' miscreant, chase that varmint out this instant, or I'm bound I'll know why not!'

"Thar's some little confoosion, an' in the end Boggs manages to stampede Boanerges, who reetires singin'.

"'Be ca'm, Madam President,' says the economist, flappin' his arms at Missis Rucker same as a raven, 'be ca'm. I understands it all. Them plootocrats of speshul privilege has sent one of their professional interrupters to bust up this meetin'. They shall not triumph.'

"Boanerges havin' been ejected, the economist takes a gulp of water; Missis Rucker smooths down her indignant apron, an' the meetin' ag'in settles back on its hocks, prepared to drink in enlightenment.

""As I was sayin', Madam President," resoomes the economist, 'tariff is a tax.'

"Thair's something dimly movin' in the shadows to the right of the platform. It's the indeefatig'ble Boanerges, who's gone walsin' 'round an' come in the stage door. Whether or no he hears an' understands that assault on his character, about him bein' sent that by the plootocrats of speshul privilege, is to be doubted, although Boggs insists he does. One thing shore, thar's no lost motion. Boanerges darts to the fatal front, reerverses, onlimbers his battery, an' lets go. He gets that economist right whar his 45 would have hung, if he'd been w'arin' one. The economist sinks in a heap, an' the mis'able Boanerges dashes off with the howl of a victorious fiend.

"It's a plumb week before the economist's fit to be freighted over to Tuscon, an' when he gets back to Denver the papers print how us Wolfville bloodsuckers of a robber protection tries to compass his assassination.

"As for Missis Rucker, by advice of Peets, Boanerges is sequestered out of her sight.

"'Her arteries ain't what they was,' says Peets, 'an' it's my professional belief that at the mere sight of him she'd bust a blood-vessel.'

"Well, pore Boanerges is dead now, an' gone whar the woodbine twineth. I allers allows, too—an' it shows what Peets calls the irony of fate—that indirectly Boggs has a whole lot to do with his takin' off. Them lessons of Boggs, an' him teachin' Boanerges to slam loose at tomatter cans, op'rates so that Boanerges at last reguards the red tomatter deepicted tharon as deesigned speshully to insult him. Which it's these yere ontward sentiments techin' tomatter cans that betrays Boanerges to his ondooin'. It's mebby ten days after he's shifted onto Red Dog, when, all genial an' confident, he comes roysterin' 'round a passel of greasers belongin' to the Copper Queen mine. Settin' thar is a tin of dynamite, the same painted red by way of warnin'. It's lost on Boanerges—that warnin' is. Red to him has but the one offensive meanin', which the same's tomatters. He lets drive; an' next, on the wings of that guncotton, him an' them Mexican pagans goes shoutin' home to mansions in the skies. Which his last effort is shore what you-all might call a clean-up."

Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

EDITOR'S NOTE.—By no means the least important of Mrs. Logan's reminiscences are those which cover the past thirty or forty years. In this, the concluding instalment, she has to tell of many prominent figures in national life, the memory of whom is still vivid. Especially interesting are the side-lights on the Garfield-Arthur administration and the Blaine-Logan campaign of '84. The record of her recent years reveals a sturdy, self-reliant, and resourceful nature. She is indeed a woman of whom America may be proud, and we count ourselves fortunate in having been able to present these "Recollections" to Cosmopolitan readers.

WHAT a host of memories of great men who played a mighty part in the politics of their time arise as I bring these recollections to a close! My husband's colleagues in the Senate included the ponderous David Davis of Illinois, who weighed three hundred and sixty-five pounds, "one for each day of the year," and the thin Ingalls of Kansas, and the little Mahone of Virginia; the handsome, fastidious, proud Roscoe Conkling of New York, and the short, heavy, shaggy "Matt" Carpenter of Wisconsin; the very astute and practical Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, and the leonine and positive "Zach" Chandler of Michigan; the simple-living, venerable Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, so expressive of the old ideals of New England, and Jones and Stewart of Nevada, and Stanford and Fair of California, with their enormous bonanza fortunes; the splendid, forceful Morton of Indiana, and the cold and able John Sherman of Ohio.

No reminiscences of the time would be complete without a story about the brilliant John J. Ingalls, who could no more help being sarcastic and critical than he could help the color of his eyes. It was he who once said to the cautious, non-committal Allison of Iowa, "You could walk across the floor of the Senate in wooden shoes without making any more noise than a fly in crossing the ceiling."

It happened that his election to the Sen-

By
Mrs. John A.
Logan



General Logan at the time of his nomination for the vice-presidency, 1884

ate was contested at the time that General Logan was on the Committee on Privileges and Election. We lived in the same boarding-house with Ingalls; and one morning after a committee of his Kansas opponents

had called on my husband, Ingalls asked him what the committee had said.

"I am one of the jurymen and I can't tell you," the general replied.

Happening to be present, and sympathizing with Ingalls' intense curiosity, I said:

"Senator, I am not on the committee and I know and I'm going to tell you. They say that you bought your election."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "I haven't the money to buy a single vote if I wanted to. Why, I couldn't buy a yawl if ships were selling at a quarter apiece!"

He was my *vis-à-vis* for a long time at table, and sometimes, when he was in the midst of his satirical philippics against persons who aroused his contempt, I used to wonder what he said about me behind my back. One day after he had finished a tirade I exclaimed,

"Senator Ingalls, I want to ask a favor of you."

"Mrs. Logan, you could ask me nothing that I would not promise to grant," he answered amiably.

"I want you to promise that you will never speak of me save in kindness, whether I am living or dead," I proceeded.

He sprang up from his seat in the quick, impulsive manner that was characteristic of him, and hastening around to our side of the table took my hand.

"Why do you ask that," he exclaimed, in his most charming manner, "when you know that I could never speak of you except in praise?"

INAUGURATION OF GARFIELD

General Sherman was chief marshal of the parade at Garfield's inauguration, which moved with clocklike precision. As is so often the case, the weather in Washington on March 4th was most inclement. Garfield's first act after taking the oath of office was to kiss his mother and his wife. In some respects, Mother Garfield was the most notable figure in the ceremony. The whole country had taken a liking to her.

When this member of the administration was mentioned, everybody forgot his politics. She received distinguished consideration, not only from her family but from all callers at the White House. Venerable and fine-looking and very positive in her convictions of right and wrong, nevertheless she was never intrusive in the advocacy of her ideas.

Each incoming President makes such changes in the living-rooms of the White House as suit his taste. Garfield, who was very fond of billiards, had the billiard-table restored, and after the long drought of the Hayes administration, wine was once more served at the White House table. While Mrs. Garfield was herself a temperance advocate, she did not think that she had any right to interfere with established social custom. She was a quiet, domestic woman, and acquitted herself of her duties with simplicity and dignity during her short régime. Mollie, her only daughter, was her constant companion. With the four Garfield boys, there was as large a family in the White House as during the Grant administration.

PARTY OPPONENTS

The President faced a difficult situation in the Republican party. Many political promises had been made on his account which he had to fulfil, and the exposure of the Star Route scandals added to the general ill-feeling. The party leaders hoped that he would make peace with Senator Conkling, whose great ability made his cooperation an important factor. Conkling had been sulking in his tent ever since Grant's defeat for nomination for a third term, in 1880. Conkling was a good hater. He was a type of man who fights in the open and keeps his word. He disliked Garfield personally, because he thought that he had found Garfield guilty of shiftiness and duplicity on several occasions.

The crisis in their relations was brought to a head when Garfield appointed Judge W. H. Robertson as collector of the port of New York, against the strenuous opposition of Conkling. When the Senate confirmed Robertson, Conkling resigned, taking with him his colleague, Senator Thomas C. Platt, whose ready obedience to his political superior earned him the sobriquet of "Me Too," which he retained until, later in life, he became better known as the "Easy Boss." They expected that the New York state legislature would return them by way of vindication, but in this they were disappointed.

Throughout the special session of Congress, in the spring of 1881, the disaffection in the Republican party had been increasing. What place in history Garfield's administration would have had if he had lived through it can be, of course, only a matter of conjecture.

He had promised to deliver the commencement address at Williams College, his *alma mater*, and with Secretary Blaine, who had come to see him off, at his side, was about to take the train at the Pennsylvania railroad station when he was shot by Charles J. Guiteau. For eighty-one days of suffering he lay between life and death, while in all the churches of the nation



eleven weeks. It was characterized by many dramatic scenes, and every sensational detail was published broadcast throughout the country. Among some abnormal sentimentalists, sympathy for this self-confessed murderer, who had a monomaniac's enjoyment of his own notoriety, expressed itself in gifts of flowers to him.

Colonel Corkhill, the district-attorney, was



Mrs. Garfield, mother of the President. She was a notable member of the Executive household, admired and revered by all. (Left) James A. Garfield, President of the United States, March-September, 1881. (Right) Chester A. Arthur, President (1881-85)

prayers were offered for his recovery, and the whole world hung on the daily bulletins from the sick-room. On September 19th he passed away.

Meanwhile, Guiteau had been confined in the district jail at Washington. The trial, which began soon after the President's death, lasted



FROM A CONTEMPORARY WOODCUT
Inauguration of Garfield, March 4, 1881

most vigorous in his prosecution, but gave the prisoner every chance to defend himself.

Chester A. Arthur, who succeeded to the presidency, was an untried man and best known as a practical politician. As he had never served in any legislative body or held any important

executive position, the country's only knowledge of his ability was formed from his conduct as presiding officer of the Senate. Inexperienced in such work, he had devoted himself diligently to mastering the intricate parliamentary rules. He had shown himself tactful and cautious.

As Vice-President he had been the guest of Senator and Mrs. Jones of Nevada, and he went to their house instead of the White House when he returned to Washington from New York, where he had taken the oath of office upon the President's death. The White House, which was in a dingy and dismantled state as the result of General Garfield's long illness, sadly needed renovation. The cabinet and library had been turned into consulting-rooms for physicians and specialists. The carpets of the main floor were worn threadbare by callers, while the living-rooms on the second floor were in an even worse condition from constant use by watchers, messengers, and privileged persons who were there day and night.

While he remained at the Jones' house, President Arthur personally directed the work of removing all traces of his predecessor's illness, and once more made the Executive mansion a suitable residence for the head of the nation. The Van Buren silver was given a new plating of gold, and all the service china and glass were replenished. Exquisite taste was shown in every change. The White House had never looked so well as when it was ready for President Arthur's occupation.

THE ARTHUR ADMINISTRATION

Mourning at the capital is brief at best, and in a few weeks the social season was proceeding as gaily as if nothing had happened to cast gloom over the nation.

In a few months after Mrs. Hayes had permitted no wines on the White House table, the rare vintages chosen by a man who was a *bon vivant* himself were provided. Neither expense nor care was spared at any social function. In arranging musical entertainments, he never thought of inviting his guests to listen to a mediocre program by local amateurs, but secured the most celebrated artists in the country. The President's sister, Mrs. John McElroy, wife of the Rev. John McElroy, of Albany, New York, was with her brother much of the time. Her own daughter and Nellie Arthur, the President's, were about the same age, and it

was delightful to see these charming young girls in simple dress standing behind the line at receptions.

For twenty years the Republican party had now been in power. Every Republican nominee since Lincoln had had a war record. The candidates before the convention at Chicago in 1884 were Blaine, Arthur, Edmunds, Logan, John Sherman, Hawley, and General Sherman. Blaine was nominated after many ballots.

THE BLAINE-LOGAN CAMPAIGN

General Logan had no ambition to run on the ticket with Blaine. He consented to take the second place, for which he was nominated by acclamation, at the call of the party, because it was thought that his popularity with the old soldiers and the people at large would draw many votes which otherwise would be alienated to the Democratic party, which nominated Grover Cleveland for President and Thomas A. Hendricks for Vice-President.

As governor of New York, Mr. Cleveland had compelled the attention of the nation. He was a new man, without the entanglements of a long career in politics. Though General Logan never admitted it, I know that from the first he regarded the fight as an up-hill one.

I accompanied General Logan, who was on the go, speaking to great crowds, from the time of the adjournment of the convention to the night before election. Campaigns were conducted differently then from now, and marching campaign-clubs and torchlight processions with transparencies were important factors in developing the enthusiasm of the people for the party candidates and platforms. Speakers did not know the luxury of automobile travel or of the comfortable hotels that we have to-day. They were met at the station by the leading men of the party in the neighborhood and, followed by a parade, proceeded to the hall or theater for the speech-making. Aside from the regular speeches, many impromptu ones had to be made. Whether the call came at seven o'clock in the morning or at midnight, the general would always respond.

The greatest reception that he received was in his own state at Springfield, where seventy thousand people gathered to welcome him. His escort to the hotel, symbolizing the then thirty-eight states of the

Union, were thirty-eight ladies in navy-blue riding-habits with red sashes, mounted on white horses, and thirty-eight men in dress suits with high hats, mounted on black horses.

The general and I left Indianapolis the night before election, reaching Chicago at seven the following morning. It was a raw, cold, cheerless day, and snow was steadily falling as we drove to our house on Calumet Avenue. Bad weather we knew meant that the rural Republican vote would not be out. I sought to dispel my husband's gloom by saying that it might soon stop snowing.



The late Senator
John J. Ingalls,
of Kansas

and that it wasn't so cold, after all.

"Mary, do not deceive yourself," he said. "We have made the best fight that was in us, and we are beaten."

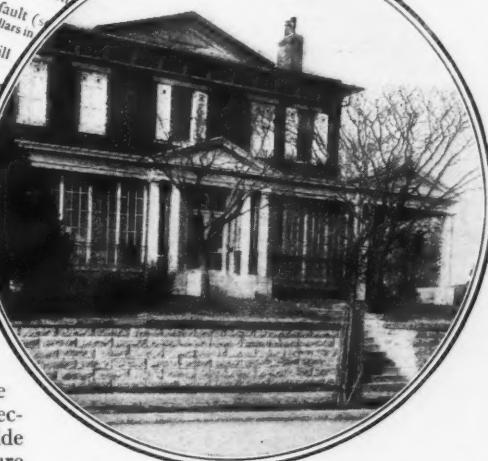
Such was the general's strength with his own party, that there was no question of his receiving its support for return to the Senate from Illinois in the legislative election of 1885. But the Democratic landslide left the complexion of the state legislature much in doubt, owing to the number of independent members. Tree, Hoxie, and Morrison

of "horizontal tariff" fame, were the Democratic candidates. Both House and Senate voted daily for weeks, without anyone receiving a majority. But the death, on

April 12th, of J. Henry Shaw, a Democratic member of the lower house, gave the Republicans a chance.



Mr. J. H. Craske elaborated a plan to get out the full Republican vote. One man selected to manage each county was to select one man in each township, who selected one man in each school district, who,



Mrs. Logan's Washington home, now occupied by
Secretary of State Bryan

Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

in turn, selected five assistants. All were to keep their work as secret as the grave. The result was a success. A Republican was chosen, and after a struggle of four months and nineteen days the general was again reelected a senator of the United States. It was the strain of this contest following that of the presidential campaign that hastened his death.

After our return to Washington I thought it time, considering the discomfort of the many years which we had spent in boarding-houses, that we should have a home of our own in Washington. We found that the old Stone mansion on Columbia Heights, then owned by Senator John Sherman, was for sale. Though the general was at first afraid we might not be able to make the payments, he finally decided to buy it; and we named it Calumet Place, because our house in Chicago was on Calumet Avenue.

When we came to Washington for the opening of Congress, in 1886, he took a severe cold and began to suffer acutely from rheumatism, his old enemy, which he had contracted in his campaigns. I begged him to go to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he had previously been greatly benefited, but he felt that, on account of his work, he must delay the trip until the Christmas holidays.

One morning, as usual, I had accompanied him in the brougham to the Capitol. Afterward I went to a meeting of the Ladies' Board of the Garfield Memorial Hospital, of which I was president,

at the house of Mrs. T. L. Tulloch. I had not been there long when some one, looking out of the window, said that the general was in front of the door in the brougham. I rushed out to him in alarm, and he said that he was suffering so intensely that he must go home. I knew that when he was willing to give up in this way his condition must be serious.

At first he seemed to improve, and for several days was able to sit up in an easy chair and to receive his many callers, with whom he joked and chatted in something of his old manner. On December 22nd, a paroxysm of excruciating pain seized him in the arm and about the heart; and from then until he died, on the 26th, he had moments only of consciousness when he recognized the members of his family.

His body lay in state in the Capitol for two days. On the evening of the second day, the casket was brought back to Calumet Place, the home where he had been so happy, though for such a brief time. The day of the funeral was bitterly cold, yet the streets were lined with people. A long military procession commanded by General Sheridan followed the funeral car to Rock Creek Cemetery, where the casket was temporarily deposited in the Hutchinson mausoleum. General Sheridan established a military guard there for many months.

Later, I was able, with my own earnings as a writer, to erect a granite mortuary chapel in the Soldiers' Home Cemetery, where the general sleeps his last sleep under a tribute of flags and immortelles from his



Colonel Corkhill (above), the district attorney who prosecuted the assassin of Garfield, Charles J. Guiteau (below), a disappointed office-seeker whose mind had been influenced by the abuse of the President's party opponents

comrades. For me, the light of the world had gone out; but I had his memory and my children to live for.

Calumet Place was unpaid for. I wanted to retain it because my husband had grown so fond of it. I was much distressed as to how I should be able to do so, considering the very meager estate he had left. But we had a legacy better than a fortune in the multitude of our loyal friends. A number of these, who were men of wealth, clubbed together and paid off all the notes against the property.

I secured a position

as editor of the
Home Magazine at the
same salary
that my
husband
had re-

in the throne-room of the German imperial palace when the present kaiser delivered his address on ascending the throne as successor to his father, Frederick III. He looked every inch the ruler, dressed in the white uniform of the cuirassiers. This sumptuous military ceremony was in sharp contrast to the garden-party given by Queen Victoria to the Shah of Persia at Marlborough House, which

I attended later. The decorations were nothing like as elaborate as I have seen many times at



Major John A. Logan, Jr., U. S. V., in uniform of member of a governor's staff, and scene of his death at San Jacinto, P. I., during the campaign for the capture of Aguinaldo. Monument on the spot where he fell

ceived as senator. However, before undertaking this, my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pullman, of Chicago, offered me an opportunity for change and rest which I very much needed, by urging me to chaperon their daughters for as long a stay in Europe as I desired. This was my first trip abroad.

While in Berlin, I attended the ceremonies

private garden-parties in our own country. I was greatly impressed by the queen's simplicity of dress. When she walked away on the arm of the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII., she used a cane.

I remained with the *Home Magazine* for six years. The property then went into bankruptcy, and I found myself the loser of a year's salary. Corporal Tanner having retired as commissioner of pensions, without my knowledge I was strongly recommended as his successor. President Harrison sent for me and, to my great surprise, said that I could have the position if I desired.

This was in the day when the old-fashioned woman was still in evidence, and we did not have women members of the legislature and the common councils in the West. I appreciated the honor, which I knew was a tribute to my husband, but I did not think that office holding of this kind lay within woman's province, and I accepted another offer to act as chaperon to Europe for a long tour, which included seeing the coronation of the czar and the czarina, in 1896.

On my return home, still another new experience was to be mine in adding to the variety of my career. I was appointed guardian for Miss Evangelina Cisneros, who had been rescued from a Spanish prison in Cuba. On account of the celebrity of her case the task was an extremely delicate one. I made up my mind that there should not be the slightest room for criticism. In spite of all that she had gone through in hardship and publicity, I found her extremely sweet and tractable, and she was with me constantly until her marriage to Mr. Carbonell, of Havana, where she now lives, a happy wife and mother.

JOHN A. LOGAN, JR.

John A. Logan, Jr., would hardly have been his father's son if he had not volunteered for the Spanish War. He served through the Santiago campaign as adjutant-general on Major-General John C. Bates's staff. Later, he went as major of the Third Battalion of the Thirty-third Infantry, commanded by Colonel Hare, to the Philippines. Soon after his arrival, his regiment became a part of Major-General Lloyd Wheaton's expedition which was landed at Dagupan. It will be remembered that General Wheaton served on my husband's staff in the Civil War. He hoped by a swift movement to the southward, while General MacArthur was moving northward, to capture Aguinaldo and his army.

My son had all of his father's dash and

initiative, and General Wheaton gave him the honor of making the first reconnaissance the night after the troops landed. At the head of his men he was leading the advance the next morning against the Filipino entrenchments at San Jacinto, when a Filipino hidden in a tree shot one of his sergeants. As Major Logan stooped over to administer first aid to the sergeant, he was instantly killed by the same sharpshooter.

My son was only thirty-six years old. In him all my ambition was centered. Had he lived I am sure that he would have fulfilled all my expectations. John Hay wrote me saying that it should be some consolation to know that "few women had had such a husband and such a son to lose," and President McKinley said to me: "Do not forget that in that brief moment he immortalized himself more than he could have done if he had lived fifty years. His father would rather that he died gallantly, leading his command in battle, than any other way."

This was gratifying to the heart of a loving mother, but only deepened the incurable wound of Jack's untimely death. His little son, John A. Logan, 3rd, has now grown to manhood; so the name which I love is to be perpetuated.

LATER YEARS

And I go on working quite as diligently, I am sure, as many younger women who would call me old-fashioned. Since my husband's death I have, with the assistance of a small pension, earned a living for myself and others dependent on me; and if anyone can claim to belong to the ranks of wage-earning women it is myself. Though I could not afford to live in Calumet Place, which has been my ambition, and have had to lease it, fortunately I have not had to part with it. At present it is occupied by Secretary of State Bryan.

Friends plead with me that one of my years has the right to take life leisurely. I cannot deny the logic of their point of view, but that does not control my inclination. As a girl on the frontier of Illinois I was brought up to activity, and I knew unceasing activity throughout my husband's career. It has become a habit with me to be always busy. I mean to die in harness. Indeed, I am sure that the one way for me to live to a good old age is to keep at work.

The Star of the Stars

"FAREWELL
—alas!"

murmured Madame Sarah, that emotional afternoon in May, when they added one more wreath, fashioned in gold and silver, to the accumulated and imperishable professional laurels of half a century.

Womanlike, for the great Bernhardt is always and intensely feminine, she meant in her heart, *Au revoir!*

And why not? The recent American tour, in which, week after week, this marvelous actress, verging upon her seventieth year, has played the relentless twice-a-day of the vaudeville circuit in the most trying scenes of her repertoire, demonstrates once again that mere age, in the conventional count of years, has nothing to do with her art or her heart.

She is greater than the queens of history whom she impersonates. Like them, she is denied the ordinary woman's privilege of concealing her real age. Public record and public

recollection alike have kept in constant evidence the date of her birth—October 22, 1844. When she speaks of her son, in that imitable accent of mother-pride, you actually figure him in imagination as a golden-haired boy—



(C) BONELITE STUDIO

Scene from "La Dame aux Camélias"

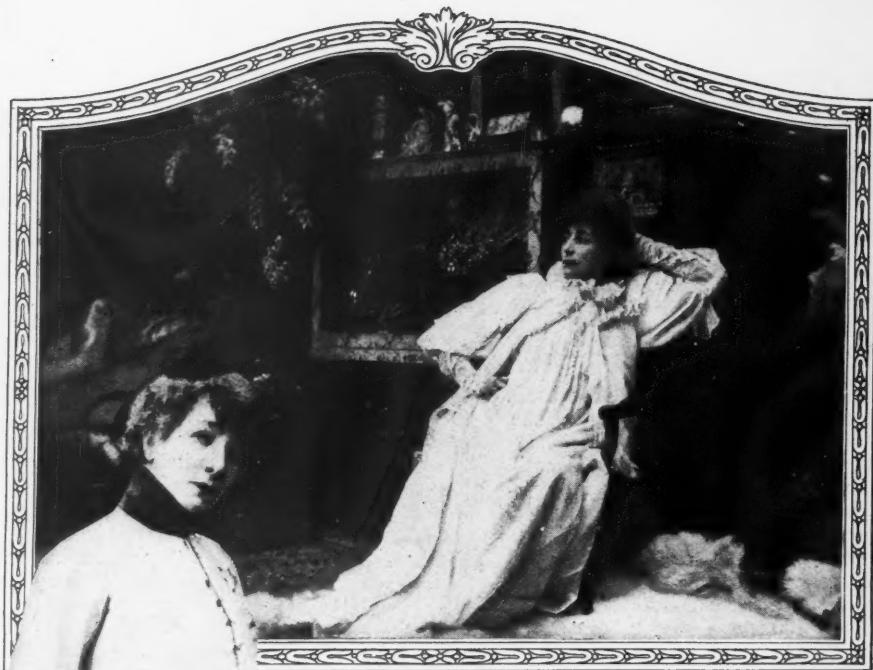


As
Floria
Tosca,
first played,
1887

Mme. Bernhardt
in Rostand's "La
Samaritaine." Her
attitudes and poses
are plastic studies
for a Rodin

forgetting for the instant the incontestable fact that Maurice is a grandfather, and that the still "Divine" Sarah, if she insists upon it, can to-day fondle her own great-grandchild upon her knee.

Yet the vital part of her remains essentially unchanged. If it were not so, those breathless audiences would not have packed the theater beyond the safety limit



She is greater than the queens of history whom she impersonates.
Mme. Bernhardt in her Parisian home

emerge from the stage door, to be helped into her waiting car.

Those big eyes of turquoise or jade, set in the squirrel-like face with clear, pallid skin tightly drawn in a languorous smile, are the fascinating magic wells of yore. The fluffy, tawny hair of course is taken for granted.

She does not walk or stand alone very much, even on the stage, being somewhat lame as the result of a fall on shipboard, or else an automobile shake-up, it is said; but her gestures are beautifully expressive. Her attitudes and poses, whether seated, rising, or falling into somebody's arms, are plastic studies for a Rodin.

And then, there is the supreme spell of her voice and diction. The voice is thinner, at times almost shrill, and even tiger-cattish in Sardou's "La Tosca," yet golden still—so little changed in level

of standing-room at each performance, and then blocked street an hour it was just to glimpse inert figure in mauve gray and

the for after over, catch a of a slight, ure, swathed

and Mme. Bernhardt in Sardou's "Fédora" ple, and carrying a diminutive "toy" dog in her arms,

"What is it that keeps me young?"

In Rostand's
"L'Aiglon"





personal appearance is to recall the fact that she replaced Miss Hazel Dawn in the title rôle of that ingratiating music-farce, "The Pink Lady." To do this satisfactorily, one must have a tall, symmetrical



forget to say what a delight it is, and how helpful, to have had this Gilbert-and-Sullivan rôle. It is such high-grade music and the words are so full of wit that the principals are bound to enunciate clearly to get the fine shades of meaning over. There ought to be more such in the repertoires. Singers are all ready and waiting for them. As for myself, I count on grand opera in English to give me my opportunity." And from recent developments in the musical world, there is reason to believe that this opportunity will not be very long in coming.

She undoubtedly has the making of a Wagnerian soprano

figure, a face radiant with girlish animation, and, item: one pair of soulful eyes, darkish blue-gray preferred. Previous stellar experience not absolutely required. In this latter specification, too, Miss Cunningham fitted the description; for when she was pushed into the "Pink Lady" leading part at three hours' notice, about the only previous experience she had had above the chorus grade was in an evanescent production called "Somewhere Else," which ran a short but merry career of one consecutive week.

"As for grand opera in English, which I believe in as a possibility of the near future," adds this most likable incarnation of Phyllis, "don't let me

PHOTO, CAMPBELL STUDIO
A modern
Phyllis

A face radiant with girlish animation



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

It was a man almost without power of articulation who called on Wallingford at the Tanner Hotel,
and fairly clawed the words out of himself

(The New Adventures of Wallingford)

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

We don't want you to forget Young Jimmy—the boy with the shy ear-lobes—and his side-partner, Toad Jessup. They do not appear in every story of this series, but Mr. Chester is planning a new series of stories to begin soon, in which they will play the main parts. Meanwhile Wallingford and the irrepressible Blackie go merrily on their way. They have the happy faculty of being able to fleece a man pleasantly, and yet with a new money-extracting device each time. That's one thing that makes these Wallingford stories such wonderful interest-holders. Here Wallingford and Blackie get into politics—also into the pockets of some leading citizens.

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

BOTH instinct and experience led Blackie Daw to the grill-room of the best café in town, where, through the swirling smoke, he found a friendly, jostling crowd vibrating between the bar and the free-lunch counter, amid a babble composed of stock jokes, laughter, and invitations to have another. Being both tall and thin, Blackie managed to worm his way in to the bar. Before he could order his cocktail, a large, cold Stein of beer was thrust in front of him, and the bartender ran away for more. Blackie looked behind him to see if the Stein were not for some one else, but every man in range had a handful. The bartender came up with a box of cigars.

"Good guess, boy," said Blackie. "How did you know I wanted beer?"

"Everybody's doing it to-night," replied the bartender briskly. "Milt Johnson's giving the party. He's running for mayor," and he indicated a florid-faced, good-looking man, who was startlingly healthy, and who bore a remote resemblance to his lithographs. "Rather have something else? Anything goes. Take a cigar," and he thrust forward the box.

Three men reached over Blackie's shoulders to get at the cigars, and one of them, an alert-looking young man with a tremendous number of teeth and a smile which displayed them all, pushed Blackie's silk hat forward.

"Beg pardon, old man," he apologized, laughing. "There's only three bartenders, and we have to hurry."

"Have a drink and forget it," grinned Blackie, handing him a Stein from the moist half-dozen which, at that moment, appeared on the bar with a slam. "Large evening, isn't it?"

"One continuous round," asserted the young man of the teeth, whose alert eye, while he talked, roved the length of the ornately carved barroom, as if he were automatically counting and sorting and taking inventories. "Stranger here?"

"Professional stranger," replied Blackie. Milt Johnson craned his neck and located the young man of the teeth.

"Where's Booky, Hawkeye?" he called.

"Telephone booth," responded Hawkeye, producing that fact mechanically from his large assortment of managerial information. "Telling his wife why he can't come home."

"Think you better open up the back room, Joe," advised the candidate, to a busy man who was behind the bar with his derby on.

"Open 'er up, Billy," yelled Joe, filling steins with a deft hand.

The door opened, and the crowd surged forward with its steins in its hands. Only the young man called Hawkeye remained, standing by Blackie, intent on finishing his beer at his own rare leisure, and, for just a

moment, there was rather a tired look in his eyes.

"Call 'em back," Blackie shamelessly hinted. "I hate to lose a pleasant party."

Hawkeye paused to look him over. Blackie's sharp-pointed mustaches had an upward tilt of cheerfulness, and there was the distinct spirit of gaiety in his snapping black eyes.

"Come back and sit in," invited the apparent manager, completely satisfied. "It's only an informal souse."

"I don't like to butt in," objected Blackie, with mock hesitation.

"Nobody can butt into a campaign hurrah," laughed the young man, "not even professional strangers. Come on in and be human."

"I'd have pined away if you hadn't asked me," accepted Blackie, as they put down their steins and walked back toward the noise. "I think you'll need me, anyhow. I'm not a good solo singer, but I'm strong in a chorus," a claim which brought an appreciative laugh from Hawkeye.

In the big back room, four tables had been shoved together to make a long one, and the others were drawn up as annexes, with merely waiter-room between. A place had been saved at the long table for Blackie's conductor, but a waiter, seeing that Hawkeye had a friend with him, squeezed in another chair. Blackie met the friendly curiosity of his board companions with a smiling eye, and he answered with a bow the hearty nod of Milt Johnson, who, in these evenings, was not making any mistake of hospitality.

"All right, Hawkeye, whoop 'er up!" called a heavy-set young man, who invariably wore his hat pushed back and his cravat awry. "We're supposed to be driving dull care away, and we're wasting time."

"Opening odes," announced Hawkeye, with a laugh, which, somehow, lacked spontaneity, and Blackie had the young man definitely placed. He was a professional "whoop-'er-up," and in order to keep things going night after night, he had to stay cold sober, which, under the circumstances, was a handicap. "Brother Booky will please strike the key and line out the hymn."

Brother Booky, a shiny man with lovable worthlessness visible from every curve, promptly obliged with that time-honored old classic beginning and ending with, "How dry I am, how dry I am, nobody

knows how dry I am;" but Brother Booky's once possibly melodious voice had been hoarsened by nightly exposure to the elements, and the song was a listless and lifeless diversion through the mingling of four struggling keys.

In the midst of that sad medley there rose a clear, strong voice, which carried the revered chant up into the realms of the exaltation which such music was meant to promote. Young Mr. Hawkeye shot at Blackie a grateful glance as the enthusiasm swelled to a desirably abnormal pitch, and all the true sons of joy in that room were friends of the black-mustached stranger without an introduction. At the conclusion of the tenth verse, Milt Johnson himself anxiously shoved a Stein across to Blackie, to moisten that precious voice.

"You're all right, but you don't drink enough," laughed the professional "whoop-'er-up."

"You misjudge me," remonstrated Blackie. "All I lack is practice. This must be a liberal town, if a candidate for mayor can get pie-eyed on the eve of election."

"You couldn't pour enough of this stuff into Milt with a fire-hose to make him even sentimental," smiled the alert young man. "Besides, Milt's rubbing it in."

"If that's what you call this, he's great at it," judged Blackie. "What's the occasion?"

"The other candidate is playing for the church vote, and we don't think there's enough of it; so we're handing it to him. Bissett wouldn't drink a cocktail to save him from hydrophobia: so Milt trots out his thirst for exercise every evening, and invites the town to see him do it."

"There must be some breweries in this burg," guessed Blackie.

"Fourteen, and five distilleries. Milt ought to win in a walk, but the election might be close at that. People get crazy for a change just because."

"Same old game," commented Blackie shrewdly. "You've been in so long that you forget where the money comes from. What's Bissett like, inside? I've seen his face."

"They're both the same," smiled Hawkeye, who favored Blackie's conversation because it was so unfettered. "We call him Angora Bissett: he's such a goat! He's the owner of Bissett's Banner Bakeries, and his party managers have him fall

for games that would wring screams from an idiot child. What's your name?"

"Horace G. Daw, of New York and Tarryville, of which latter well-conducted metropolis I am the present and future mayor," responded Blackie proudly. "Happy to meet you. Who are you?"

"Pierce Hawkins, county assessor," answered Hawkeye briefly, and rose. "Gentlemen and others: permit me to introduce the sweet singer of the evening, Mayor Horace G. Daw, of Tarryville, New York. Brother Daw belongs naturally to the Progressive party, by reason of his thirst, and he will now lead us in that good old devotional anthem, 'Why don't Mother like Father's Breath.'"

Being thus thrown upon his own resources, Mayor Horace G. Daw of Tarryville, bowed modestly to the salvos of applause, and, lifting his clear voice in song, led off into the ballad known as, "I want more Lager Beer."

Thirty minutes later, when J. Rufus Wallingford had located Blackie by the simple expedient of making his way to the heart of the utmost disorder in the town, that

beaming gentleman was standing on his chair and waving rhythmically his long arms, while from beneath there welled the mighty chorus of "Auld Lang Syne!"

II

C. J. Bissett looked up from the card of J. Rufus Wallingford to find himself confronted by a man so large and so broad, so beaming and jovial of face, and so confident and prosperous of bearing, that he felt oppressed.

"I'd like to figure on some bakery goods, Mr. Bissett," began Wallingford briskly. "I'd like you to quote a price for the supply of fifteen restaurants."

If C. J. Bissett, who was a nervous little man, had any habitual caution in regard to strangers, this opening entirely removed it, for a large part of his dusty dryness disappeared like the powdered sugar from a bun.

"Sit down, Mr. Wallingford," he cordially invited, indicating a chair close to his desk, and he softly stroked the back of one hand with the palm of the other. "I'll

have to know where these restaurants are located before I can figure closely."

"They are not located any-



When J. Rufus Wallingford had located Blackie, that beaming gentleman was standing on his chair and waving rhythmically his long arms, while from beneath there welled the mighty chorus of "Auld Lang Syne!"

where as yet," replied Wallingford pleasantly. "I intend, however, to open them in Wessleyburg, as soon as my plans are all formed."

"Fifteen restaurants," repeated Mr. Bissett, gloating a little in secret over the possible acquisition to his business. "Dairy funches?" and he recalled the monthly list which he already furnished to two of these concerns.

"Hardly," smiled J. Rufus, with an air of superiority which made Bissett, in some way, feel apologetic. "They will be family restaurants conducted on a new plan; not all white enameled like a hospital, or plate-glass front to the ceiling, so that a lady feels as if she were dining on the sidewalk: but quiet, cozy places, with quick service, clean linen, and good cooks in the kitchens."

Bissett nodded approvingly. He was a sunken-cheeked man with fuzzy gray sideburns, and a prim mouth suggestive of that righteousness which seeks recognition.

"Popular price, I presume," he judged.

"Prices that will drive everything else out of the field, except the very exclusive cafés," responded Wallingford, with enthusiasm. "I know this business from the ground up. On my plan, one restaurant would starve to death, but fifteen will put an extra clerk in the Second National Bank."

Mr. Bissett's mild blue eyes surveyed Wallingford from head to foot. The visitor wore a ten-dollar derby and fifteen-dollar shoes, and everything in between reeked with the price he had paid. It would be time later to ask Mr. Wallingford, as a mere matter of form, to establish a proper credit.

"I'll make you a very close figure, considering the quality of Bissett's Banner products," he promised. "I don't think you will find any better."

"I don't think I will," agreed Wallingford with a smile. "That's why I came to you. Of course I intend to secure figures elsewhere, but I don't mind admitting that, all other things being equal, I should give you the preference. An established name like Bissett, associated as it is with uniform excellence, will be good for my business."

Mr. Bissett almost squirmed with gratification. He was losing the sense of oppression which Wallingford's bulk had forced on him, and this was because Wallingford had such a friendly inclination toward him.

"I appreciate that," he stated. "If you haven't made other arrangements, I'd like to furnish your menus for the privilege of printing 'Bissett's Banner Bread' on them, also 'Bissett's Banner Cake,' 'Bissett's Banner Pies,' and 'Bissett's Banner Biscuit.'"

"I'll give you two days to figure it over," offered Wallingford, rising. "I've no doubt we'll be able to come to terms, Mr. Mayor."

"Not mayor yet," remonstrated Bissett, smoothing the back of his hand.

"From what I hear, it's fairly certain," chuckled Wallingford, now jovial, since his business talk was finished. "They tell me Wessleyburg never had a candidate so far above criticism."

"Well, I have beaten them so far," stated Mr. Bissett, a shade of worry descending on his brow as he thought of his narrow escapes. "There are a lot of unprincipled people in this town, as you will be astonished to find, Mr. Wallingford. I have lived here all my life; I have amassed a comfortable fortune by industry and integrity; I am a vestryman in our leading church, and have just reason to be proud of my respectability. Yet, in spite of a spotless life, my political opponents have attempted to fasten scandal upon me."

"No!" protested Wallingford, shocked, and sat down again. "How could they hope to succeed?"

"By tricks and misrepresentations," and Mr. Bissett showed that he was suffering. "They circulated reports that I drank a cocktail at the Bakers' banquet in Baltimore, but I proved conclusively that I did not attend that banquet; they hired a beer-wagon to stop every day in front of my house, and they even went so far as to express me a keg of whiskey, which I refused to accept! It has been a dreadful experience."

"That's what one gets for going into politics," replied Wallingford, violently strangling a chuckle.

"I felt it my duty," virtuously responded Mr. Bissett. "The town needs a man of strong character and upright morality to purge it of its iniquities; moreover, a man at my time of life feels himself entitled to public honor as a reward for his years of active good citizenship."

"Undoubtedly," agreed Wallingford, reflecting, with envy, that Blackie Daw had chosen the drunkards for his share of the work, but nevertheless taking a curious in-



"Well, I have beaten them so far," stated Mr. Bissett. "There are a lot of unprincipled people in this town, as you will be astonished to find, Mr. Wallingford."

terest in Angora Bissett. "I am only surprised that the city has not earlier called upon you to represent its municipal dignity. Of course, though, it's an immoral town. Why, do you know, one can't get a decent bite to eat here, except in places where liquors are sold."

"That is painfully true," sighed Mr. Bissett. "Since I entered this campaign, I eat at home only. I judge that, from what you have just said, there are to be no liquors sold in your restaurants."

"Not while I run them," declared Wallingford firmly. "Do you know, Mr. Mayor—I mean, Mr. Bissett—I propose to bring into this city the greatest moral influence it has ever known; attractive dining-places, where the best food can be obtained, at extremely low prices, without the contaminating sight of drink!" He paused and smiled. "My project should be included in your campaign."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," smiled Bissett in return. "It will be a highly beneficial gift to the public, with a distinct moral uplift."

Since Wallingford could not have chosen better words he let it go at that.

"I'm stopping at the Tanner Hotel, if you'd like to communicate with me," he suggested, rising again. "I'm pretty busy now, but they'll leave word for me."

"Locating restaurants, I suppose," guessed Bissett, pulling a pencil and pad toward him. He meant to commence figuring as soon as Wallingford went out.

"Well, yes," admitted Wallingford. "My chief worry just now, however, is to find an attractive name. Eureka, and Acme, and Popular, and such things, all seem so ordinary. I want a name which shall be solid and substantial, something which shall be recognized by the people of this city as standing for excellence. I'd use my own



"Hush, boys," ordered Hawkins, raising a warning hand until Blackie had finished his stein and smoked his cigarette

name, but they don't know me here. What I want—" He stopped as if struck by a sudden startling idea. He glared out of the window. He stared down at Mr. Bissett. Gradually his expression relaxed. His eye softened. His face began to beam. He sat

down, with a rush of enthusiasm. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "Bissett's Banner Buffets!"

Mr. Bissett was distinctly startled.

"But, my dear sir," he began nervously to protest.

"Now don't say a word!" Wallingford overwhelmed him. "You probably think that I want you to invest in this enterprise, but I need no financial assistance," and he tossed down a certificate of deposit in the Second National Bank for a hundred thousand dollars. "No, sir; I'll make you a present of a few shares of stock! You don't know the value of a name like yours to a business like mine."

Mr. Bissett's mild blue eyes looked swimmy.

"But, my dear sir," he feebly began.

"Not another word!" proclaimed Wallingford. "You feel diffident about accepting what seems like a gratuity, for what you perhaps think of as a slight favor, but such is not the case. Such—" He was looking about for paper as he talked. He did not like to interrupt himself by asking for it. He found it under Mr. Bissett's left elbow, and drew it deftly to the center of the desk. "Such is not the case. We'll draw up a contract right now. You write and I'll dictate." He thrust a pen into Mr. Bissett's nerveless fingers. "Wessleyburg, November first. To all whom it may concern."

Mr. Bissett, batting his eyes, hesitated for just a moment; then he began to write.

III

Bissett's Banner Buffets! The citizens of Wessleyburg had no opportunity to escape the knowledge of that tremendous enterprise for the public good. It was in the center of large white spaces in the advertising columns of every paper. It was on the top of every Bissett bread-wagon, and the *Blade* and the *News*, the two papers which mildly supported Bissett's political ambitions, devoted columns to the morality of the venture.

Temperance buffets scattered all over town! Neat, clean, cozy places, where one could enjoy good food at a low price, without the contaminating sight of drink! C. J. Bissett was doing something for the city! Mr. Bissett himself was highly pleased with the furor and with the complimentary speeches which were made him by his friends, and he was kind enough to say so to the promoter of the happy thought.

"Glad you're pleased," said Wallingford. "I think you're going to be mighty well satisfied, too, to be connected with the business end of the project. Of course, though, a thousand dollars' worth of stock won't make you much money."

"No," admitted Bissett, smoothing the back of his hand. "I guess it would be a pretty good thing to invest in."

"If you'd like a little more of it, let me know," offered Wallingford cordially; then he added with a laugh: "You'd better hurry up, though, for I'm not going to hold this stock at the fifty per cent. for which we capitalized. I think I'll call it par, right after the next stockholders' meeting, at which we perfect our plans of operation," and, returning to his hotel, he telephoned Blackie Daw, at the Grand Palace, that the moment had arrived.

Blackie walked down immediately into the Grand Palace bar, and the first reliable person he found was Billy Corsman, the heavy-set young man with his derby on the back of his head and his cravat awry.

"You're a fine set of lolllops," Blackie scornfully chided, as he accepted Billy's invitation to name a beverage and have it. "You're letting Angora Bissett nail you to the wall."

"What do you know about Bissett?" demanded Billy, with more anxiety than banter.

"I've found out all about Bissett, from the time he chopped down a cherry tree so as not to tell a lie about it," boasted Blackie. "He lives on nothing but oats; he goes to the cemetery when he wants to have some real fun, and he puts a cute one over on you in this big Bissett's Banner Buffets splash."

"Say, Mike, have you seen Hawkeye?" interrupted Billy, hastily.

"He was in about half an hour ago and went over to headquarters," reported the bartender.

"Call him up, and tell him to hold the wire," urged Billy. "Now, how was that about Bissett, Daw?"

"Simple little thing," grinned Blackie. "The Wessleyburg Restaurants Company was incorporated for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, half paid in, and Bissett owns only ten shares. I saw the incorporation report. Bissett and three of his friends, ten shares each, and a fellow by the name of Wallingford, one thousand four hundred and sixty shares."

"What do you think of that!" gasped Billy. "All that advertising and all that strong campaign play for five hundred dollars! Maybe Angora *has* a brain!"

"I know one thing," observed Blackie, "I wouldn't let a locust-skin like Bissett get away with it."

"Here's your party, Billy," called the bartender, and rushing to the 'phone, Billy agitatedly reported the whole occurrence to Pierce Hawkins.

That evening's *Journal-Times* contained a scathing article on C. J. Bissett's monumental pretense. In some devious way, that Judas of his party had managed to attach his name, at the expense of five hundred dollars, to a worthy enterprise capitalized at a hundred and fifty thousand, thereby appropriating to himself a credit to which he was in no wise entitled. He was even president, while the enterprising promotor and manager, one Wallingford, held a modest, minor office! Was a hollow mockery, and a whitened sepulcher, and a tinkling cymbal like this Bissett, a man to place at the head of a city's affairs? By no means! No!

The *Evening Bugle* was even more severe. It recited the same facts as the *Journal-Times*, and called C. J. Bissett a bluffer, a schemer, a trickster, and a piker!

At four-fifteen, C. J. Bissett called on Wallingford, at the Tanner Hotel, and was highly indignant.

"I have taken immediate steps to refute the slanders against me in the *Journal-Times* and the *Bugle*," he declared, quite vehemently for him. "I hope you did not give out the material for such items."

"It was quite unnecessary," Wallingford coldly assured him. "Such news is accessible from the state reports. What steps did you take to refute the scandal?"

"I have told the papers that I am to have a large share in the investment, and that the restaurants are to be called Bissett's Banner Buffets because they are to handle Bissett's Banner products. I shall issue an explanatory circular with every loaf of bread from my various bakeries, and I shall ask you, as a favor, to incorporate the information in the advertising matter you are causing to be printed."

"Certainly," agreed Wallingford carelessly. "How much of an interest in the company would you like to acquire?"

"One-third," announced Bissett, with

the same impetuosity with which he had entered the room. "I have brought you up a check for the amount," and he laid it before Wallingford—twenty-five thousand dollars.

J. Rufus, with a pained expression, passed back the check.

"You certainly do not expect to buy a one-third interest in my company for that!" he expostulated, thrusting out his chest.

Mr. Bissett drew the check toward him, and examined it to see that there was no mistake.

"That's correct," he puzzled. "Fifty thousand shares, at fifty per cent."

"I hope I don't have to explain this to you, Mr. Bissett," observed Wallingford kindly. "I have put my money into this company, the cash now being on deposit in the Second National Bank, for the purpose of making a good percentage of profit on it. You see that, don't you?"

"Well, yes," faltered Mr. Bissett, quailing beneath Wallingford's steadfast gaze.

"Precisely," went on Wallingford. "Yet, without consideration, you wish me to withdraw a third of my capital in your favor, and permit you to reap one-third of my profits from an enterprise which has already been launched with flying colors. Absurd, Mr. Bissett, absurd!" and he put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, thereby spreading the wider his offended front.

"Well, I hadn't thought of it that way," confusedly apologized Mr. Bissett. "You know you said I might have some more stock at any time."

"I did not suppose that you would take advantage of that offer to try and appropriate a third of my profit-earning capacity," and Wallingford seemed more grieved than angry. "Moreover, I think I warned you that the price of this stock would advance."

"Yes, you did," acknowledged Bissett, much worried. "However, I am in such a position that I require this amount of stock to support my position as president of the company. How much advance would be fair?"

Wallingford took paper and pencil, and figured elaborately.

"To repay me for a reasonable expectation of profit, I think I shall have to charge you seventy-five," he finally announced.

Mr. Bissett, who was not foolish about money, but merely foolish personally, felt a contraction around his left auricle.

"Thirty-seven thousand five hundred," he calculated. "Why, that leaves you twelve thousand five hundred profit!"

"Suit yourself," offered Wallingford, settling back comfortably in his chair, and glancing, by apparent accident, at the evening papers which lay on his table.

Mr. Bissett glanced also at the papers, and pondered deeply and painfully. At last his countenance brightened as much as it was possible for that dry and dusty countenance to do.

"Would you sell control at that price?"

"I would not," was the prompt and firm refusal. "I expect to make a much better profit out of this business, Mr. Bissett, much better."

"I like your faith in it, anyhow," granted Bissett, and, in fact, Wallingford's firm refusal to sell more than a third was vastly encouraging.

Slowly Mr. Bissett tore up his check, and, as slowly, he wrote another.

IV

A few of the candidates happened to meet, by chance, in the Grand Palace Hotel bar-room, and Blackie Daw drifted in among them with his usual satirical grin.

"Well, how are the hosts of sin?" he inquired.

"We still have the price," Milt Johnson reassured him. "Get your order in early and often."

"One stein," observed Blackie, holding with growing reluctance to the regular campaign tipple. He liked other beverages better. "I took a straw vote in front of the stove factory, at the noon hour, to-day," and he paused for dramatic effect.

"If you're framing this to dampen our spirits, keep your information to yourself," objected Billy Corsman, pulling his derby forward in his partisan fervor.

"What was it?" asked Hawkins, searching Blackie's face anxiously.

"Thirty-seven, Bissett; forty-one, Johnson," reported Blackie. "Now, cheer up!"

"That's worth another round," decided Johnson, but he did not look so overpoweringly healthy about it.

"Pretty close," pondered Hawkins, with a worried glance at Johnson.

"Why don't you boobs do something?" demanded Blackie. "Why don't you hand

this shrivel a good, hard paste in the middle of his census?"

"We've run out of genius," laughed Hawkins. "Why don't you show us?"

"Now you touch my pride," complained Blackie. "Give me time to finish this stein and smoke a cigarette, and I'll hand you the answer with a pink ribbon in its hair."

"Hush, boys," ordered Hawkins, raising a warning hand, with which he held them to silence until Blackie had finished his stein and smoked his cigarette, while they all watched him with half-solemn grins.

"Here she is!" announced Blackie cheerily. "Introduce the sale of beer into Bissett's Banner Buffets."

"You dang fool!" exploded Billy Corsman amid the laughter.

"All right, boys: make fun of a cripple," invited Blackie. "Bissett has made a grand-stand bluff about owning an important interest in that restaurant company, but, after all, he only owns one-third. Why don't you accomplished mourners hunt up this man Ballingford, or Wallingford, or whatever his name is, and buy enough stock to go into the next stockholders' meeting with control? You'd not only have a good business investment, but—"

Milt Johnson brought his fist on the table with a bang.

"That's the trick!" he exclaimed. "Hawkeye, suppose you hunt up this man Wallingford and see what he'll do. It's a good business proposition, and I'll head the subscription list with half the stock we need."

"I should say you would," grinned Blackie. "After election, you can make that back in the first year."

Hawkeye returned in twenty minutes.

"He'll sell seventy-six thousand at par, or he'll sell out, ninety-six thousand, for ninety thousand dollars, spot cash."

"All we need is control," figured Johnson, whose business experience had covered a wide range.

"He's holding us up," Hawkeye reminded them. "The cash is all in the bank, but it's only fifty per cent. and he's asking par."

"Did you expect him to make you a present of it?" inquired Blackie. "With a beer privilege, which the party in power can easily secure, I'd take a chunk of that stock, even *at* par. Let me on your subscription list for ten thousand."

"We can swing it, I think," calculated Johnson, looking around him with a shade of dawning dubiousness. Seventy-six thousand dollars was, after all, a very respectable amount of money, and it was not quite all visible at this table.

Billy Corsman suddenly burst out laughing.

"Can't you see Angora Bissett when we put beer into his Banner Buffets?" he chortled. "And can't you see this town get right up and howl! It means a fifty thousand plurality!"

"Seventy-six," amended Hawkeye, "at a dollar a throw!"

There seemed meat for reflection in this simple remark. Municipal statesmen anxious to take care of the city treasury had often been known to pay more than this sum for a majority, and could not show a good business investment for it, either. The restaurant-company stock, according to Hawkeye's unspoken calculation, would be clear profit.

"I'll take half," reiterated Milt Johnson. "Now let's count up what we can cover. I'll put down Shaner for five and Denison for five. There's twenty-six left. Speak up."

"Five," said Hawkeye thoughtfully.

Billy Corsman struggled with himself, and leaped to the utmost limit of his borrowing capacity.

"I'll take two," he announced, with dignity.

There was a little silence.

"Let me have ten," begged Blackie.

Again a little silence.

"All right," agreed Milt Johnson, with a sigh; "come in. I'll get the balance subscribed."

Thus Blackie Daw secured the small block of stock which was the absolute key to the control of Bissett's Banner Buffets!

V

President and Treasurer C. J. Bissett sat placidly in the economical office of the Wessleyburg Restaurant Company, waiting for Third Vice-President J. Rufus Wallingford and the remaining stockholders, who were due at three o'clock. It was now five minutes of three. At two minutes of three the thick-legged office boy, the only present employee of Bissett's Banner Buffets, dropped his feet from the waste

basket to the floor, and Mr. Bissett straightened up with an equally emphatic thump. Footsteps had sounded in the hall. The door opened, and there appeared, not the genial, round pink face of the only man who knew what to do, but the elongated features of Secretary Raymond Saunders, Wessleyburg's most eminent undertaker. He had been born long-faced and had assiduously stretched it in his profession.

"Oh, nobody here," commented Mr. Saunders, in the soft tones he customarily used in speaking of the dear departed, and he sat down.

"It's still early," observed Bissett to his friend, and blandly waited.

The door opened again. A spare, gangling man entered with his arms hanging before him. He was the first vice-president, and he was followed by the pursy second vice-president, who wore a bushy beard. The latter officer immediately looked at his watch.

"It's three o'clock," he announced accusingly, and sat down.

The gangling man made a careful choice of three chairs, all alike, and, selecting one, hung his arms in front of him.

"Where's Mr. Wallingford?" he hoarsely husked.

"I don't know; but it's three o'clock," nervously answered Bissett. He had been nervous all the time, but he had not realized it until now.

Five minutes passed. The pursy man with the bushy beard looked at his watch, and pushed it in his pocket.

"Time is money," he snapped.

"It's only five minutes after three," stated Mr. Bissett apologetically. He had requested all these friends of his to invest five hundred dollars each, to help comply with the legal requirements of incorporation, and he felt actively responsible for their comfort.

"Mr. Wallingford should be here," husked the gangling one, now hunched forward, so that his arms could hang more freely.

"Accidents will happen," comforted the undertaker.

Five more minutes passed.

"I have an appointment at three-thirty," stated the bushy-bearded one, tugging out his watch and pressing it back into the niche in his periphery.

"There cannot be much more delay," hopefully fretted Mr. Bissett.

The gangling man leaned further forward in his chair.

"Do you suppose there could be anything wrong with his man Wallingford?" he inconsiderately suggested. "My brother-in-law tells me it isn't usual for matters of business policy to come before the stockholders. It's usually done by the directors."

"Mr. Wallingford put that in the constitution, and we all signed it," remarked the undertaker thoughtfully. "He said it didn't make any difference as long as the stockholders and directors are the same people; but I don't know."

"My brother-in-law says that the stockholders are always shifting," husked the gangling one. "There's always new ones."

"There is not much chance of that, so long as Mr. Wallingford refuses to sell his stock," Mr. Bissett reassured them. "He wouldn't sell me more than five hundred shares, and that shows what he thinks of the company." He paused for a cautious moment. "I don't mind stating, gentlemen, that, if anything should go amiss, I shall be glad to reimburse you."

"Then it's all right," breathed the undertaker softly, and Mr. Bissett sighed with relief, for he knew that he had saved the cemetery vote.

Two silent minutes passed, and then there came a whoop and a clatter down the hall. The thick-legged office boy, whose eyes were nearly pushed shut by the fat of his cheeks, opened the door, and Mr. Bissett's mouth distended to its full cavernous depth as Milt Johnson strode in, followed by the jaunty Blackie Daw and Pierce Hawkins and Billy Corsman and five other staunch sinners of Progressive party. Thick-legged office boy may have been dumb, but he took his hat and went out into the pleasant afternoon.

"Where's the secretary?" demanded Milt Johnson, who was gay and happy and carefree.

President and Treasurer C. J. Bissett, who had risen and backed toward the corner, was still bereft of speech; but undertaker Saunders was ready with soothing speech.

"I am the secretary, but Mr. Wallingford has not yet arrived."

"We don't care who's here, so long as there's a quorum," announced Milt Johnson cheerily, as he took a seat on a corner

of the table. "Enter our stock, Saunders, and go ahead with your meeting."

President Bissett at last found his voice.

"Never!" he vehemently declared, wrapping his arms around his umbrella and hugging it to his breast. "This is a trick to plunge me into scandal!" and he started for the door.

"I thought there was something crooked somewhere," was the hoarse opinion of the gangling man, who now rose and stood behind his arms.

"How much stock have you bought?" snapped the pursy man, looking at his watch.

"Control, you!" shouted the gleeful Billy Corsman.

"Then I'm going to meet my three-thirty appointment," snapped the pursy man, and did it.

President Bissett, who had also been flying from the room to save his reputation, paused to lean against the door-jamb.

"Control," he repeated.

"You bet your life!" chanted Billy Corsman, shoving back his derby until it practically hung suspended on a hair. "We're going to run Bissett's Banner Buffets right up to date, and first thing we put in is beer!"

"You infamous scoundrels!" shrieked President Bissett.

"It's a political trick!"

He struggled violently

with his emotions and

managed to articulate a syllable which had never passed his lips since the day he was spanked for it. "Damn!" he squeaked, and the spot where he stood was vacant.



There appeared the elongated features of Secretary Raymond Saunders, Wessleyburg's most eminent undertaker

Bissett's Banner Buffets until they see me."

Mr. Bissett immediately stopped every nervous motion, but he was too much bewildered to ask a question.

"They can sell beer in the restaurants

VI

It was a man almost without power of articulation who called on Wallingford at the Tanner Hotel, and fairly clawed the words out of himself.

"You have delivered me to my enemies!" he charged. "You've plunged me into scandal and disgrace. You've tarnished my name! You've destroyed the respect of my vestry! You've—"

"Write the rest of it," interrupted Wallingford, busy with his shaving materials. "I won't deny that I did any of these things till I know how I'm supposed to have done it."

"You sold your stock to my political foes!" accused Bissett, rubbing the backs of both hands.

"Well, it was my stock," replied Wallingford, calmly.

"You insisted on buying a third of it, and, after that, I didn't seem to care so much for it. Man by the name of Hawkins offered me part for the rest of it, and I took it."

"But my name!" wailed Bissett. "I've watched myself every minute since I was nominated to avoid scandal, and here's the worst one I could have dreamed! Do you know what they're going to do?"

"Tell me," invited Wallingford, carefully testing the edge of his razor.

"They're going to sell beer in Bissett's Banner Buffets!"

"Well, now that's too bad," sympathized Wallingford; "but, after all, Mr. Bissett, they can't sell beer in Bissett's Banner Buffets until they see me."

which the Wessleyburg Restaurant Company was incorporated to conduct," went on Wallingford, changing his strop for a hone. "But I own and control the exclusive right to use your name in the restaurant business. You know your contract was with me personally."

"Oh!" Mr. Bissett managed to say, and he sat down.

"Yes," went on Wallingford. "I consider that right a very valuable piece of property. I haven't seen the majority stockholders yet, but I've no doubt they'll be willing to pay a very good price for it."

Mr. Bissett spluttered for a moment.

"This is blackmail!" he exclaimed.

J. Rufus dropped his razor with a clatter, and, snarling savagely, jumped from his chair and towered over his caller. He looked as big as a house, and he scared little Mr. Bissett half to death.

"Retract that, or out you go!" demanded Wallingford. "I allow no man to charge me with dishonor."

"Well, it may not be exactly blackmail," hedged Bissett.

"You know it isn't," stormed Wallingford. "I have acquired, by strictly legitimate barter and sale, a valuable concession which is now on the market. If Mr. Hawkins and his associates buy it, they can sell beer under it. If you buy it—"

"Buy the right to do business under my own name!" and Mr. Bissett's voice cracked.

"Certainly; you sold it. As I was about to say, if you buy it, you can use your name yourself, at any time in your future life; but, first of all, you can go to the court house, and prove to the public that you had no intention of selling beer, by enjoining the Wessleyburg Restaurant Company from doing any business whatsoever under your name."

Mr. Bissett sat as one stunned for about five minutes.

"How much do you want for your control of my name?" he asked.

Wallingford opened a window to let the fresh air blow in on Mr. Bissett.

"Twenty-five thousand," he said.

VII

"Well, Jim, foot 'er up," gaily demanded Blackie, as he entered Wallingford's room at the Tanner Hotel, with a small black bag in his hand. "Here's the thirty thousand for your stock and mine."

"Quick work," approved Wallingford, as he took up the check. "Why; it's Bissett!"

"Notice it's certified, don't you?"

Wallingford looked at him in perplexity.

"You've thrown your friends," he commented. "This gives Bissett control."

"Yes," grinned Blackie. "Johnson and I cooked that up on the goat. Bissett will make a business out of it, and the money of Johnson's gang will earn dividends. Most of it came out of the campaign fund."

"Politics is cute," chuckled Wallingford, snapping the check in his pocketbook. "The time to snuggle up to money is when its chaperon is fussed. But how did you get Bissett to fall?" and Wallingford began to throw things into a suit case.

"Fancy-work," boasted Blackie. "A dainty knitting by the boy who put the bee in Bissett's Buffets. I showed Angora how he lost the election. Injunction or no injunction, the public would never see a Bissett's bread-wagon without thinking of Bissett's beer, and the only way he could save his private reputation was to run the restaurants on a non-alcoholic basis, and make good: so he bought control, with gratifying thanks."

Wallingford rang for a porter.

"We can catch that ten o'clock train," he said. "We're eighty thousand ahead of Wessleyburg."

YO-HEAVE-HO!

is the title of the Harrison Fisher painting which is reproduced on this month's cover. It makes a delightful companion to the phenomenally successful picture, "THE HELPING HAND," which appeared in July.

We have reprinted it on pebbled plate paper, size 14x11 inches, without any of the lettering which appears on the cover.

You may procure a copy by remitting 15 cents in cash or stamps at our risk.

We have published fifteen other equally attractive Fisher pictures, in the same size and style, and at the same price of 15 cents a copy, or in lots of four at 50 cents. Illustrated circulars, with miniature reproductions of these and other beautiful pictures by famous American artists, will accompany your order or will be mailed on request. Address, Room 1213.



— McCUTCHEON —

He could lift a Saw-Log, and he would stand without being hitched, so Susan nailed him the third time he came snooping around the Toll-Gate

New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

The New Fable of Susan and the Daughter and the Grand-daughter, and then Something Really Grand

ONCE there was a full-blown Wild Peach, registered in the Family Bible as Susan Mahaly.

Her Pap divided his time between collecting at a Toll-Gate and defending the Military Reputation of Andy Jackson.

The family dwelt in what was then regarded by Cambridge, Mass., as the Twilight Zone of Semi-Culture, viz., Swigget County, Pennsylvania.

Susan wore Linsey-Woolsey from Monday to Saturday. She never had tampered with her Venus de Milo Topography and she did not even suspect that Women had Nerves.

When she was seventeen she had a Fore-Arm like a Member of the *Turnverein*.

She knew how to Card and Weave and

Dye. Also she could make Loose Soap in a kettle out in the Open Air.

Susan never fell down on her Salt-Rising Bread. Her Apple Butter was always A1.

It was commonly agreed that she would make some Man a good Housekeeper, for she was never sickly and could stay on her Feet sixteen hours at a Stretch.

Already she was beginning to look down the Pike for a regular Fellow.

In the year 1840, the Lass of seventeen who failed to get her Hooks on some roaming specimen of the Opposite Gender was in danger of being whispered about as an Old Maid. Celibacy was listed with Arson and Manslaughter.

Rufus was destined to be an Early Victorian Rummy, but he could lift a Saw-Log, and he would stand without being hitched,

so Susan nailed him the third time he came snooping around the Toll-Gate.

Rufus did not have a Window to hoist or a Fence to lean on. But there is no Poverty in any Pocket of the Universe until Wealth arrives and begins to get Luggy.

Susan thought she was playing in rare Luck to snare a Six-Footer who owned a good Squirrel Rifle and could out-wrassle all Comers.

The Hills of Pennsylvania were becoming congested, with Neighbors not more than two or three miles apart, so Rufus and his Bride decided to hit a New Trail into the Dark Timber and grow up with the Boundless West.

Relatives of the Young Couple staked them to a team of Pelters, a Muley Cow, a Bird Dog of dubious Ancestry, an Axe, and a Skillet, and started them over the Divide toward the perilous Frontier, away out yender in Illinoy.

It was a Hard Life. As they trundled slowly over the rotten Roads, toward the Land of Promise, they had to subsist largely on Venison, Prairie Chicken, Quail, Black Bass, Berries, and Wild Honey. They carried their own Coffee.

Arrived at the Jumping-Off Place, they settled down among the Mink and Musk-

Rats. Rufus hewed out and jammed together a little two by twice Cabin with the Flue running up the outside. It looked ornery enough to be the Birthplace of almost any Successful American.

The *Anopheles* Mosquito was waiting for the Pioneers. In those good old Chills-and-Fever days, no one ever blamed it on the Female of the Species. Those who had the Shakes allowed that they were being jarred by the Hand of Providence.

When the family ran low on Quinine, all he had to do was hook up and drive fifty miles to the nearest Town, where he would trade the Furs for Necessities such as Apple Jack and Navy Twist, and possibly a few Luxuries such as Tea and Salt.

On one of these memorable Trips to the Store, a Mood which combined Sentiment with reckless Prodigality seized upon him.

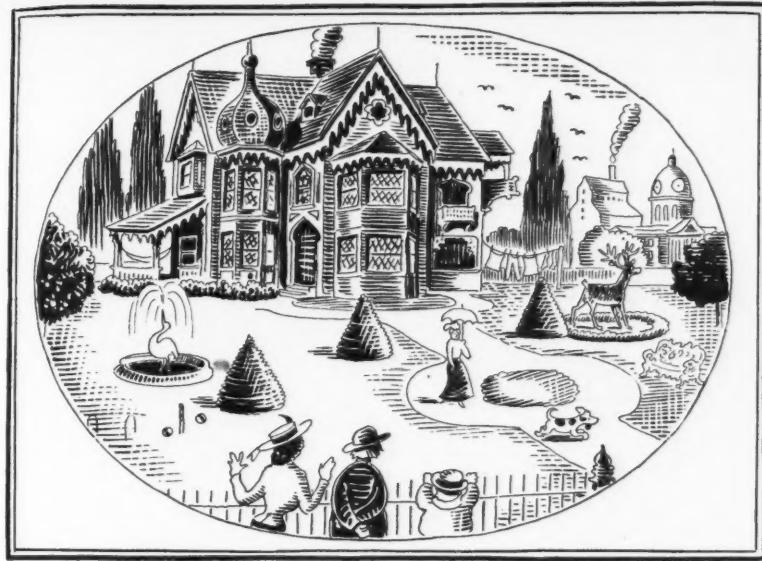
He thought of the brave Woman who was back there in the lonesome Shack, shooing the Prairie Wolves away from the Cradle, and he resolved to reward her.

With only three Gills of Stone Fence under his Wammus, he spread his Wild-Cat Currency on the Counter and purchased a \$6 Clock, with jig-saw ornaments, a shiny coat of Varnish, and a Bouquet of Pink Roses on the door.



Relatives started them over the Divide toward the perilous Frontier, away out yender in Illinoy

MCUTCHEON



- MCCUTCHEON -

The Country People who came in to see the Eighth Wonder of the World used to stand in silent Awe, breathing through their Noses

Susan burst into Tears when she saw it on the Wall, alongside of the Turkey Wing, and vowed that she had married the Best Man in the World.

Twenty years later, Jennie, the first begotten Chick at the Log House in the Clearing, had matured and married, and was living at the County-Seat with Hiram, Money-Changer and Merchant.

Railroad Trains, Side-Bar Buggies, Coal-Oil Lamps, and the Civil War had come along with a Rush and disarranged primitive Conditions. The Frontier had retreated away over into Kansas.

In the very Township where, of late, the Beaver had toiled without Hindrance and the Red Fox dug his hole unscared, people were now eating Cove Oysters and going to see "East Lynne."

Hiram was in rugged Health, having defended the flag by Proxy during the recent outcropping of Acrimony between the devotees of Cold Bread and the slaves of Hot Biscuit. The Substitute had been perforated beyond repair at the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, proving that Hiram made no mistake in remaining behind to tend Store.

When Jennie moved in where she could hear the Trains whistle and began to sport a Cameo Brooch, she could barely remember wearing a Slip and having Stone Bruises.

Hiram was Near, but he would loosen up a

trifle for his own Fireside. The fact that Jennie was his Wife gave her quite a Standing with him. He admired her for having made such a Success of her Life.

They dwelt in a two-story Frame with countless Dewdads and Thingumbobs tacked along the Eaves and Scalloped around the Bay Windows.

The Country People who came in to see the Eighth Wonder of the World used to stand in silent Awe, breathing through their Noses.

Out on the Lawn, surrounded by Geraniums, was a Cast-Iron Deer which seemed to be looking at the Court House in a startled Manner. It was that kind of a Court House.

In her Front Room the daughter of Rufus and Susan had wonderful Wax Flowers, sprinkled with Diamond Dust; a What-Not bearing Mineral Specimens, Conch-Shells, and a Star Fish—also some Hair-Cloth Furniture, very slippery and upholstered with Sand.

After Hiram gave her the Black Silk and paid for the Crayon Enlargements of her Parents, Jennie did not have the Face to bone him for anything more, but she longed in secret and Hiram suspected.

Jennie was a Soprano. Not a regular Soprano, but a Country-Town Soprano, of the kind often used for augmenting the



—MCCUTCHEON—

Jennie would sit up and pump for Hours at a time, happy in the knowledge that she had drawn the Capital Prize in the Lottery of Hymen

Grief at a Funeral. Her voice came from a point about two inches above the Right Eye.

She had assisted a Quartette to do things to "Juanita," and sometimes tossed out little Hints about wishing she could practise at Home. Jennie was a Nice Woman but she *did* need Practice.

Although Hiram was tighter than the Bark on a Sycamore, he liked to have other Women envy the Mother of his Children.

When he spread himself from a Shin-Plaster, he expected a Fanfare of Trumpets.

It took him a long time to unwind the String from the Wallet, but he would Dig if he thought he was boasting his own Game.

By stealthy short-weighting of the Country Trade and holding out on the Assessor, he succeeded in salting away numerous Kopecks in one corner of the Safe.

While in Chicago to buy his Winter Stock, he bargained for two days and finally bought a Cottage Melodeon, with the Stool thrown in.

Jennie would sit up and pump for Hours at a time, happy in the knowledge that she had drawn the Capital Prize in the Lottery of Hymen.

In the year 1886 there was some Church Wedding at the County-Seat.

Frances, daughter of Hiram and Jennie, had knocked the Town a Twister when she

came home from the Female College wearing Bangs and toting a Tennis Racquet.

All the local Gallants, with Cocoa-Oil in their hair and Rings on their Cravats, backed into the Shrubbery.

Hiram had bought her about \$1800 worth of *Hauteur* at the select Institution of Learning. All she had to do was look at a Villager through her Nose-Specs and he would curl up like an Autumn Leaf.

A Cuss from Chicago came to see her every few weeks.

His Trousers seemed to be choking him. The Pompadour was protected by a Derby of the Fried-Egg species. It was the kind that Joe Weber helped to keep in Public Remembrance. But in 1886 it was *de Rigueur, au Fait, and à la Mode*.

Frances would load the accursed City Chap into the high Cart and exhibit him up and down all the Residence Thoroughfares.

On nearly every Front Porch some Girl whose Father was not interested in the First National Bank would peer out through the Morning Glories at the Pageant and then writhe like an Angle-Worm.

The Wedding was the biggest thing that had struck the town since Forepaugh stopped over on his way from Peoria to Decatur.

Frances was not a popular Girl, on account of being so Uppish, so those who

could not fight their way into the Church climbed up and looked through the Windows.

The Groom wore a Swallow-Tail.

Most of those present had seen Pictures of the Dress Suit. In the *Fireside Companion*, the Gentleman wearing one always had Curls, and the Wood-Engraving caught him in the act of striking a Lady in the Face and saying "Curse you!"

The Feeling at the County-Seat was that Frances had taken a Desperate Chance.

The Caterer with Colored Help in White Gloves, the ruby Punch suspected of containing Liquor, the Japanese Lanterns attached to the Maples, the real Lace in the Veil, the glittering Array of Pickle-Jars, and a well-defined Rumor that most of the imported Ushers had been Stewed, gave the agitated Hamlet something to blab about for many and many a day.

The Bachelor of Arts grabbed off by the daughter of Jennie and the grand daughter of Susan was the owner of Real Estate in the congested Business District of a Town which came into Public Attention later on through the efforts of Frank Chance.

His front name was Willoughby, but Frances always called him "Dear," no matter what she happened to be thinking at the time.

Part of State Street had been wished on to Willoughby. He was afraid to sell, not knowing how to reinvest.

So he sat back and played safe. With growing Delight he watched the Unearned Increment piling up on every Corner. He began to see that he would be fairly busy all his life, jacking up Rents.

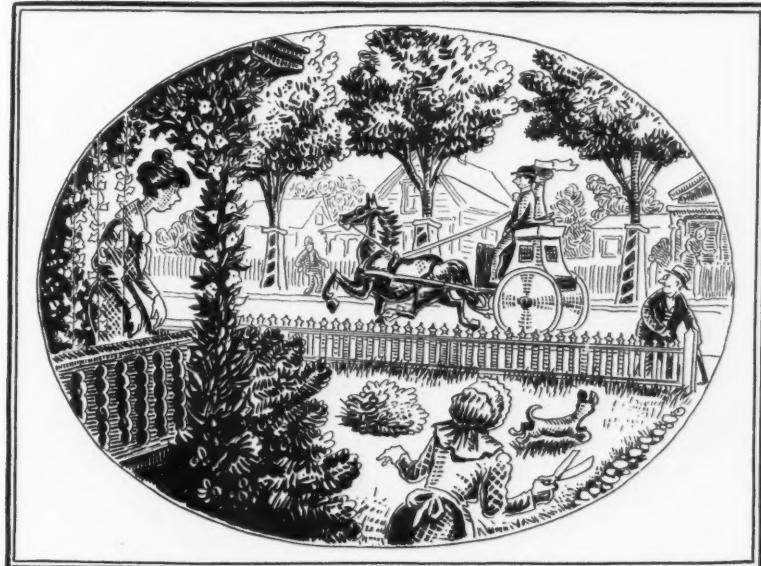
The Red-Brick Fortress to which he conducted Frances had Stone Steps in front and a secret Entrance for lowly Trades people at the rear.

Willoughby and his wife had the high courage of Youth and the Financial Support of all the Money Spenders along State Street, so they started in on Period Decoration. Each Room in the House was supposed to stand for a Period. Some of them stood for a good deal.

A few of the Periods looked like Exclamation Points.

The young couple disregarded the Toll-Gate Period and the Log-Cabin Period, but they worked in every one of the Louies until the Gilt Furniture gave out.

The delighted Caller at the House beside the Lake would pass from an East Indian Corridor through an Early Colonial Ante-Room into a Japanese Boudoir and, after resting his Hat, would be escorted into the



Frances would load the accursed City Chap into the high Cart and exhibit him up and down all the Residence Thoroughfares.

Italian Renaissance Drawing-Room to meet the Hostess. From this exquisite Apartment, which ate up one year's Rent of a popular Buffet near Van Buren Street, there could be obtained a ravishing glimpse of the Turkish Cozy-Corner beyond, including the Battle-Axes and the Red Lamp.

Frances soon began to hob-nob with the most delicatessen Circles, including Families that dated back to the Fire of 1871.

She was not at all Dizzy, even when she looked down from the Mountain Peak at herappy Birthplace, 15,000 feet below.

Willoughby turned out to be a satisfactory Housemate. His Voltage was not high, but he always ate Peas with a Fork and never pulled at the Leash when taken to a Muscale.

In front of each Ear he carried a neat Area of Human Ivy, so that he could speak up at a Meeting of Directors. Until the year 1895, the restricted Side-Whisker was an accepted Trade-Mark of Commercial Probity.

This Facial Landscaping, the Frock Coat, and a steadfast devotion to Toilet Soap made him suitable for Exhibition Purposes.

Frances became almost fond of him, after

the Honeymoon evaporated and their Romance ripened into Acquaintanceship.

It was a gladsome day for both when she traced the Dope back through Swigget County, Pennsylvania, and discovered that she was an honest-to-goodness Daughter of the American Revolution.

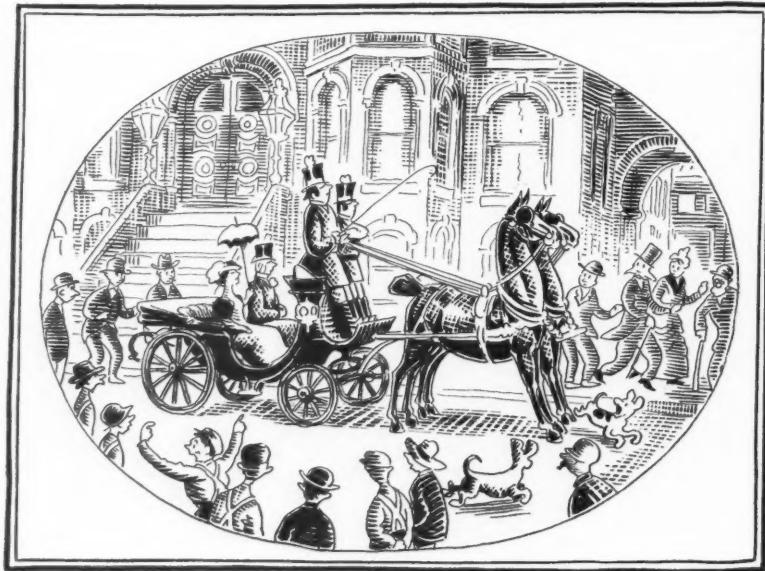
Willoughby could not ask a representative of good old Colonial Stock to ride around in a stingy Coupé with a Coon planted out on the Weather-Seat.

He changed the Terms in several Leases and was enabled to slip her a hot Surprise on the Birthday.

When she came down the Steps for the usual bowl along the Avenue, so as to get some Fresh Smoke, she beheld a rubber-tired Victoria, drawn by two expensive Bang-Tails in jingly Harness and surmounted by important Turks in overwhelming Livery.

She was so trancified with Delight that she went right over to Willoughby and gave him a Sweet Kiss, after looking about rather carefully for the exposed portion of the Frontispiece.

Frances did a lot of Calling within the next two weeks, and to all those who remarked upon the smartness of the Equi-page, she declared that the Man she had to



A rubber-tired Victoria, drawn by two expensive Bang-Tails in jingly Harness and surmounted by important Turks in overwhelming Livery



A slender Young Thing came wearily from Stateroom B. as the Train pulled into Reno, Nevada

put up with carried a Throbbing Heart even if he was an Intellectual Midge.

In the year 1913, a slender Young Thing, all of whose Habiliments seemed melting and dripping downward, came wearily from Stateroom B. as the Train pulled into Reno, Nevada.

She seemed quite alone, except for a couple of Maids.

After she had given Directions concerning the nine Wardrobe Trunks and the Live Stock, she was motored to a specially reserved Cottage at the corner of Liberty Street and Hope Avenue.

Next day she sat at the other side of a Table from a Lawyer, removing the poisoned Javelins from her fragile Person and holding them up before the shuddering Shyster.

She had a Tale of Woe calculated to pulp a Heart of Stone. In blocking out the Affidavit, her sympathetic Attorney made Pencil Notes as follows:

Her name was Ethel Louise, favorite Daughter of Willoughby and Frances, the well-known Blue-Bloods of the Western Metropolis.

She had finished off at Miss Sniffie's exclusive School, which overlooked the Hudson and the Common School Branches.

After she learned how to enter a Ball-Room and while on her way to attack Europe for

the third time, the Viper crossed her Pathway.

She accepted him because his name was Hubert, he looked like an Englishman, and one of his Ancestors turned the water into Chesapeake Bay.

While some of the Wedding Guests were still in the Hospital, he began to practise the most diabolical Cruelties.

He induced her to get on his Yacht and go cruising through the Mediterranean when she wanted to take an Apartment in Paris.

At Monte Carlo he scolded her for borrowing 3000 Francs from a Russian Grand Duke after she went broke at bucking the Wheel. She had met the Duke at a Luncheon the day before and his Manners were perfect.

The Lawyer said that Hubert was a Pup, beyond all Civil.

Cairb, Egypt, yielded up another Dark Chapter of History.

It came out in the sobbing Recital that Hubert had presented her with a \$900 prize-winning Pomeranian, directly related to the famous Fifi, owned by the Countess Skidoogan of Bilkarty.

Later on, he seemed to feel that the Pomeranian had come between him and Ethel. The Situation became more and more tense and finally, one day in Egypt,



One day in Egypt, within plain sight of the majestic Pyramids, he kicked Precious ever so hard and raised quite a Swelling

within plain sight of the majestic Pyramids, he kicked Precious ever so hard and raised quite a Swelling.

The Legal Adviser said Death was too good for such a Fiend.

In Vienna, though, that was where he went so far that Separation became inevitable.

Ethel had decided to take an \$80,000 Pearl Necklace she had seen in a Window. It was easily worth that much, and she felt sure she could get it in without paying Duty. She had been very successful at bringing things Home.

She could hardly believe her Ears when Hubert told her to forget it and back up and come out of the Spirit World and alight on the Planet Earth.

He had been Heartless on previous Occasions, but this was the first time he had been Mean enough to renig on a mere side-issue such as coming across with the Loose Change.

Ethel was simply de-termined to have that Necklace, but the unfeeling Whelp tried to kid her out of the Notion.

Then he started in to Pike. He suggested a \$20,000 Tarara of Rubies and Diamonds as a Compromise. Ethel became wise to

the Fact that she had joined out with a Wad.

While she was pulling a daily Sick Headache in the hope of bringing him to Taw, the Maharajah of Umslopagus came along and bought the Necklace.

That was when Ethel had to be taken to a Rest Cure in the Austrian Tyrol, and she never had been the Same Woman since.

To all who had come pleading for Reconciliation, Ethel simply hung out the Card, "Nothing Doing."

After a Brûte has jumped up and down on the Aching Heart of a Girl of proud Lineage, he can't square himself in 1,000,000 Years.

So said Ethel, between the flowing Tears.

Furthermore, there had been hopeless Incompatibility. In all the time they were together, they never had been able to agree on a Turkish Cigarette.

The professional Home-Blaster said she had enough on Hubert to get her four Divorces. The Decree would be a Pipe.

Ethel said she hoped so and to please push it along, as she had quite a Waiting-List.

Moral: Rufus had no business buying the Clock.

The next of the *New Fables in Slang* will appear in the October issue.

Poor Pickin's in Coonville

By E. W. Kemble



I

"Want to pick some blackberries? I know where there is lots of 'em; just oodles"



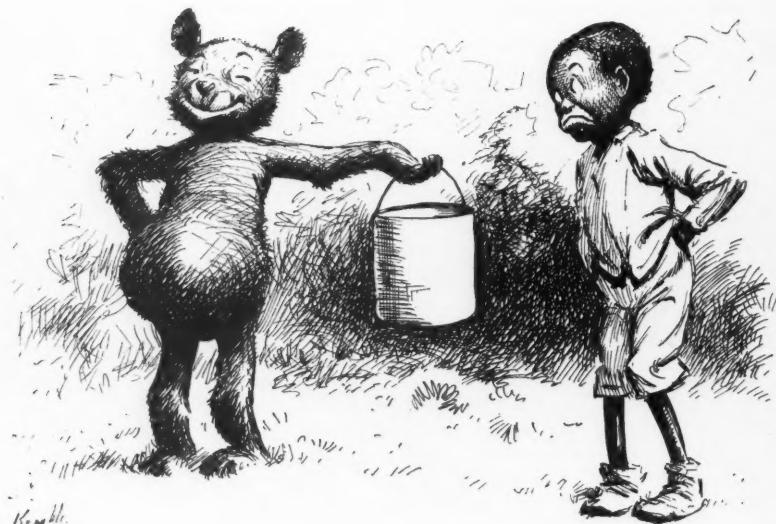
II

"Quick; somebody's comin'! Give 'em to me and I'll hide 'em while you keep on the lookout"



III

"Now, you just keep on lookin'!" . . .



Ken Blake

IV

"I hid 'em all right. See if you can find 'em"

